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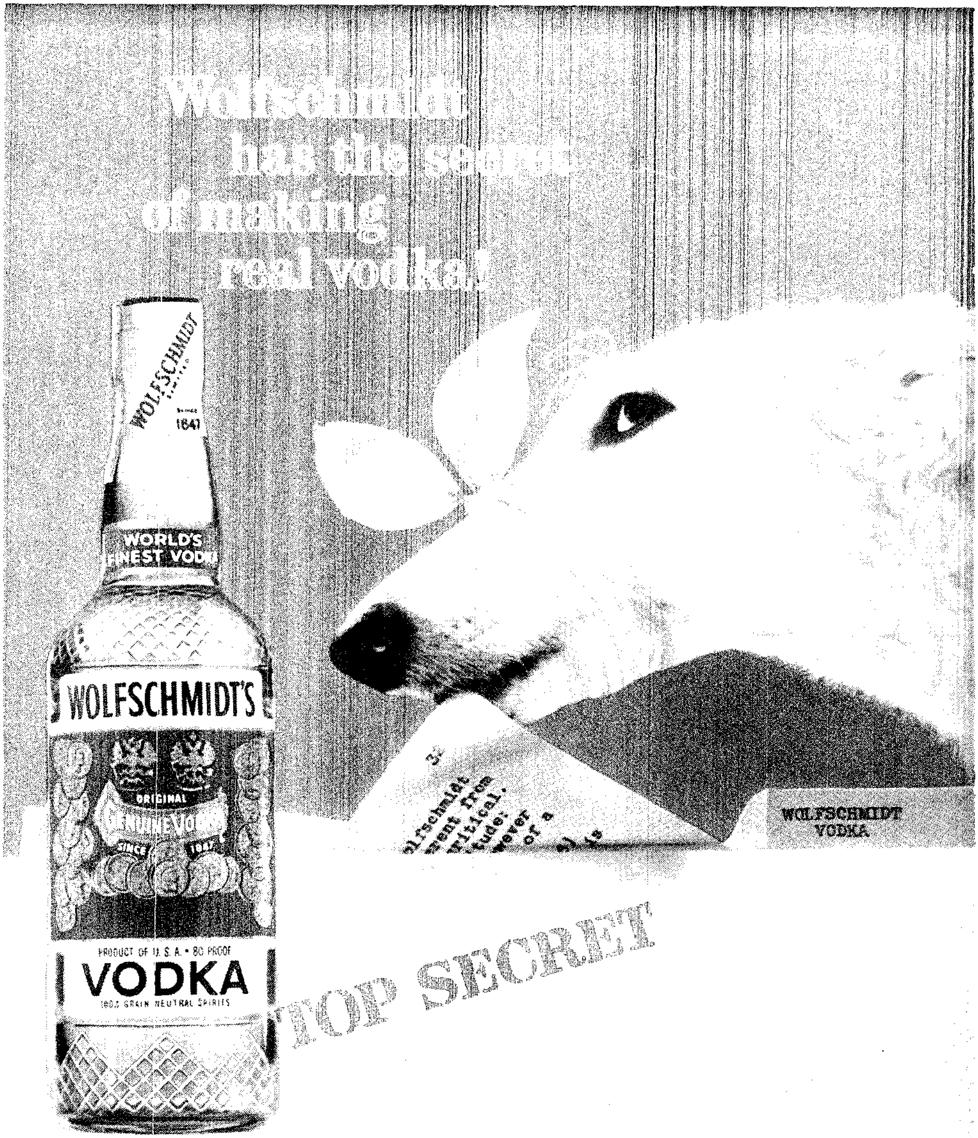
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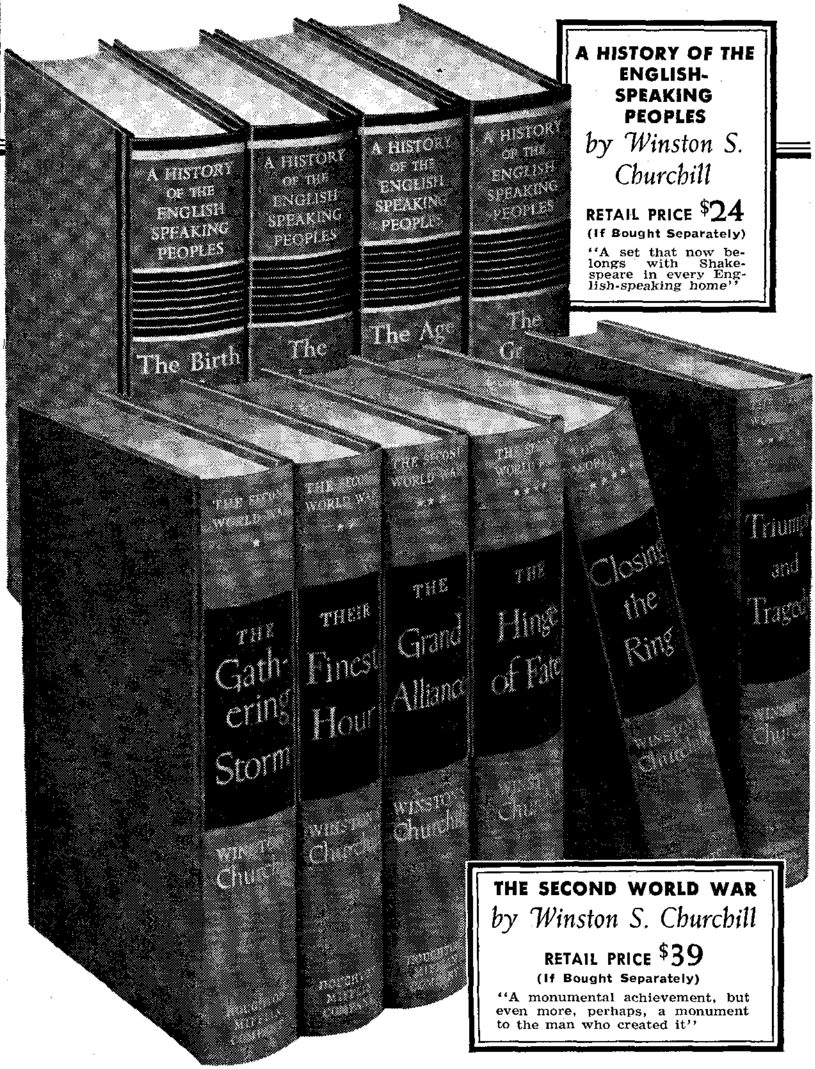
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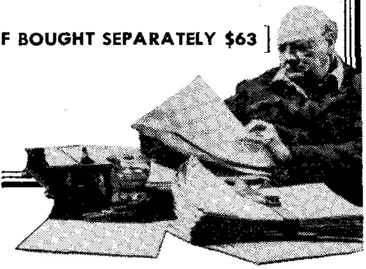

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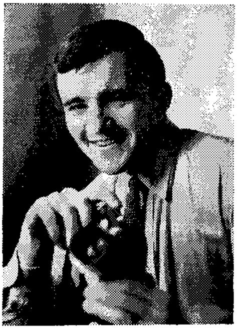
Budnik: he married his luck.

On page 30, you'll find an unusual picture story of an unusually happy marriage. Famous illustrator David Stone Martin and his wife Gloria are shown leading a joyous existence in their off-beat home at Malibu, California. Present, but unseen in the pictures, is photographer Dan Budnik, 26, for whom this story was much more than a professional assignment. Dan and Gloria were childhood friends on Long Island, and met again years later when both were art students. Dan had become a member of what he calls the "Beach Generation," selling driftwood lamps for a living. Through Gloria, Dan met David and the three became fast friends. Some months after David and Gloria were married, Dan gave them a remarkable picture album of their life together. The pictures, a number of which appear in our story, form an intriguing record of the romance between the 45-year-old artist and his wife, who is 15 years his junior.

Like David, Dan is also an artist. After completing two years at the Art Students League of New York, he was drafted into the Army in 1953, where he developed an interest in photography. Following his discharge in 1955, Dan invested in a Leica. He experimented with it in his skylighted New York studio and subsequently became a full-time shutterbug.

Dan's first big professional break was also a personal break. Last December, CORONET bought his picture story, "My Girl." The girl was pert, pretty Toby Gemperle, a model. Dan promptly married his luck. Part of their honeymoon was spent in the Stone Martins' cliff-hugging beach home. But it came to a photo finish when the great Malibu Beach fire broke out. Dan and Toby rushed off to take pictures on the smoky slopes. They are now settled in New York, where Toby works as a model while Dan is busy finishing another CORONET picture story which will appear next month.

The Editors

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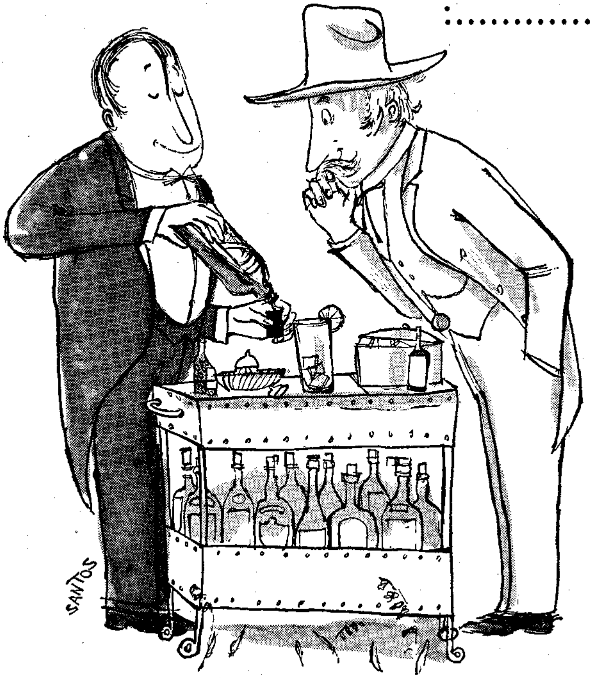

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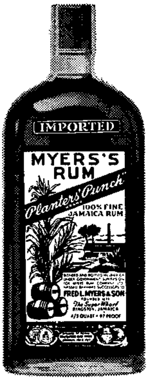
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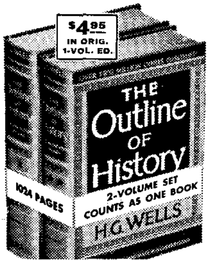

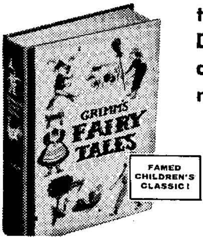

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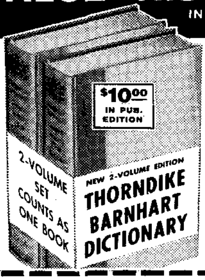
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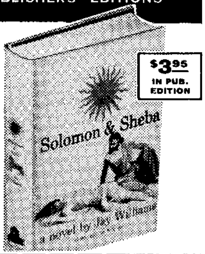

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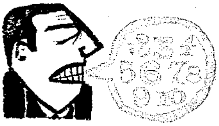


COUNTING TEN

When you count to ten instead of blowing your top in a crisis, you are resisting a physical urge that dates back to cave-man days. When angry or afraid, adrenalin pours into your blood stream, blood rushes to your brain and you are ready to react physically. Such violent reaction was necessary to survival in primitive times, says Dr. Lawrence E. Morehouse, director of U.C.L.A.'s Human Performance Laboratory. But in the modern world, a rash response can sometimes cost you your job or happiness.

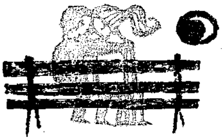
The wise executive will ask a business rival to repeat an upsetting proposal in order to gain a valuable "cooling off" period. Others faced with high-tension situations may find it helpful to use such tricks as taking two deep breaths before speaking or acting impetuously.

MATING IMMATURITY

Many emotionally weak persons are inclined to find in marriage a neurotic "crutch." The state of matrimony, in fact, seems to appeal more to such individuals than to less neurotic persons.

In comparative studies of married and single individuals, Floyd M. Martinson, of Gustavus Adolphus College, found that other things being equal (such as age, class status and I.Q.), persons who marry early show greater ego deficiency and less emotional adjustment than do people who remain single longer.

Dr. Martinson's conclusions are based on a study of 64 men, half of whom were married and half of whom were not, four years after high school. In a similar study of 59 single girls and 59 married ones, he found that single girls had better health adjustment, were more socially aggressive and were better adjusted emotionally.



COLLEGE CARES

The popular image of the college student is of a carefree character happily caught between cramming and dating. But this picture of the worry-free, ivy-covered world is wrong, indicates a report by Dr. Melyvin L. Selzer, associate psychiatrist at the University of Michigan's Health Service.

Of 506 students interviewed by the mental hygiene clinic, slightly

(*cont'd on p. 14*)

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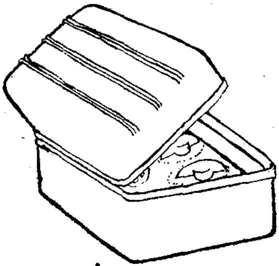
This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in CORONET.

Lois Cristy tells



Are you slender . . . yet bothered by bulges? Are you only slightly over your correct size . . . and not interested in dieting? Relax-A-cizor is your way. No diet. No weight-loss. Yet inches vanish from hips, waist, tummy, arms, thighs . . . almost like magic . . . while you rest, at HOME!

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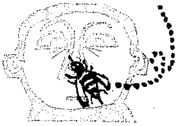
all about you

continued

more than a third were found to be psychoneurotic, over a fifth were classed as schizophrenes, and nearly a fourth were victims of other personality disorders. Though these students were either self-referred or referred by the faculty to the clinic, the figures show, says Dr. Selzer, that there is a marked tendency to minimize the serious nature of mental disturbance in college students. Collegians have just as much mental trouble as the rest of the population.

PUTTING THE BITE OFF

When on picnics or other outings, you can defend yourself against the bites of bees and other stinging insects by following some simple precautions. According to Dr. R. A. Morse and R. L. Ghent, both of the Department of Entomology at Cornell University, white or light-colored clothing is less provocative to bees than dark colors, while suede or other leather seem to be especially irritating to them.



Other investigators have reported that smooth, hard-finished khaki, drill, or nylon clothing are less attractive to black flies and mosquitoes than blue denim or serge. Hair oils and perfume should also be avoided, since their floral odor acts as a lure. When attacked by stinging insects, it's best to cover your face and back away slowly, since they are more likely to attack a moving object. The researchers add that insect repellents, which may be effective against insects searching for food, are of little use in warding off stinging insects.

WELL-TO-DO REBELS

Juvenile delinquents are thought to come mostly from underprivileged, lower-class homes. But the fact is that upper-class children are also delinquent, according to Dr. Herbert Herskovitz of the Devereux Foundation Institute for Research and Training.

In a study of 55 adolescent boys in a private residential school, Dr. Herskovitz found that they committed delinquencies similar to those of more deprived children. The difference, he says, is that when a well-to-do child commits a crime, he is regarded as "spoiled" by his advantages. Actually, says Dr. Herskovitz, the "spoiled" child's crimes against society result from shortcomings within his family, just as do the criminal actions of less-privileged children.

In another study of 194 grade school girls conducted at Cornell University, it was disclosed that, in general, adolescent girls follow their mothers' advice rather than follow the lead of their friends. However, girls from better educated families, says researcher Virginia Bersohn, do *not* heed their mothers' advice as frequently as girls from less educated families.

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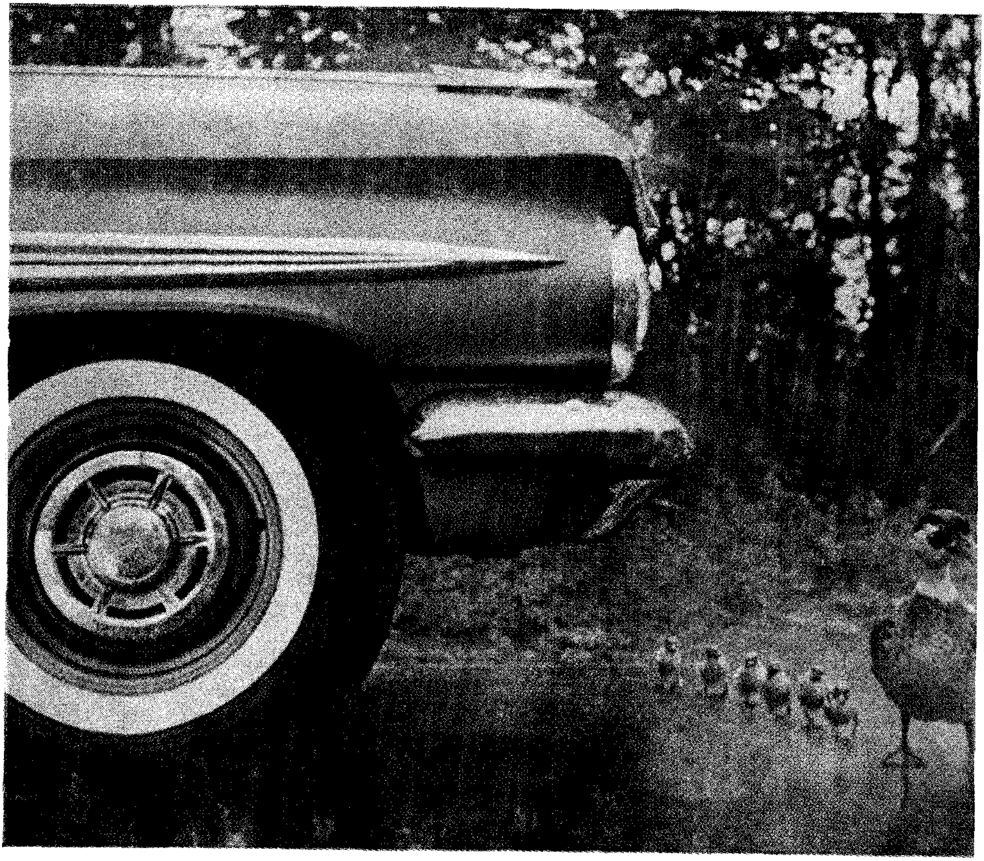

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Esso

Edd Byrnes: confident "Kookie"

In his avid reading of fan magazines a few years ago, **Edward Byrnes** noted that Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis and other actors from underprivileged backgrounds had crashed the movies through determination and sheer bravado. Being a "Dead End Kid" himself, the ambitious Byrnes decided to model his campaign for stardom on their stunts.

Now, at 26, Byrnes co-stars weekly on ABC-TV's popular mystery adventure series, *77 Sunset Strip*. And in his next movie, *Yellowstone Kelly,* he shares billing with Clint Walker, another TV-created hero.

With only $110 as a stake, Byrnes drove from New York to California in the spring of 1956 to conquer Hollywood. He was convinced his self-assurance would make up for inexperience. "It just never occurred to me that I might get nowhere," he recalls with some amazement.

Fortified with photographs stamped with a phony list of professional appearances, he distributed these all over Hollywood—an idea gleaned from reading about Rock Hudson's start—without success. "But I wouldn't let myself get sidetracked," says Byrnes. "I had made up my mind to take only acting jobs, no matter how tough things got."

Fortunately, he found acting jobs with small playhouses (at $22 weekly) after the first six months. One day, driving on Sunset Boulevard, Byrnes recognized an agent in an adjoining car at a traffic stop. He flipped his picture through the agent's car window, and drove on. The next day the agent telephoned. "You've got guts, kid," he told Byrnes; and shortly thereafter found work for the nervy novice.

After playing small movie parts, Byrnes landed a job in *Cheyenne,* a TV western. His acting and personable appearance (6′, 165 pounds, blue eyes) led Warner Brothers to sign him to a seven-year contract. Not long afterward, actor Tab Hunter refused to appear in *Darby's Rangers,* and was suspended. The studio gave Byrnes the part, and later cast him as a jive-talking young killer in the pilot film for *77 Sunset Strip.* He turned in such an excellent performance that Warners decided to co-star him with Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Roger Smith in the series.

Byrnes' chatter was incorporated into his part as "Kookie," a car-hop who often helps the private detectives. Constantly combing his brown hair and reacting to situations in a flip, devil-may-care style, "Kookie"—and Byrnes—found a quick following among TV fans.

Edd (a spelling he adopted because he dislikes being called Eddie) is delighted with his sudden fame. But he is shrewdly looking around for new horizons. This shrewdness stems from a life of deprivation in New York City slums. Byrnes is the oldest of three children born to an Army staff sergeant and his wife. He says frankly that his father, who died when Edd was 15, was an alcoholic, and sometimes prone to cruelty.

Edd helped his mother by working before and after school. His chief recreation was gymnastics, at which he still works out. As a boy, movies provided Byrnes with the only means of escape to a world of luxury. He determined to become an actor—and make this fantasy world a reality for himself.

Broadway walk-on roles, plus summer stock, gave him some acting experience. Then one day, he recalls, he came upon this quotation: "Don't wait for your ship to come in; row out to meet it." Packing his small wardrobe, he super-confidently set out for California.

His TV success and long-term movie contract haven't helped Byrnes relax. He spends week ends sunning in Palm Springs—to keep in view of movie moguls. And he recently launched another career with *Kookie, Kookie,* a record which features more talking than singing. His teenage fans sent its sales spiraling toward the 1,000,000 mark this spring and created a demand for more of his "vocalizing."

Today, Byrnes shares a two-story house in the Hollywood Hills, overlooking the Pacific Ocean, with his Labrador retriever, Trouper, and actor-writer Dennis McCarthy. And as he whizzes down the California freeways in his white Thunderbird, he says he sometimes gets that feeling of luxury he had gone after so determinedly just three years ago. —MARK NICHOLS

Blond Connie Stevens gives Byrnes singing support.

Sleepwalkers fighting loneliness: Novak and March.

Middle of the Night finds two lonely people tossing and turning through a difficult adjustment period in their lives. The man is an aging (56) widower (played by Fredric March), pathetically dependent on visits to his married children for divertissement. The girl (Kim Novak), a secretary in his garment manufacturing firm and a divorcee at 24, is engulfed by confused yearnings.

She accepts her boss' dinner invitations—and, gradually, his advances—without seriously considering the consequences. He proposes marriage, and their respective families object violently because of the couple's age difference. But their great need for each other transcends this and other obstacles.

Unfortunately, author Paddy Chayefsky is too explicit about his heroine's amorous escapades, robbing her of sympathy. Ineptly acted by Miss Novak, the girl emerges as an uninteresting neurotic. But March's brilliant performance is of Academy Award caliber.

The Five Pennies doesn't short-change moviegoers. It carries Danny Kaye a step further into serious acting, but retains his madcap comedy antics.

The movie is based on the real-life story of a jazz musician who abandoned his band, "Red Nichols and his Five Pennies," to care for his polio-stricken daughter until she could walk again.

The writing-producing-directing team of Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose has succeeded in giving the story an aura of warmth and authenticity; added to this are interludes of jazz and hilarious satires of radio commercials. Kaye's duet with Louis Armstrong of *When the Saints Go Marchin' In*—dressed up with new lyrics by Sylvia Fine—is, in the jazz vernacular, "a gasser."

Kaye deftly alternates humor and pathos; Barbara Bel Geddes plays Mrs. Nichols with just the right light touch and Bob Crosby turns in a sharp caricature of a "sweet-music" bandleader. —M.N.

Kaye cuts up on bandstand for Barbara Bel Geddes.

If you have an ulcer

. . . *don't go to bed on an empty stomach!*

RAIDING the icebox just before bedtime is a happy American custom. Almost everybody enjoys a late evening snack.

But if you have an ulcer, eating before going to bed has become more than a mere pleasure. It's usually part of the dietary program your doctor urges you to follow. He doesn't want you to go without food from dinnertime to breakfast. He knows that frequent eating relieves your ulcer pain, because food combines with the hydrochloric acid in the stomach to alleviate the irritation of the ulcer, calming the spasm.

The question of *what* to eat can present quite a problem. You must eat often, but your condition limits your choice of foods. Also, if you have been on a high milk-and-cream diet, you may well have the additional problem of overweight, making it important for you to find foods that add to your pleasure, but not to your waistline.

That's why so many doctors suggest the addition of sweet, low-calorie D-Zerta® Pudding to the ulcer diet. When prepared with whole milk, D-Zerta Pudding is another way for you to get some of the milk benefits you need. Yet it is made without sugar and one serving has only 94 calories. D-Zerta Pudding comes in three smooth, satisfying flavors. You can enjoy it at mealtime . . . at bedtime . . . in fact, as often as you like.

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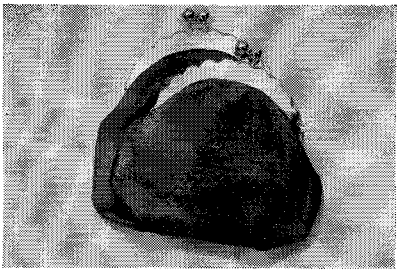
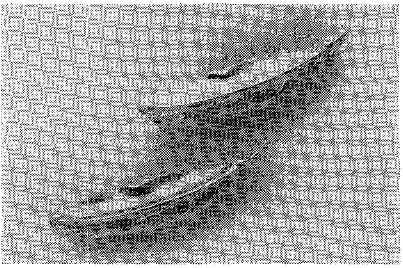
PRODUCTS ON PARADE

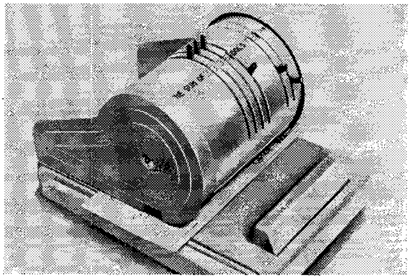
edited by Florence Semon



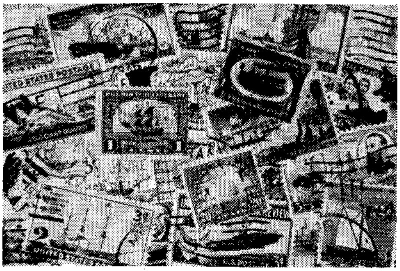
Double change purse imported from Spain is made of fine, supple calf and lined in satin. Heavy gold-plated frames. Measures 4″ x 4″ over-all. Red with black lining or black with red lining. $12.50 pp. House of European Specialties C, 22 E. 56th St., New York 22, N. Y.



Matching feather pins provide a light jewelry touch for her wardrobe. Reproductions of old-time feather quills; each is 2″ long. Of dull finish gold-plated metal with safety catch. By Roger Van S Inc. Set of 2, $2.45 pp. Style Shoppe, Dept. COR, Freehold, New Jersey.



Perma-print check protector makes sure that checks cannot be tampered with. Prints amount in red or black indelible ink. Small enough to fit into desk drawer. Choice of gray, green or beige color. $29.50 pp. Gotham Fast Mail, Dept. M, 550 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.



United States commemorative stamps picturing boats and ships from the turn of the century will rate a stamp of approval from philatelists. Set consists of 21 stamps; no two are alike. A collector's bargain at 25¢ pp. Garcelon Stamp Company, Dept. PCR, Calais, Maine.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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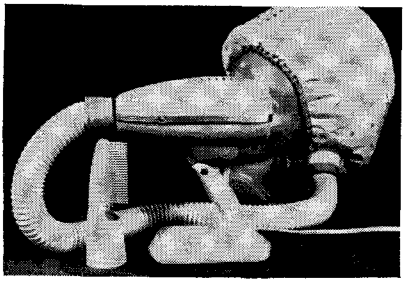
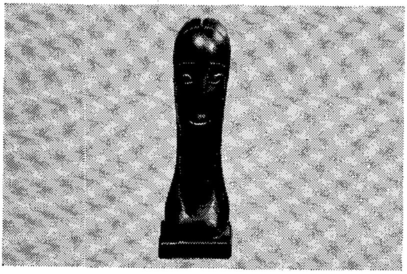
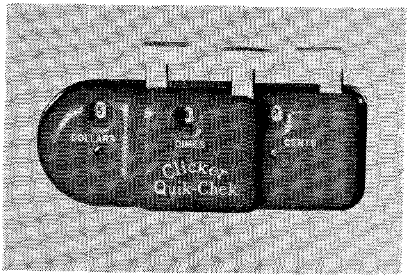


Hood 'n comb hair dryer can be used 3 ways. Blows warm air directly from dryer, damp dries hair by combing with comb attachment and circulates air in hood attachment. In pink, yellow or blue. By Ronson. $19.95 pp. Famous Barr Co., COR, St. Louis, Missouri.



Head of a woman by Rima is outstanding piece of modern sculpture. Cast in Artstone; measures 9″ high. Black or white. $8.99 pp. Send 15¢ in coin for catalog of reproductions of famous masterpieces. Wynn's Warehouse, Dept. CO-3, 239 Great Neck Rd., Great Neck, New York.



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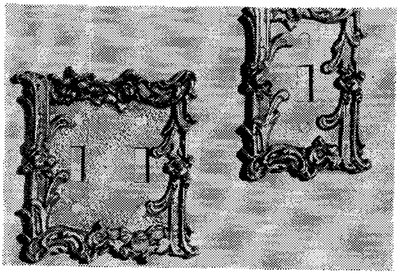

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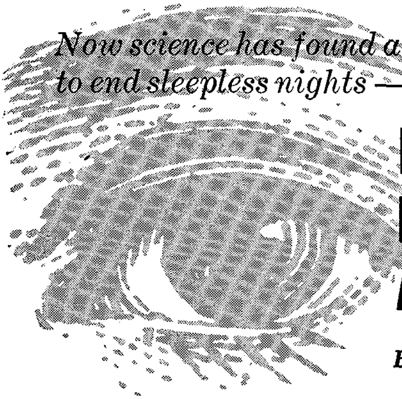
For additional mail order products see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper beginning on page 172



Now science has found a safe way to end sleepless nights — so

DON'T LIE AWAKE AGAIN TONIGHT

By NORMA JEAN CARSON

FOR YEARS, medical men have been seeking a safer answer to this age-old problem of sleeplessness.

The first hint of success came when a group of bio-chemists developed a new non-narcotic formula which was found to induce drowsiness. It had no unfavorable side effects and created no habit-forming dependency. But the question was—would it really help those who suffer from insomnia? It is one thing to induce sleep in persons who have no trouble sleeping. It is quite another to do as much for those with long histories of sleeplessness.

In a major New York hospital, clinical tests were arranged for a large group of chronic insomnia victims. During a three-month period, these new sleeping tablets proved just as effective as barbiturates. Nine out of ten patients showed immediate improvement. They fell asleep an average of one hour and twenty minutes sooner and slept for a considerably longer period each night. The successful results of these tests recently were reported to the medical profession in the Journal of Gerontology.

These new non-habit forming tablets can now be obtained in drug stores under the trade name of *Sleep-Eze*. Because they are so much safer than barbiturates, druggists in every state are allowed to dispense them without prescription. Regarding this safety factor, Coronet Magazine recently published an editorial article dealing with the danger of drug addiction and other ill effects of barbiturate sleeping pills. In this widely-read article, *Sleep-Eze Tablets* were mentioned by name and described as "*well within the safe medication zone*"—the only tablets so designated.

IT HASN'T taken long for word to get around that a safe and sane solution to the age-old problem of sleeplessness has been found at last. Already many thousands of men and women who once knew the misery of lying awake night after night—or who resorted to dangerous drugs to combat insomnia—have learned how quickly *Sleep-Eze* helps them fall asleep.

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CORONET

Coming—a life span of 150 years!

That's the forecast for your grandchildren; your children may reach 100, according to startling evidence that the body's decline can be delayed

by Lester David

THE CHANCES ARE now excellent that your children will live to be 100 years old. *Their* children might well live to be 150! And your chance of approaching the century mark is brighter than you think.

These are the startling predictions gerontologists—specialists in the study of aging—are making as they reveal dramatic progress in the search to lengthen the life span of man. Studies in this country and abroad add up to these two remarkable findings:

1. There is no medical or scientific reason why the average man and woman cannot live—comfortably, usefully and alertly—to the age of 150 or even longer.

2. Impressive evidence is accumulating that the aging process, far from being inevitable, might actually be slowed down and even reversed, so that the body might last twice as long as ordinarily.

Up to now, medical scientists believed that the human mechanism, like an automobile tire or electric light bulb, was built to last for a certain period. After that, the human mechanism was expected to wear out.

But the gerontologists now toss this notion into the scrap heap. Dr.

Walter Alvarez, editor of the medical journal *Geriatrics,* reports in a recent issue that he removed a section of intestinal muscle from a young man who had been hanged in a state prison. He put the tissue in an ordinary refrigerator and found it kept contracting regularly and rhythmically. Dr. Alexis Carrel, the famous experimental biologist and Nobel Prize winner, kept cells and organs living in nutritive solutions indefinitely.

Significantly, the body itself does not age uniformly. Dr. C. Ward Crampton, formerly Associate Professor of Medicine at the New York Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital, points out: "A 60-year-old man may have a 40-year-old heart, 50-year-old kidneys and an 80-year-old liver."

Now what difference does it make, actually? Even if the human organism is twice as durable as we thought, don't we still have disease, overstrain and accidents to wear it down and carry us off?

Gerontologists point out that the difference is tremendous. The medical theory that a human being does not have just so much life in him opens the possibility of stopping, even turning back, the aging process.

For example, at the University of California and the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry, scientists have succeeded in lengthening the life spans of laboratory animals. In California, it was done by using chemicals, in Rochester, by radiation.

At California's Donner Laboratory, scientists pumped antioxidants (chemicals that react rapidly with free radicals) into a number of mice whose life spans were known to be fairly short. Then the animals were put aside and watched. They lived 20 percent longer than mice which didn't receive the injections.

The scientists were testing a theory that in the normal process of metabolism—the chemical processes which make us live and grow—the body produces a quantity of so-called "free radicals." These, the doctors felt, are at least partially to blame for causing the body to age.

They reasoned that if other chemicals could be introduced to nullify the effects, the wearing-out process might be slowed. Accordingly, they raised the concentration of antioxidants. The results were longer life for the animals.

In Rochester, Dr. George W. Casarett, a radiation pathologist, beamed low levels of radiation at dogs in the laboratory. The astonishing results: blood changes were produced which enabled the animals to avoid microbe-caused disease more effectively than dogs which were not exposed to the rays. Reporting his findings before the International Congress on Radiation at Burlington, Vermont, Dr. Casarett declared that the doses caused an increase in the number of white blood cells. This raised the body's natural defenses against the onslaughts of disease-bearing germs.

Back in 1936, the presence of a so-called "juvenile hormone" was first noted by a British zoologist named V. B. Wigglesworth of Cambridge University, after an intensive study of caterpillars and moths. Investigation revealed that the caterpillar's brain had two tiny glands which secreted a certain hormone just about the time it attained maturity. Then the caterpillar continued its development and became a moth.

When the glands were removed from the caterpillar's brain before it reached a mature stage, an astonishing thing happened. It did not go on to become a moth but remained a caterpillar. It was arrested in a youthful stage of its development. Because of this phenomenon, the substance was named the "juvenile" or "Peter Pan" hormone.

THE PRESENCE of this amazing substance has just been discovered in man and other animals. Prof. Carroll M. Williams and his associates at Harvard, disclosing their findings in the British scientific journal *Nature,* said they located a "very broad distribution" in mammals of "a factor which is indistinguishable from the juvenile hormone of insects."

What can it do? Is it merely a chemical curiosity? Or can it be harnessed in some way to stop the clock for humans, as it stops the caterpillar from developing into a moth?

On another front, an investigator at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, has discovered that an individual's natural resistance to disease may play a great role in determining his life span. Dr. Henry S. Simms points out: "Ninety percent of the deaths in the U.S. each year result principally from the progressive loss of resistance to disease with advancing age."

From many laboratories comes word that more pulse-quickening clues are being turned up.

In New York, doctors at the Hospital for Special Surgery have discovered a bodily effect which may prove to be a lead on how to increase the bone repair rate in aged patients so that the rate approximates that in young people.

Experiments by Dr. Edgar A. Tonna and his associates have disclosed that after sexual maturity, there is a sharp reduction in the activity of the respiratory enzymes in the periosteum. This is the dense membrane that envelops the bones and contains the blood vessels that nourish them.

Up to the age of puberty, this respiratory enzyme activity goes on at a rapid clip, providing the cells with ample supplies of energy. Thus young bones are able to grow and repair themselves easily and quickly. But, as the human animal gets on with the business of living, the rate of enzyme activity gradually diminishes. The energy supply is cut down, and the bone cells consequently lack the strength to repair damage. The bone itself becomes brittle.

But what causes the slowdown? Dr. Tonna believes something is happening within the cell, lessening its ability to cope with its environment. "If we can find out what this is, then perhaps we can prevent the process from occurring and even reverse it," he asserts.

Another ambitious but controversial undertaking is the work of Dr. Paul Niehans, a Swiss scientist who is the father of cellular therapy. In

CT, popular name for the technique formulated by Dr. Niehans, the patient is injected with still-living animal cells, which are supposed to manufacture life-necessary hormones. The late Pope Pius XII was reported to have been a patient of Dr. Niehans. Some doctors are suspicious that CT departs from normal scientific methodology. But experimentation in the field is still being carried on and many reports on its success are enthusiastic.

Some investigators are convinced that the answer to the aging puzzle lies in chemistry. At the Bjorksten Research Foundation in Madison, Wisconsin, Dr. Johan Bjorksten has discovered evidence that we grow old because the protein molecules in our bodies—on which our entire life chemistry is largely dependent—become "handcuffed" and thus prevented from functioning freely. He is now searching for the chemicals which can unlock the cuffs.

Here is his fascinating finding, built up after long experimentation:

Our flesh and blood is composed of protein molecules which work capably only so long as they are left free. But somehow, the body creates a number of substances which creep up on these molecules and link with them, hampering their work.

Dr. Bjorksten makes his point clear by comparing the human body to a large machine shop, in which many hundreds of men are working cleanly and efficiently. One day, an intruder comes in and handcuffs himself to one worker. The man still does his job, but it is now harder. Another intruder handcuffs a second workman, and soon dozens are cuffed. The job becomes much tougher, production suffers. Finally, with most of the men chained, the plant must grind to a halt.

If the key to the handcuffs could be found, the men could work efficiently again and the plant's output could be as good as it ever was.

Has an answer been found? After two years of research, G. D. Searle & Co., in Skokie, Illinois, announced the successful development and production of a new drug which aids in converting protein into active, healthy cell tissue. In the past, doctors have used testosterone (the male sex hormone) to rebuild tissue, but it had bad side effects, among them a tendency to cause masculinizing reactions in women. For years, doctors have been hunting for another drug which would break through the accumulations of waste that prevent the protein molecules from functioning. The new drug, called Nilevar, restores the ability of the flagging cells to take nourishment.

Many doctors predict that a 100-year life span is already within sight. Dr. Edward Henderson, who is one of the nation's foremost authorities on aging, predicts that in 25 years alert centenarians will be plentiful in the population, not objects of curiosity. Many gerontologists agree that one day the goal of a race of 150-year-olds will be reached.

There are 20,000,000 persons over 60 in the U.S. and 15,000,000 past 65. The life span for white males has now passed 67; for white females it is approaching 74.

How has the length of human life

increased? According to Dr. Louis I. Dublin, a noted statistician formerly with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., the average life of prehistoric man was only 18 years! Examination of fossilized remains has revealed that very few cave men survived beyond 40. About 2,000 years ago in Rome, for example, the average length of life was only 22, while in the Middle Ages in England it had risen to only 33, less than half what it is there today.

About the time George Washington was serving as first President, the average person born could expect to survive only 35.5 years. In the decade prior to the Civil War, according to a Maryland study, the life span was 43.4 years, while at the close of the 19th century it had risen to nearly 50 throughout the U.S.

By the close of World War I, the average was up to 57.4. Ten years later, it had risen once again to 60.9, and by the time America entered World War II, the average was 65.

Up and up goes the life span, but eventually man must die.

Why? Because he gets sick. Why does he get sick? A challenging answer is offered by Dr. J. W. Still of the George Washington University School of Medicine in Washington.

Dr. Still believes death is a matter of bad co-ordination and poor timing. He explains:

The body's regulatory mechanism is controlled by the nervous-endocrine system, headquarters for which lie in the brain. The nervous system co-ordinates and controls all of the body's other systems and organs while the endocrine or ductless glands secrete hormones into the blood stream to stimulate the organism into activity.

This headquarters is constantly receiving messages from the rest of the body and correlating them with each other. These reports form the basis for issuing instructions to the various parts of the human machine. And the commands that go out control the functions that make us live —blood pressure, pulse rate, gland secretions, everything.

Dr. Still arrives at one of the most astonishing—yet strangely logical—suggestions put forth in recent years: Could it be, he asks, that aging itself is *simply another disease,* like polio, tuberculosis and the common cold, which can be studied, fought, then ultimately conquered?

While the battle goes on, what can the individual do to insure remaining as long as possible on this side of the Great Divide? The recipe is a brief one, answers Dr. Henderson: "If a person gets enough rest and sleep, eats sensibly, doesn't get angry too often, does good for other people and keeps interested and active in life around him, he has a good chance of staying around long enough to see most of the killer diseases wiped out."

SHORT STORY

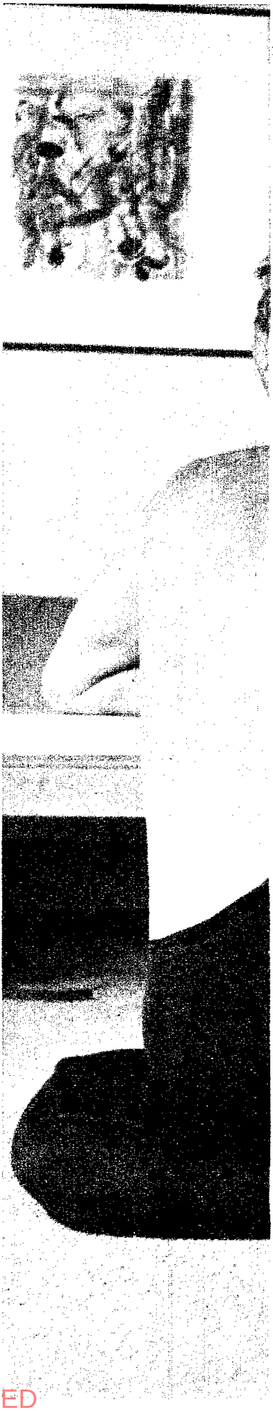
SPUT NIK, SPUT NIK. First Sput I've seen t'nicht.

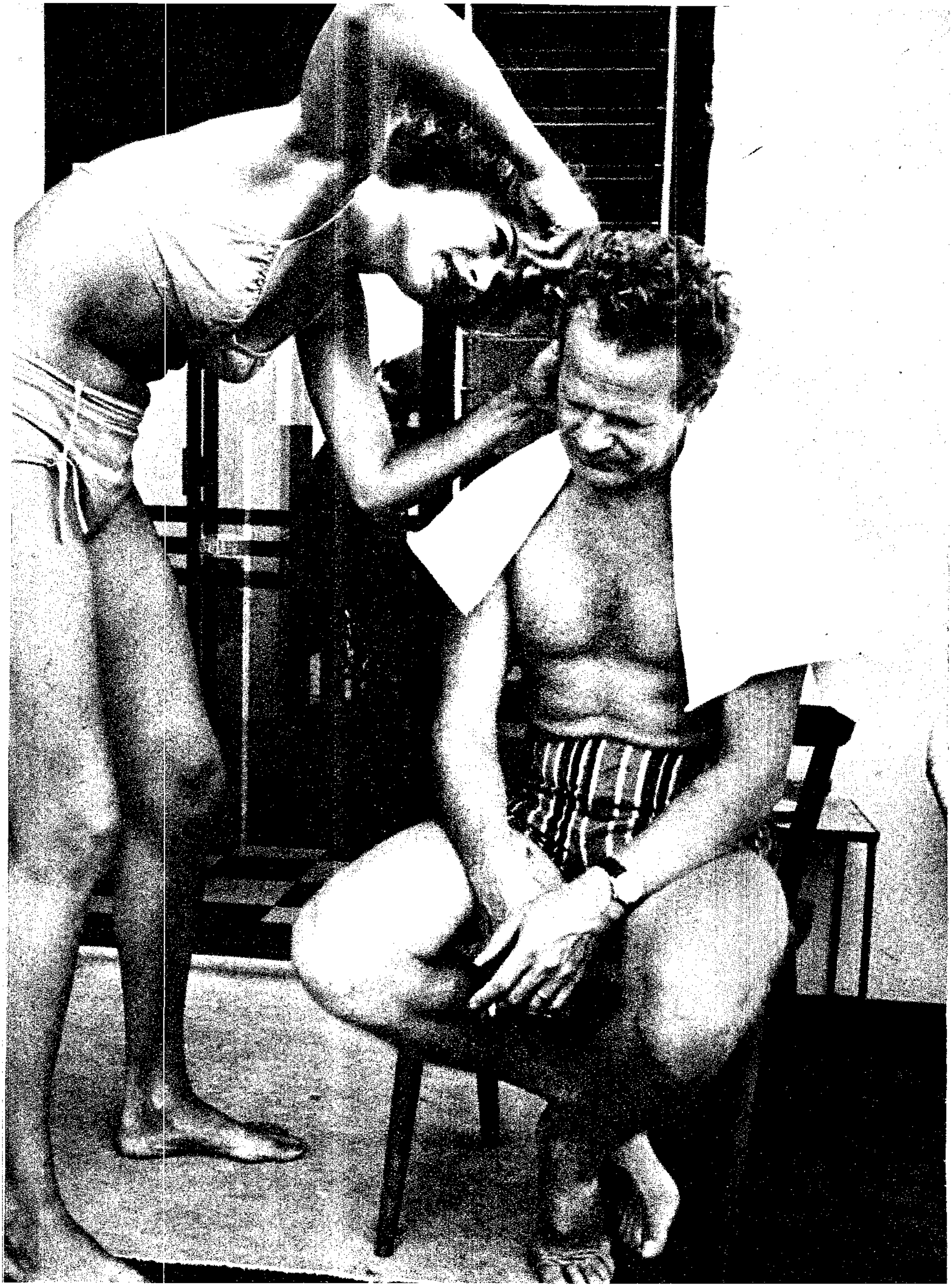
—MATT WEINSTOCK (*Los Angeles Mirror-News*)

Malibu idyll

"I did but see thee passing by, and I shall love thee till I die." Paraphrasing a romantic couplet by the poet Robert Herrick, noted illustrator David Stone Martin and his wife Gloria (right) drink a toast to their marriage—the second for each. The Stone Martins—friends usually call them by both names—are busily transforming a dream into reality. Weary of urban living, they have left New York City—the hub of David's business—and joined the "Beach Generation" at Malibu, California. Here, as pictures on the following pages show, they work and relax together as few married couples do, pursuing the artistic life to which they are dedicated.

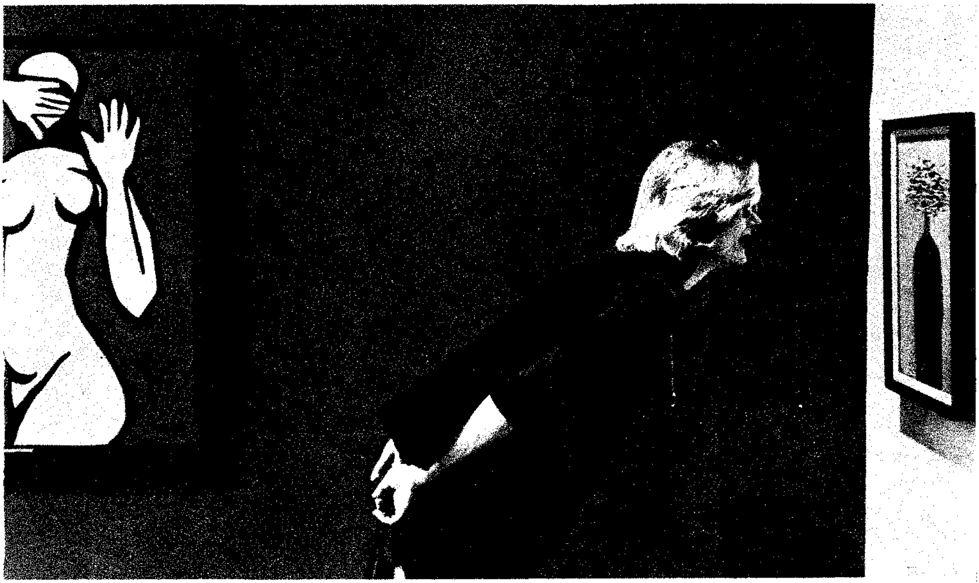
Text by Richard Kaplan
Photographs by Dan Budnik





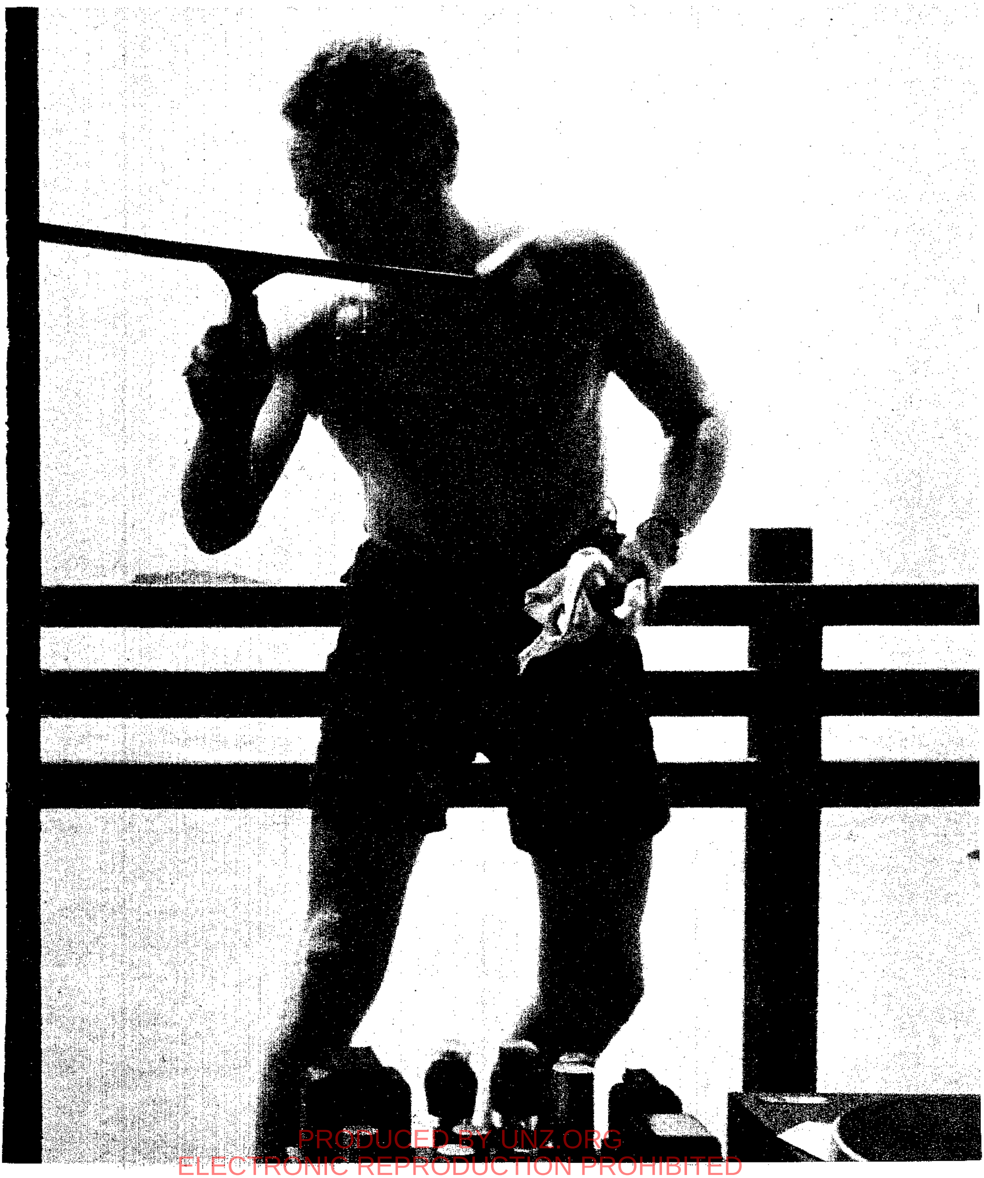
"I love to cut David's hair," says Gloria. "Maybe that's why he lets it grow so long."

Gloria shares husband's love of art, eagerly looks forward to annual tour of New York museums (below).

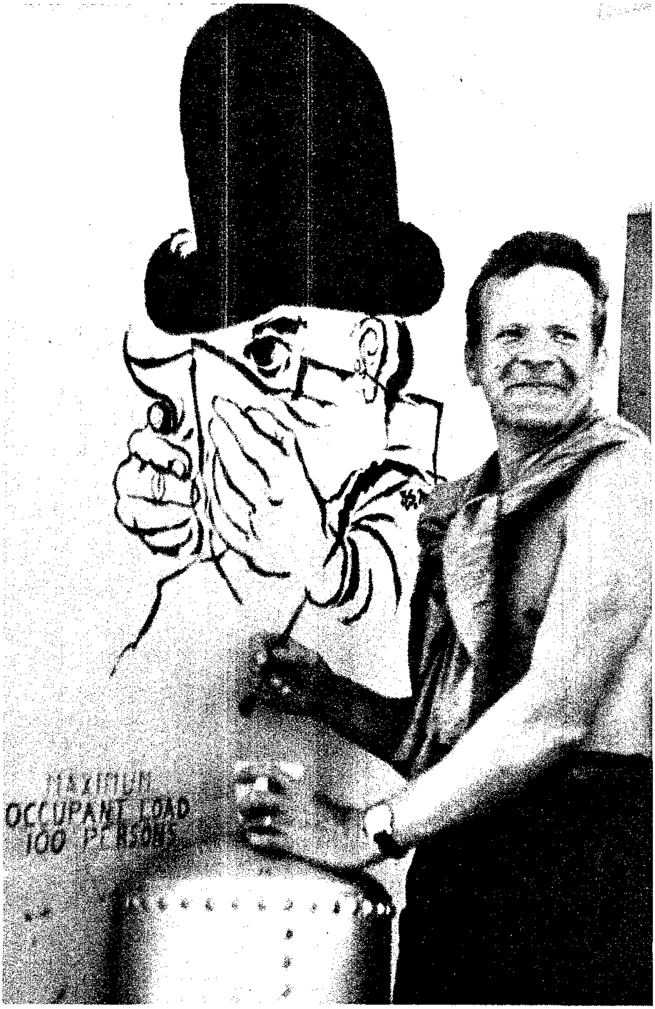


The Threepenny Opera brought David, 45, and Gloria, 30, together. She was playing a bit part in the New York hit show when David came back stage to do some sketches. He learned she was baby sitting that night for producer Carmen Capalbo, a mutual friend, and walked in uninvited. They were married last summer. Today, the Stone Martins live in a Malibu beach house facing the Pacific. David has his art studio there and Gloria handles his business affairs. Once a year, they plan to return to New York, cramming parties, museums, theater, shopping and family visits into a four-week stay. "It will be the only time we each go our separate way," says Gloria.

The ocean touches their big picture window with salty fingers. "It's exciting," says David, "to imagine that some of the spray we scrub off blew in from Singapore and Mandalay."



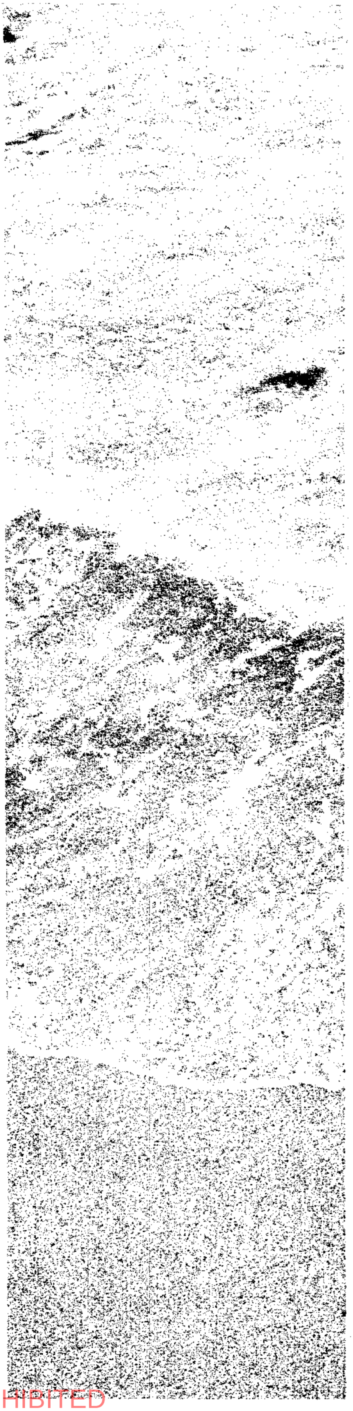
Impulsive David shows Gloria how to play scene in Ionesco's The Bald Soprano. *He directed show and did drawing in background.*



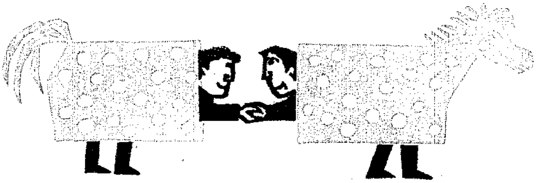
When friends opened Coffee House Positano in Malibu, David peeled off shirt and decorated wall with his famed sketch of The Threepenny Opera. *Now restaurant uses it as trademark.*

"We practically live in our bathing suits," says Gloria. "I do all the cooking—David taught me how—and we eat Japanese fashion, sitting on the floor." In their spare time, the Stone Martins are helping to organize an experimental theater group in Malibu. "We have many talented young actors who feel their creative energies have been stifled by the Hollywood formula," says David.

Expecting her first child, Gloria shares tender moment with David as she cradles his granddaughter Tanya.



"We find reassurance and peace just by walking in the surf," says David. "The sea seems lonely, but we're not."



GRIN AND SHARE IT

WHILE TOURING the south of France by car recently, a man came to a small town where a brass band of 12 musicians was blaring away in the square outside a house. This puzzled the tourist because he noticed that all the doors and windows of the house were shut tight and there was no sign of life there.

He approached one of the players and inquired: "May I ask you why you are doing this?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "we're serenading our Mayor. It's his birthday. He lives in this house."

Still puzzled, the traveler then asked the conductor: "Why doesn't the Mayor come to the window to acknowledge your serenading?"

"Because I have to be down here conducting," the man replied. "I can't be in two places at once, can I?"

—*Quote*

A WOMAN WORKING in a greeting card shop asked a teenager who had been looking through the selection of cards, if she needed help. The girl answered, "Yes, do you have a sympathy card for a girl whose telephone is out of order?"

—*Chicago Tribune*

PUPILS AT A Canadian grade school were asked why their families chose the newspaper read in their homes. One young fellow gave the following reason: "Mom says she likes our paper because when folded in two it exactly fits the bottom of the bird cage."

—EDDIE OLYNUK

REQUESTS FROM service personnel to their commanding officers for extension of leave are usually based on one of a half-dozen standard pleas: death in the family, illness, wife expecting, etc. But recently a newly married sailor came up with an original one:

"Request leave extension of ten days for purpose of shakedown cruise of bride."

The personnel officer granted his request.

—*Woman's Life*

WHEN MY TEENAGE neighbor drove me downtown in his jalopy, I insisted on buying him some gasoline. He pulled into a service station, but a dollar's worth was all he would take.

"Are you sure a dollar's worth is enough?" I asked.

"Gosh, yes," he said. "Look, that took the gauge all the way up to empty."

—*Dixie Roto Magazine*

TWO GOATS CAME upon a can of film in a back alley. After one goat devoured the can and the film, his companion asked, "How was it?"

He replied, "Frankly, the book was better."

—*Variety*

HUMORIST DON MARQUIS once had to be rushed to a hospital. No ambulance was available so he accepted the offer of an undertaker friend to drive him there in a hearse.

A short distance from the hospital, the hearse stopped for a traffic light, alongside an open convertible occupied by two ladies. Their curiosity aroused, they raised themselves in their seats and took a peak through the side window of the hearse.

Marquis, motionless, lay on a stretcher, his eyes open. For a moment after the two heads bobbed into view, he continued to stare. Then he closed one eye in a broad wink. Hysterical, the ladies fell back into the seat and sped off, without waiting for the light to change. —E. E. EDGAR

COMPLAINING ABOUT the taste of his breakfast eggs, a restaurant customer got this reply from the waitress: "Don't blame me, sir. I only laid the table."

—JOHNNY BYRD, *Cumberland (Maryland) Sunday Times*

I ALWAYS HAVE TROUBLE buying a gift for my mother-in-law. No matter what I buy for her, it is either too big or too small or the wrong color. So this Christmas I thought I would give her something she wouldn't have to exchange. I gave her a $20 gift certificate. So what did she do? She took it and had it exchanged for two $10 gift certificates. —TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD

MY FOUR-YEAR-OLD SON threatened to run away from home one day, after I had scolded him. Thinking to get the better of him, I said, "That's wonderful!"

But he had one final threat for me. "And I'm going to come back too!" he added grimly. —*Dixie-Roto Magazine*

A BOOKSTORE IN VERMONT recently had an urgent letter from a customer who asked whether the shop could send her a copy of the "Venison Book."

She needed the book right away, she said, as she had just shot a deer.

—*Book Cellar, Brattleboro, Vermont*

"DO YOU HAVE ANY WILD RICE?" a customer asked a waiter in a restaurant.

"No," the waiter replied. "But we can take some of the tame rice and irritate it for you." —*Saturday Review*

A MAN STARTED TO CROSS the street, then pulled himself back as he almost collided with a fast-moving foreign sports car.

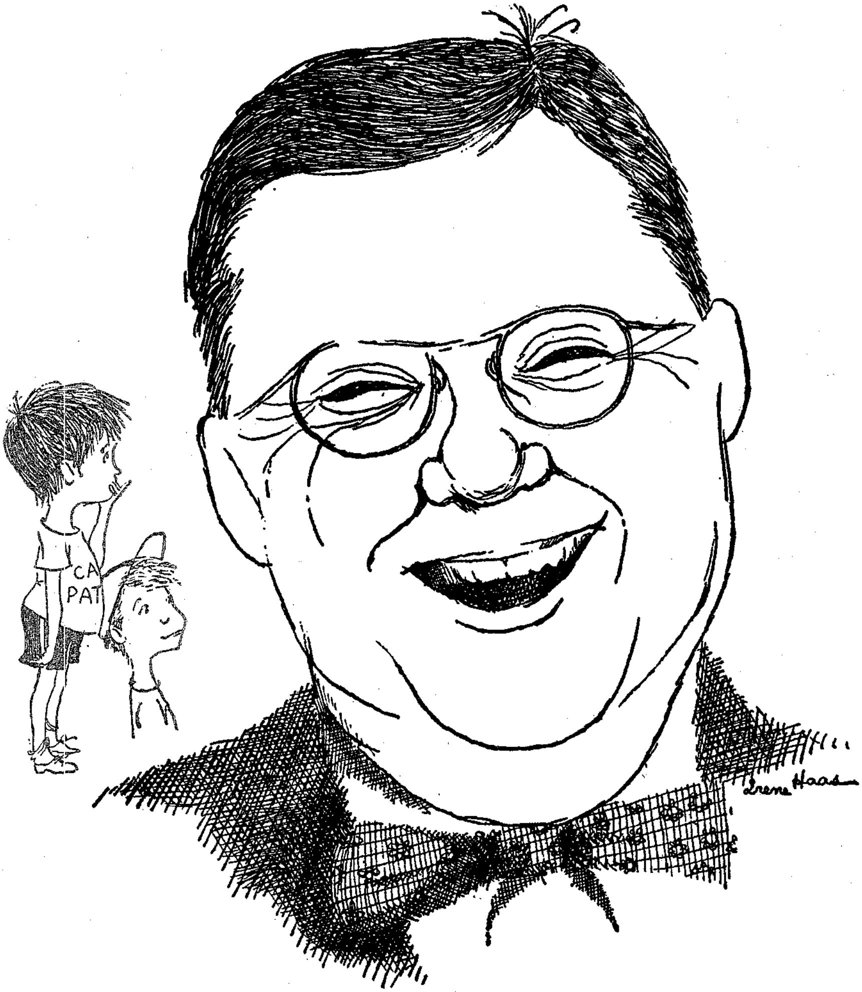
"Watch your step, fella!" he shouted. "You almost ran under me!" —JANET CARSON

ONE OF OUR neighbors' children, just back from vacation, was describing a new experience—motel living.

She put it this way: "All the rooms except the bathroom are in the living room." —DOROTHY JANKE

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

A Boswell of Boyhood opines: Even if a kid


CA
PAT
Irene Haas

fires—the B-17 Flying Fortress.

The Fort was the most fabulous combat plane ever built. Like Douglas' unretirable DC-3 airliner, the B-17 is history written in metal, a pivot of progress which helped influence an entire generation.

Perhaps more than any other plane, the B-17 beat Hitler. Its 640,036 tons of bombs on Europe, nearly the total dropped by all other U.S. planes combined, knocked out much of his industry, oil and railroads. Seventeen Forts once were our entire post-Pearl Harbor long-range air offensive in the Pacific, and one made Colin Kelly our first World War II hero. The Fort unveiled the era of strategic air power, and turned man's eyes toward the stratosphere and beyond.

Gen. Henry H. Arnold, wartime Commanding General of the Air Forces, wrote in his memoirs: "It had only one predecessor of equal importance in air history . . . the first 'military aircraft' of the Wright brothers."

No plane did a tougher job better. The Fort became queen of the air—attacking battleships, shooting seven Nazi planes into the Bay of Biscay in 12 minutes, spearheading history's first 1,000-plane raid. More than 12,700 B-17s were built, second only to B-24 Liberators in the number of bombers ever produced. And 4,750 were lost, a grim toll that reflects the B-17s' heavy fighting assignments.

Hardened in the fiercest battles, the B-17 was also a child of controversy—among Congress, the War Department, and the press. In the mid-Thirties, America was not only isolationist, but also demilitarized and almost anti-air power. Even a twin-engine bomber was a costly toy. Why talk of $600,000 for one airplane? Least of all, a behemoth we would never need for coastal defense?

But the Boeing Airplane Co. thought differently. In 1934, when the Air Force announced a competition for a "multi-engine" bomber to be judged a year later, the struggling firm decided to gamble. Five years earlier, an admiral had chided Clairmont Egtvedt, then Boeing's vice president, that America had built no airplane with a battleship's punch. The time had come to try it.

Secretly, Boeing set to work. In three busy weeks, promising designers such as 24-year-old Edward Wells planned most of "model 299." In almost every way, it was revolutionary. Bombs would be carried inside. Pilots and crew would be enclosed in heated quarters. Machine guns would jut from all angles. Four engines, a 69-foot length and 104-foot wingspan, flaps, automatic pilot, retractable wheels with brakes, oxygen equipment, the ability to fly all day—all were built into this craft—and on July 28, 1935, it flew. Gracefully. Awesomely. Effortlessly.

Immediately, controversy raged. After a nine-hour hop from Seattle to Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, that caught even military welcomers off guard, the XB-17 made its first Air Corps evaluation flight an ignominious one. Controls locked, it crashed on take-off. Over Congressional protests, the Air Corps ordered 13 anyway. Boeing, $500,00 in the red because of its gamble, began turning them out slowly, and added improvements such as a supercharger for high-altitude flying.

In 1939, with the threat of war hanging heavy, Boeing also marketed "giant" four-engine Stratoliners and Pan American Clippers. But the Fort made the headlines: five world records in two months; a ceiling of 34,000 feet; coast to coast at 260 miles an hour; and a dramatic seven-plane "goodwill" tour to Rio de Janeiro—all with aeronautical ease.

But could the Fortress fight?

Britain doubted. Its aviation representatives, either from self-interest or monumental bad judgment, pooh-poohed the B-17's supercharger as "untried," ridiculed its "frightfully secret" bombsight, declined to visit the Boeing plant, and called the plane, "The Flying Target."

The B-17 did have too few guns at first, and "bugs" such as grease which thickened in stratospheric cold. So when untrained English fliers tried 20 Fortresses in combat, the bombers did so little damage—and incurred so much—that the 12 Forts which survived were grounded.

Great performances, however, sometimes depend on great challenges. Three days after Pearl Harbor, with all but a handful of Forts crippled and burned, Colin Kelly, in his B-17, attacked a Japanese warship at first thought to be the battleship *Haruna*. His foray was largely futile. But soon, in one two-week period, refugee Fortresses on seven missions destroyed 22 Japanese planes, two transports, a tanker and two lighters, plus damaging a battleship, cruiser and two other craft.

In Europe, until mid-1942, Allied bombing had been limited to night "area" raids. But with the B-17, high-altitude daylight bombing became a reality. Unescorted Forts even reached an unexpected range of 200 miles east of Berlin, smashing a Focke-Wulf plant without touching an adjacent prison camp. They leveled a target in Regensburg without harming a hospital within the target area. Forts went down—on some raids like leaves. But they blasted their targets first.

THE MORE VITAL THE JOB, often the more certain a Fortress was to draw it. When Gen. James Doolittle and 11 staff officers headed for Africa, a Fort delivered them—after damaging three of four Messerschmidts which attacked. Gen. Douglas MacArthur, his family, staff and Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippines, escaped from the Philippines via PT boat and Flying Fortress. One Fort, "The Swoose" (half swan, half goose), was 50 percent rebuilt from scavenged parts at Clark Field and fought all over the Pacific, then became Lt. Gen. George Brett's personal plane.

Winston Churchill lauded the Forts before the House of Commons. General Arnold proclaimed it the "toughest plane in the air." Radio Tokyo, in perhaps the ultimate tribute, termed it "a four-engine pursuit ship, used for all purposes!"

In this country, where a Presidential "Fireside Chat" told of Capt. Hewett Wheless' B-17 which shot down six Zeros and wheezed home despite 1,500 bullet holes, three firms became Fortress builders: Boeing, Douglas and Vega (a Lockheed subsidiary). Regularly, even on production lines, modifications were continually introduced: a "bathtub" belly gun for a B-17C; more guns, leakproof tanks, and more speed for the B-17D; the now familiar dorsal fin, tail guns, and a ball turret below and power turret on top for the B-17E; some 400 changes for a B-17F; and a "chin" turret, 310-mile-an-hour speed, and 10-ton bomb capacity for the B-17G.

Ask any former crewman about a B-17, however, and he won't mention these—only the airplane's "personality" and amazing stamina.

As dramatized in the movie, *Air Force*, and the book, *Queens Die Proudly*, Forts could absorb so much punishment, fly so faithfully and die so hard, that they seemed almost human. "Werewolf," for example, despite wings like a sieve and three engines out, limped from Brest on its one good engine and landed in an English garden. "Flaming Jenny," after a raid on France, returned home with part of a wing and one engine gone, 2,000 bullet holes from 50 planes it had fought off, and flames raging from nose to tail.

One B-17 collided with a Messerschmidt over Africa and knocked it down. Then, its slashed tail section hanging only by control cables and a walkway, the B-17 fluttered home—where, the next day, the slam of a door broke it in two.

"Suzy-Q," the "fightingest Fortress in the world," which never had a hangar or a fighter escort, set a record for long-range missions against the Japanese, never turned back from a raid, claimed more Japanese planes than any other, flew around the world and even sank a transport with a bomb aimed by its radioman-gunner.

The B-17 became such a legend that GIs in Italy once suggested that the Allies load four propellers into a B-17 bomb bay, then drone into ack-ack as usual, but confound the already-frustrated enemy by "losing" the props and still flying.

Ultimately, as in all things, the bell tolled for the Fortress' days of glory. Big brothers, from B-29s to jet B-52s, have replaced it. Yet surprisingly—for it was our first heavy bomber, designed in 1934—the Fortress won't quit. Nearly three dozen, in fact, still are on active duty in the Air Force alone. In Korea, they performed vital weather reconnaissance missions. With 27-foot boats slung against their aging bellies, they were the unstoppables of the Third Air Rescue Squadron.

In the Pacific, radio-controlled models have bucked mushroom clouds over Bikini to measure A-bomb forces. B-17s have been trainers, transports, iceberg-trackers, weather planes, launchers for Air Force glide bombs and missiles, and some have gone down as targets.

As a dramatic guinea pig, one Fort had its nose sawed off, the pilot's compartment moved back four feet, and a Wright Typhoon turbine engine installed in the opening—making it a "five-engine" bomber. With its four conventional motors switched off, the B-17 still flew perfectly with the extra one.

For a time, in the postwar scramble for large aircraft, a racket in surplus B-17s grew enough to merit a Drew Pearson "exposé." One Fort allegedly bound for illegal export, was impounded by the F.B.I. in New Jersey. Trans World Airlines, however, got one legally for an executive plane. And Col. Robert R. McCormick, late publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, flew about the world in a B-17 plushly modified with a swivel chair in the "picture-window" nose, seven-foot beds in the bomb bay, and a portable bar.

Aerial mapping firms, particularly, have leaped at the chance to buy long-range, steady-flying B-17s for high-altitude operations.

"It's the best high-altitude photo platform now available," says R. M. Sturges, former Boeing field service representative. "For spray projects, its capacity of 3,000 gallons will net $400 an hour, or $2,000 for a five-hour day. For spraying forest fires with borate and water, it's good for $1,350 an hour. It's a warbird, but it really pays its way!"

"The Fort," explained William C. Wold of New York City, one of the nation's leading brokers of multi-engine aircraft, "is a classic design; it is known as a forgiving airplane that corrects all your mistakes that it can. Not many aircraft will."

Former mechanics or crewmen have not forgotten the B-17. A few years ago, a photo of one old Fort in a national magazine caused a cascade of letters. When "The Swoose" was discovered rusting in the Government salvage yard at Kingman, Arizona, Col. Frank Kurtz, its former captain, arranged to fly it to Los Angeles as a war memorial—and later its entire crew assembled to fly it to its present permanent berth in the Smithsonian Institution's National Air Museum.

"More than any plane ever built," said James Doolittle on a CBS-TV *Air Power* program, "this plane had a rendezvous with destiny."

It was a fabulous plane—and it may never stop flying.

OH, COME NOW!

A VENTURA, CALIFORNIA, man among a group of persons summoned for jury duty in a drunken driving case, told the deputy marshal that he was aware of his civic duty to be a juror, but thought he really ought to be excused. Asked for his reason, the man replied, "I am the defendant."

AT MIDLAND, TEXAS, the Kiwanis Club president arose at the annual banquet to present awards to the members with perfect attendance for the year. The first five members he named were absent. —HERMAN E. KRIMMEL

LETTER LINK

1. ▨ ORAL
2. ▨ ASP
3. ▨ TONE
4. ▨ USE
5. ▨ ISLE
6. ▨ ALLOW
7. ▨ READ
8. ▨ LATE
9. ▨ OUT
10. ▨ RATE
11. ▨ LICK
12. ▨ HIGH
13. ▨ RISES
14. ▨ LINK
15. ▨ WE
16. ▨ OUT
17. ▨ INK
18. ▨ EAST

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

The clues below apply to the 18 words on the left. But the first letter of each word is missing. Link those letters together, says Guest Quizmaster Art Linkletter—star of CBS-TV's "House Party" (Mondays through Fridays, 2:30 p.m., EDST)—and you will also form a new word reading vertically. Check both on pg. 104.

marine skeleton
jingle
hinged metal strap
smooth
angry
bread ingredient
boor
expiate
leg part
exalt
part of a stairstep
stratagem
connection
eye parts
disperse in defeat
immature
passageway
reverent dread

An expert explains:

what you should

IN OCTOBER, 1957, a long-standing dream of sound engineers came true. Westrex Corp., a Western Electric subsidiary, introduced a practical electro-mechanical apparatus for putting a high fidelity stereophonic recording on a long-playing phonograph disc.

Today, a little less than two years later, stereo is rapidly outmoding all earlier concepts of how recorded music should sound. From hi-fi buffs to folks who don't know a woofer from a cocker spaniel, more than 1,000,000 people have already invested in new stereo equipment.

The introduction of stereo is estimated to be as important to the development of recorded music as color and the wide screen are to motion pictures. Where earlier high fidelity techniques reproduced music with brilliant accuracy, stereo adds an equally precise reproduction of the acoustics of the room in which the music was originally played.

This is a major breakthrough of what was long considered an impassable sound barrier. No matter how perfectly each sound was reproduced, with hi-fi, you could tell that they all came from the same piece of furniture. Now, with stereo, you can hear each instrument in its three-dimensional position.

"In making a stereophonic recording, at least two microphones are used, spaced from 10 to 40 feet apart," explains Frank Freimann, president of The Magnavox Co. and one of the country's top sound engineers and electronics manufacturers. "They each 'hear' the same music, but with different emphases. In effect, the music is picked up by a right and a left mechanical ear, and recorded separately on both sides of the same record groove. When you play it in your home, the two recordings are played through separate speaker systems. In blending, they recreate the acoustical properties of the recording room as well as the music—very much as your own two ears would have heard the original performance."

Since 1932, Freimann has been ranked as one of the wizards of sound engineering. In that year, as a young man, he made electronics history by building the largest outdoor amplifying system of all time. Today, he is recognized as one of the world's leading authorities on stereophonic sound.

"Stereo," he declares, "is the ideal that was always considered impossible to achieve. Now that the recording technique is perfected, you can have in your own home the

The miracle of stereophonic sound has opened exciting new vistas for music lovers. Here are the practical, informative answers to the questions most often asked about stereo

know about STEREO

by Harald Jaediker Taub

equivalent of the best seat in the house at a concert in a hall with perfect acoustics. When you consider that no hall actually has perfect acoustics, you can appreciate how much this new development can do for music."

Not that the stereophonic effect is startlingly new. Theaters equipped for it have offered multiple sound tracks played stereophonically from motion picture films ever since Walt Disney made *Fantasia* in 1940. And stereophonic tape, with its separate sound tracks recorded magnetically, has been with us several years. But pre-recorded tapes are comparatively expensive and require careful handling. It is only since the way was found to put both channels of a stereo recording on one long-playing disc that wide public interest has been aroused.

Today, stereo cartridges of the ceramic, magnetic and dynamic types have been developed to a point of incredible sensitivity. A single stylus can move simultaneously from side to side and up and down in these cartridges, simultaneously picking up both channels from opposite sides of the groove, yet keeping them separated so that the cartridge can unfailingly send each one through its own amplifying system, to be accurately reproduced through its own system of speakers.

And stereo equipment has already been made so flexible and efficient that it no longer demands double equipment in anything but speakers. Twin speakers must always be used if the sound is to be transmitted from two separate sources.

As is always the case in a freely competitive market, there is already a bewildering variety of stereo equipment available. There are two-cabinet sets, "self-contained" double units within a single cabinet, components made to be selected and assembled in the home, and parts kits for the home handy man.

As a guide to CORONET readers, here are 15 of the most frequently asked questions about stereo with candid answers by expert Frank Freimann:

Q. What is the difference between stereo and high fidelity?

A. Stereo is the technique of recording sound from two different positions at the same time, and then playing the two channels through separate systems. To guarantee that the sound will be faithfully recorded, or that the playing equipment will be free of distortion, you need a high fidelity recording and high fidelity reproducing equipment.

By high fidelity we mean recording and reproduction that are virtually undistorted throughout the entire range of tones that the human ear is capable of hearing—approximately from 40 to 15,000 cycles.

Q. How much should a new stereophonograph cost?

A. You can get a good set for about $200, self-contained in a single cabinet. Components of equivalent quality, without a cabinet and disassembled, will cost nearly as much. If you are interested in a wide tonal range and undistorted reproduction, avoid any instrument costing much less than $200. To get the very best, you can spend up to $1,000 for a prepackaged instrument.

Q. Can I convert my present hi-fi equipment to stereo?

A. Yes, but you may have to get a new turntable. Stereo is extremely sensitive to turntable rumble. Your motor should have at least four poles, or you will need a new and better turntable. You will need a good new stereo tone arm, too. Make certain its tracking force is no more than five grams, and that it is equipped with a diamond stylus. Don't attempt to fit your old tone arm with a stereo cartridge if the arm does not fit the above specifications. It will never have sufficient "compliance"—ability to move in the complex manner demanded by stereo recording—to play stereo recordings accurately and safely.

If the stereo tone arm has a ceramic cartridge, it may transmit a strong enough signal to eliminate the need for pre-amplification. Otherwise you will need an additional preamp device and another amplifier.

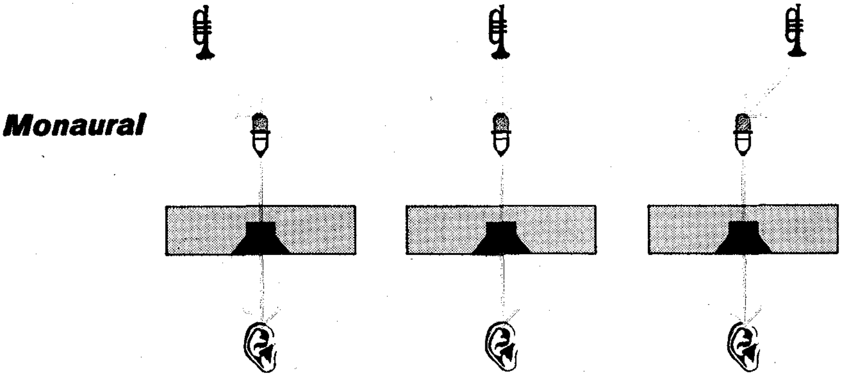
You will also need dual controls and, most important, a second set of speakers that will be a fairly good match for your present set in tone and distortion-free range. These can be found, but shop carefully.

Q. Is a sapphire stylus just as good as a diamond stylus?

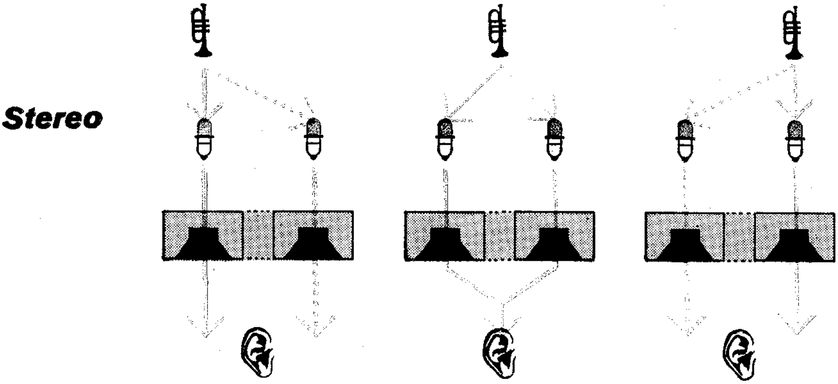
A. No. A diamond stylus is good for about 1,000 hours of playing before it wears to the danger point; a sapphire stylus deteriorates after about 40 hours. This means you must change your sapphire stylus 25 times during the normal life of a single diamond stylus.

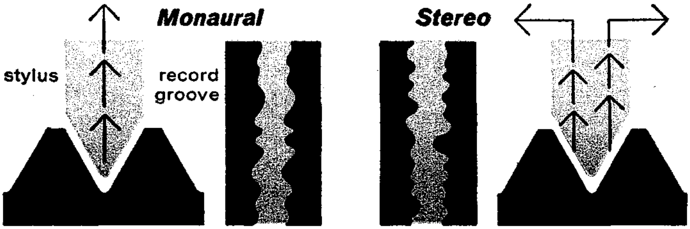
Q. On some stereo records the stylus jumps out of the groove. Should the records be replaced?

A. No, it means your stylus should be replaced. Loud passages in music are achieved on a disc by cutting the groove walls so they will exert greater pressure on the stylus. At the same time, the stylus rides up and down in the groove. If it is not compliant enough, the increased pressure as it rides up will throw it out of the groove. A "pinch effect"



Monaural: Since music is picked up by one mike, subtler tones are distorted or lost. Though instrument may have been at side of stage, sound comes through with no sense of direction. **Stereo:** Twin mikes pick up sound levels from different areas, send them as separate impulses to separate speakers, thus recording them as they would be heard in concert hall.





Monaural: Stylus rides in record groove with regular indentations and picks up identical electronic impulses from each side. Sound is transmitted through tone arm to single speaker. **Stereo:** Record groove has irregular indentations with different sound track on each side. Sensitive stylus veers back and forth as well as up and down, to pick up both impulses.

is typical of inferior components.

Q. To get the best stereo sound, must you tailor the components to your room's acoustics?

A. No, your instrument's sound doesn't depend on the acoustics of the room in which you listen, but on how well it reproduces the acoustics of the room in which the recording was made.

Buying and assembling components that will produce good sound is a tricky affair. If you use a cheap turntable, for instance, you will have some rumble in it. In that case, the better your bass speaker (woofer) is, the worse your instrument will sound. And it is not enough to get a good speaker and a good amplifier. There must be equality between the efficiency of the speaker and the power output of the amplifier. Speaker efficiency, which depends on the weight of the magnets, is determined by how *little* amplification is needed to produce a given volume of sound. If you have an efficient woofer, it seems a waste of money to buy a more powerful amplifier than you actually need.

Q. Is it true that when you buy a prepackaged instrument, part of the price you pay is for a cabinet rather than just sound equipment?

A. Even the simplest stereo rig requires so many components that it is practically impossible to keep your room tidy without using cabinets. Whether you buy your cabinet separately or as part of a "package," you are going to need one or more cabinets—and you're going to have to pay for them.

Q. Is the resonance of the cabinet wood used to enrich the music from a phonograph, as it is in a violin?

A. Just the opposite. In a phonograph, the electronic equipment itself makes the music. We want the cabinets to have as little resonance as possible. For this purpose, heavy, furniture-quality plywood or solid hardwood is best. The thinner woods and plastics sometimes resonate more and add objectionable sound.

This does not mean that your equipment will sound better without a cabinet. The housing is absolutely necessary for high fidelity sound. All speakers, and particularly woofers, require a baffle for efficient operation. This is because the woofer has to push a great deal of air in order to produce its bass tones, which is why the larger bass speakers are often better. This pushing, however, produces a reverse reaction which would cause an echo if some way were not found to "baffle" or muffle it. There are many types of baffles, but all essentially stem from the way the speaker is housed.

Q. Will there be radical changes in stereo in the next year or two?

A. No. If you can't afford really good stereo equipment, however, you might do better to buy a monophonic hi-fi instrument that is built to have stereo added at a later date.

Q. How much difference is there between the space-separated stereo sets and the self-contained units all the manufacturers are bringing out?

A. Not much. In the space-separated units the stereophonic effect is broader, because of the greater distance between the two sets of speakers. The self-contained unit gets close to the same effect by directing the two channels of sound outward from each other, instead of parallel. I prefer space separation for a large room, self-containment for the room of average size.

Q. How far apart do the two playing units have to be in space-separated stereo?

A. Generally not more than six feet. If you sense that the music is coming from two sides, with a hole in the middle, move your units closer together.

Q. Is it essential to listen to stereo from a point eight feet from the speakers, midway between them?

A. No. The music will sound glorious wherever you sit. You don't have to observe any complicated rules or manipulate any complicated controls for stereo listening pleasure.

Q. Ads for stereo equipment often specify the power output of the amplifier. How important is this?

A. Amplifying power is a good thing to have, but what you should really determine is the acoustical power your set will produce—and this comes from the relationship between amplifier power and speaker efficiency. It is most important to get speakers of heavy magnet weight (seven ounces or more) which will give you greater acoustical power with less amplification.

Q. Can I play stereo discs on my present monaural (non-stereo) record player?

A. No, but your old records will sound even better on stereo. Stereo records are so delicate that the less compliant monophonic stylus might literally tear them apart. And anyway, the recording would sound like musical gibberish.

Q. Is it possible that stereo is just a passing fad?

A. That doesn't seem possible to me. I cannot predict the future any more than you can, but having experienced the depth, richness and unbelievable realism of stereo, I'll never again be satisfied with less. ♛

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The responsive wife in modern marriage

by Jerome and Julia Rainer

This searching article dispels some cobwebbed myths about the emancipated woman's love relationship with her husband

WHILE THE BIOLOGICAL image of the male is that he is impulsive, aggressive and impatient, the popular picture of the female describes her as passive, receptive, modest and submissive.

However, the female is trying to emerge from her biological strait jacket and is seeking to face her problems, as a healthy wife and as a knowledgeable, responsive partner in marriage. Today she is free, but not entirely, for women in our society, more than men, have been hampered in their enjoyment of marital pleasure by outworn mores.

Is it myth or biological reality? Has Nature designed woman for motherhood first and emotional fulfillment only incidentally? Is she primarily a procreative creature? Is all the sensitive equipment Nature has bestowed on her merely a snare to enable her to carry out her reproductive role?

Once it was woman's "place," not her biology, that kept her from being an active, enthusiastic mate. Or her "duty," or her moral superiority to the male. Or else an inborn refinement. Wise men have given up and refused to specify her emotional role as either biological or cultural. Others have described woman as eternally mysterious, unfathomable, unknowable. But in the physical relationship, mystery can amount to ignorance which can lead to cumu-

From "*SEXUAL PLEASURE IN MARRIAGE*" by Jerome and Julia Rainer.
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lative dissatisfaction for both.

Is a woman *really* so unlike a man? Is she made of a different essence, a different biological-psychological texture?

We know, today, that she is scarcely different at all. In the consummation of marriage, women as a group are more like men than individual women are like each other. There is actually less difference between the sexes than there is among individuals of the same sex.

This was one of Dr. Kinsey's most important revelations. Strikingly parallel reactions have been charted for men and women in pulse, breathing rates and muscular tensions, at the culmination of the sex act.

With the female, as with the male, love is never inhibited by season, although there are rises and falls of desire during the menstrual cycle.

There is no convincing evidence that women are biologically conditioned toward being more modest, more restrained, more monogamous, more sensitive, nor in any way markedly unlike men. As Havelock Ellis observed, long before Kinsey confirmed his observations with documented data, there is no *woman's* nature as differentiated from *man's*; both are endlessly varied, and stem alike from human nature.

Many women already regard their so-called psychological and emotional differences from men not as fixed patterns but as old cultural ballast that they are willing and able to throw overboard.

Virtually everything in the wife's sexual pattern is learned. Within a good marriage, a wife's experience steadily improves and broadens; her pleasure deepens and her ability to fulfill her role becomes more and more dependable.

We know that girls, on the average, mature physically two years before boys. But they are later than boys in reacting emotionally to various erotic stimuli. This does not necessarily mean that they are less responsive. One difference is that the male can be aroused without actual physical contact. His quickness to fantasy, to anticipate, to react instantly and physically to visual stimuli—this facility, for the present at least, may be denied her. But it need not always be so. Boys and girls who are growing up together today, going to coeducational schools, working and playing side by side, may show an increasing similarity in their psychological response in the marriages of the next generation.

Here are some other misconceptions about modern marriage:

A wife may be slow to reach climax. She may seem to be slow, in her estimate and her husband's, considering that she is aroused. Although the major areas of eroticism are the same for both sexes, there are individual differences in this, as in every other aspect of arousal and response. With her husband's cooperation, a wife's responsiveness can become swifter and surer with the months and years of marriage.

A wife may not always be as desirous as her husband. Individual differences being what they are, *some* wives most certainly will experience less frequent desire than their husbands. The evidence is that husbands are willing to adjust themselves to this difference. On the other hand, loving wives always have made this adjustment for their husbands and probably always will.

Obviously, unless she is a consummate actress, a wife cannot pretend a burning passion she does not feel. But her honest appreciation of her spouse's desire and her avoidance of a patronizing manner will serve her well in the intervals when her own desire is not intense. Such attitudes are not assumed or learned; they are the rewards growing out of interpersonal love.

A slowly aroused wife may feel disappointed when her husband turns away and goes to sleep. This has been a frequent complaint of wives, this feeling of being left abruptly, or at least too soon. An understanding wife can surely sympathize with her husband's desire for rest, especially—as is most often the case—when their lovemaking comes at the end of the day, the normal time for sleep.

However, the more expert and aware a wife becomes, the more able she is to participate actively. Many times, instead of weariness, a man feels infused with new vigor; after a mutually joyful sexual experience, he imagines he could climb mountains, chop down forests, sail perilous seas to fetch his wife back some rare treasure. The treasure he brings her, in practical fact, may be merely a tidbit from the refrigerator, a refreshing drink or a cigarette. At other times, both partners may together enjoy the serene, slowly diminishing afterglow of physical love.

A wife may be easily distracted. Husbands often complain that women are inattentive. Compared with the male's channeled concentration, many a woman has found herself attending less to her own sensations than to a noise in the street, a light shining in her eyes, or a sound of restlessness from the children's room.

If a wife dislikes the light, darkness may mean for her modesty or secrecy or safety from being discovered. If she is on the alert for distracting sights and sounds, she may really be asking unspoken questions such as: "Is someone approaching?" Or she may be inwardly exhorting herself: "Nice girls don't think about such things!"

Must a wife and her husband accept these unconscious and unwanted restraints? Merely to recognize that they exist, and to consider their probable origins, is often enough to start blowing dusty cobwebs away. To talk them over, perhaps to laugh at them together, can remove the sting from childish fears and immature guilt feelings that have no place in adult marriage.

Some of a wife's preferences may remain. She may still prefer to have the bright light at least dimmed, the distracting sounds muffled. She may still want assurance of privacy and freedom from intrusion. So do men, generally, even though they do not seem to make so much of an issue of it. She may still like the luxury of plenty of time, of not being hurried as if these were forbidden pleasures that must be seized in haste.

What it comes down to, finally, is that a woman may prefer to be completely at ease, psychologically as well as physically, while making love. Surely that is not much to ask.

Women characteristically express a need for constant emotional reassurance. This is said to be inescapably linked with biological femaleness. Observers point to the frequent feminine questions, asked or implied: "Do you love me? Tell me you love me. Promise to love me always."

Husbands have asked in bewilderment: "Can't she see that I love her? Why must she be told over and over again?" Other husbands have wondered whether they are inadequate at loving, if not as lovers? Or whether their wives are insatiable emotionally, though not necessarily sexually?

The obvious answer to such anxieties in both is a deeper, more trusting relationship on all levels, including the physical.

Women's supposedly typical immersion in a limitless atmosphere of love is long outdated. Romantic novelists of the past saw the female going about her small daily tasks in a lambent haze of love and longing, suffused in thoughts of her loved one, waiting only for his return.

But today many women, however loving, are quite as forgetful of their love throughout the day as any man. A secretary taking dictation, a teacher before her class, a technician in her laboratory, a mother juggling her baby and baby foods—these are women with little time or need for romantic daydreaming. Love is essential to them, the foundation of their lives, but it is the reality and activity of love, not the romantic fiction of it.

We may thus see women's need for reassurances of love gradually disappearing as women gain the assurance of their individuality. The joke about a husband forgetting a wedding anniversary is bewhiskered today; a modern wife would scarcely be shy about making the dinner reservation and buying the theater tickets herself, and then telling her husband she had done so. She would not be likely to make his remembering the date a magic symbol of his enduring love.

The emancipated woman sees evidences of her husband's commitment to her in other, more significant ways. She knows that he is making his contribution, as she is making hers, to their intensely personal, intensely individual contract of love.

MARQUEE MISCHIEF

FEATURED IN AN ENID, OKLAHOMA, theater: "Adam and Eve—An Affair To Remember." —MRS. GEORGE WASSAM

A MASSACHUSETTS THEATER offered this suggestion in an ad for a horror film: "Go with someone you hate." —WILLIAM PETERS

A WISCONSIN MARQUEE offered this double feature: "Count Your Blessings—Rock-A-Bye Baby." —ALICE QUINN

The Editors of Esquire invite you to

KNOW THE SCORE

Editors' Note:

In all honesty, this quiz is an advertisement. The purpose? It's twofold: First, we feel an obligation to keep Coronet readers like yourself abreast of what's been going on lately in **today's** Esquire—as different a magazine as you've ever seen. If you haven't been reading it lately, you're in for a rich surprise. "As far as ideas and literary standards go," says one of the nation's leading independent critics, "Esquire is probably the best-edited mass magazine in the United States today."

Second, quizzes of any kind are fun, and we've tried to make this one brief and rewarding. You'll need a pencil to circle the correct answers—and eventually, to fill in the order form bound into these pages. It offers you an exceptionally thrifty rate for starting your own personal Esquire subscription. Ready to flex your wits? Answers are upside down at the bottom of the next page.

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1 "Lord, Lord, if I have to read any more about moist thighs," complained Esquire's book critic, Dorothy Parker, in a recent review. Miss Parker, who has a keen eye for what you'll really enjoy reading, is also famous as a(n) **A.** actress **B.** short story writer **C.** dancer **D.** singer

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2 Esquire has long been famous for keeping you up-to-date on men's fashions. Recently, Esquire introduced a new suit style that has slim lapels, no breast pocket or trouser cuffs. Name of this increasingly-popular new style is **A.** the Continental **B.** the Ivy League Look **C.** the Trapeze **D.** the Edwardian Look

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3 Esquire has been bringing you the works of many important contemporary dramatists. The April issue contained the complete text of **Sweet Bird of Youth**—Tennessee Williams' new Broadway hit. Williams' real first name is **A.** Thomas **B.** Timothy **C.** Tennyson **D.** Theodore

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4 Hunting, fishing, sports of all kinds are reported in Esquire. This month's issue, for example, gives you a close look at baseball's immortal Babe Ruth, as his teammates knew him. Ruth played for the **A.** Braves **B.** Yankees **C.** Giants **D.** Pirates

5 Hard-hitting, candid reporting characterizes every issue of Esquire. Recently, an article on the controversial Senator from Massachusetts made headlines across the country. Name of this young presidential hopeful is **A.** John Kennedy **B.** Stuart Symington **C.** Adlai Stevenson **D.** Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.

6 With a million Americans now owning sports cars (and 164 million wanting to) Esquire brings you frequent reports on new imports, and how they influence the design of your car. Which of these is from Italy? **A.** Renault **B.** Austin-Healey **C.** Volkswagen **D.** Fiat

7 First to translate hi-fi into a language that gave you courage to walk into the store, Esquire has been one of the first magazines to report regularly on the newest twist, stereo sound. Stereo refers to **A.** TV shows on tape **B.** steel needles instead of diamonds **C.** static-free radio **D.** double-groove recordings.

8 Esquire's coverage of the "spiritual" side of dining has long been a connoisseur's delight. Wine taken before dinner as a cocktail is properly called **A.** an aperitif **B.** a cordial **C.** a high-ball **D.** a pousse café

9 Over the years, thirteen Nobel Prize winning authors have appeared in Esquire's pages. The latest is François Mauriac. Portions of his new novel, **A Question of Precedence,** are in the current Esquire. Mauriac's nationality is **A.** Russian **B.** English **C.** French **D.** Italian

10 Esquire is indefatigable as a globe-trotter. Its color cameras poke into every civilized corner of the world, give you useful travel tips, suggest exciting new vacations. The big new Riviera playground paradise where the film stars go is **A.** St. Moritz **B.** St. Paul **C.** St. Helena **D.** St. Tropez

ANSWERS:

1.b 2.a 3.a 4.b 5.a

6.d 7.d 8.a 9.c 10.d

While we've got you turned topsy-turvy, may we point out that anyone who reads Esquire regularly stands a better chance of being in the know no matter where he is—at work, at parties, or just having a mild argument with the wife. Esquire sharpens a man's wit, expands his interests, gives him something other than money to talk about. The order card needs only your name, address and signature. You don't have to send the money now unless you really prefer, and we've even provided the postage. Mail your order today, and your reading program for Fall is all set!

John McClellan's trial by ordeal

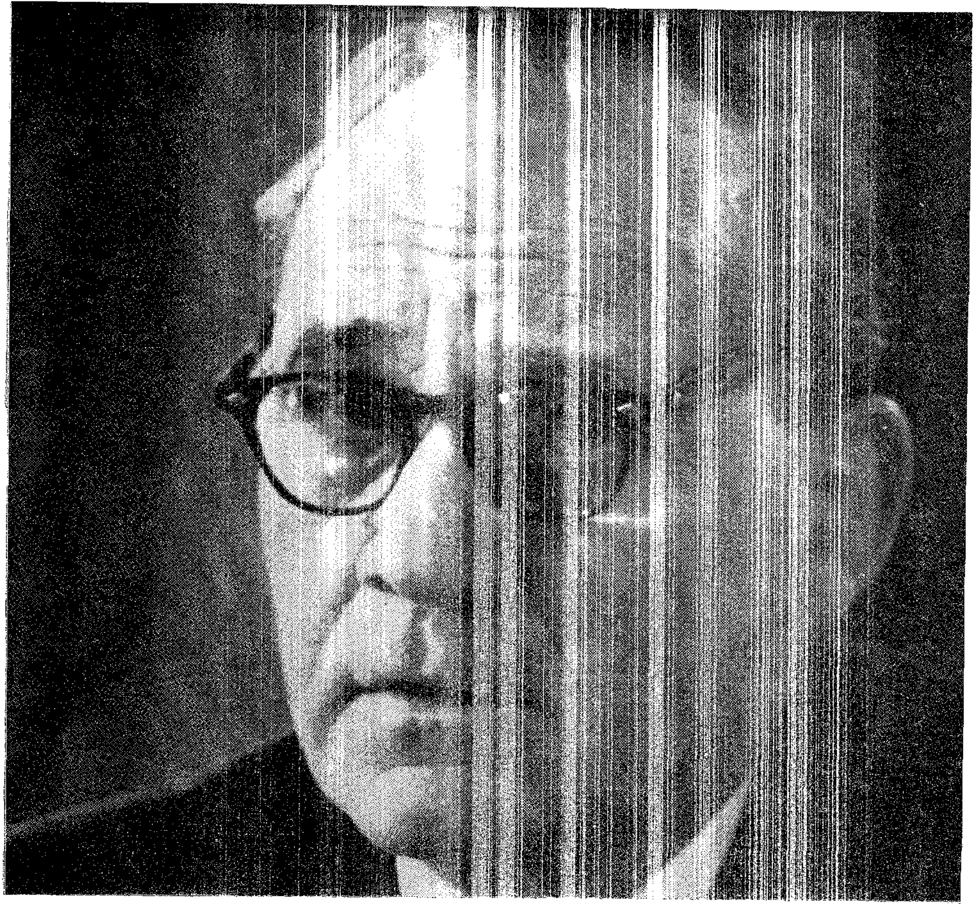
by Al Toffler

Battered and scarred by personal tragedy, he once cried in despair, "Why have I been afflicted?"—and then found the strength to carry on as few men could

JOHN L. MC CLELLAN, a once obscure Arkansas Senator, has, in the last two-and-a-half years, become a national symbol of the fight against corruption. Under the glare of kleig lights, with TV cameras focused on his hard-bitten, scowling face, McClellan has led his Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor and Management Fields through some of the most stormy and publicized hearings in half a decade.

As his chief counsel questions witnesses, McClellan runs his fingers through his straight black hair. He toys with his eyeglasses. He pokes a finger between his collar and his neck. He looks almost bored.

But when a gangster like Mickey Cohen or an arrogant labor boss like Jimmy Hoffa attempts to defy his Committee, Senator McClellan's face darkens, his voice rumbles, his eyes flash, and he condemns with the



fire and passion of an Old Testament prophet.

At these moments, McClellan is convinced he is voicing the indignation of millions. And there can be little doubt that many Americans respond deeply to this man who speaks with such vehemence and uncompromising moral fervor.

This is the McClellan that the public knows. But neither the public, nor even many of his colleagues, are familiar with the man behind the image. For behind it lies an intense personality tempered by tragedy.

At 17, McClellan was the youngest lawyer in America. He married young, then was divorced. His second wife died. He met bitter defeat in politics. He barely survived a desperate illness. Then he saw his three grown sons, one after another, agonizingly taken from him.

"God Almighty," McClellan once

asked, "why have I been afflicted?"

Yet, if anything, the tragedy in McClellan's life has strengthened him, as his Senate career shows.

McClellan lacks the flamboyance and the instinct for publicity of many of his colleagues. In 1953 and 1954, however, he found himself the ranking Democrat on an investigating committee led by a brash, noisy Republican, the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. At one point, McClellan and his Democratic colleagues left the committee in protest against McCarthy. Later, McClellan sat frowning during most of the famed Army-McCarthy hearings; he considered the goings on beneath the dignity of the Senate. Afterward, *The New York Times* described him as an "island of dignity . . . in a sea of incorrigible lunacy."

Somehow this image stuck with the public. It impressed the Senate, too, and early in 1957, McClellan was picked for the difficult job of running a bipartisan probe of corruption in labor-management affairs.

Employing nearly 100 investigators and auditors at a cost of $2,000,000, the group collected 8,000,000 words of testimony to document its shocking revelations about racketeering and corruption in labor relations. At times, other members of the Committee sought to use the probe for partisan advantage. McClellan's craggy single-mindedness and forceful personality kept it on course.

McClellan's rock-like strength goes back to turn-of-the-century Arkansas—a sun-baked world of poverty, politics and hard-shell religion. He was born on February 25, 1896, near Sheridan, Arkansas. Three weeks later his mother died. Before she did, she urged her husband Isaac "Ike" McClellan, to get her infant son a good Bible.

For the next three years, the boy was raised by his sharecropper grandparents. They were hard-working, fire-and-brimstone Baptists, and strong disciplinarians. When Ike McClellan remarried, he took the lad to live with him.

An ambitious man with a passion for rural politics, Ike McClellan led a nomadic existence as a teacher in Grant County's one-room schoolhouses. He also farmed a few rented acres and, in the hours remaining, taught himself law and ran for local office. During the exciting backwoods campaign trips on horseback, John would tag along; passing out literature for his daddy and tending the horse. By the time he was eight, McClellan was blazing with political convictions, orating before his schoolmates or to tree stumps when a live audience was unavailable.

When John was 11, his father passed the bar examinations. From then on, the lad traveled the three-county judicial circuit with his dad, soaking up the law the way he had already assimilated politics. His formal education ended with the tenth grade. But, at 17, he, too, passed the bar examination and became, by special act of the Arkansas legislature, the youngest practicing attorney in this country.

That same year—1913—McClellan married Eula Hicks, and before long they had two children. But John chafed at practicing law under the shadow of his father. There was hardly enough business in Grant County for two lawyers, and it hurt his pride that clients would come in the door and ask not for John McClellan, but for Ike.

This same pride has always run strong in McClellan. For example, when he entered the Army in 1917, he was shipped to Officers Training School. With him went another Grant County man—a college graduate who, a year earlier, had whipped Ike McClellan in an election campaign.

Painfully self-conscious of his own tenth-grade education and angered by his father's defeat, young McClellan vowed at least to equal the college man. By the time the course was over, he had. He emerged a first lieutenant, one of 32 men to do so out of a company of 226. The experience gave him greater confidence.

IN THE FALL OF 1918, however, McClellan became a victim of the great influenza epidemic. Gaunt, weak and needing a cane for support, he returned home, a civilian, on February 4, 1919. The marriage he returned to was also ailing. In 1921, there was a divorce. Not many years later, Eula Hicks died. About this divorce his sole comment is: "Only she, God and myself know why. And I do not talk about it."

A few months later, McClellan, still anxious to be on his own, moved to nearby Malvern, Arkansas, and hung out his shingle. In less than a year he became City Attorney. In 1922, he married Lucille Smith, by whom he had three more children. His private practice flourished, but politics still gnawed at him. So, in 1926, McClellan plunged into the race for Prosecuting Attorney.

Prosecutors in Arkansas' Seventh Judicial District were then paid per conviction. Consequently, a hustling prosecutor could line his pocket by persuading prisoners to plead guilty in return for a minor or suspended sentence. Often trials would end with a whispered huddle between prosecutor and defense counsel, well out of earshot of the audience. Few bootleggers ever served a serious prison sentence.

McClellan sized the situation up and announced a startling two-point platform. First, he would prosecute for keeps. Second, there'd be no whispering in the courtroom. He won the election.

By 1934, McClellan had his eye on a Congressional seat, but he had made up his mind to wait until the incumbent retired. Then a challenge unexpectedly catapulted him into the race. When a newspaper suggested McClellan might make a good candidate, the incumbent Congressman took offense. But instead of coming to McClellan, he publicly ridiculed the idea of the prosperous young lawyer opposing him.

"I had to run against him," McClellan explains. "If I didn't run *against* him, it would have looked like I was running *from* him." McClellan proceeded to stump the district so vigorously that in 1935 he showed up in Washington as a freshman Congressman.

With Congress busy passing New Deal legislation, the 1935 session ran deep into the summer. McClellan, now a strong conservative, but then in sympathy with much of the New Deal, stayed in the capital. But Lucille McClellan, rather than wait for the session to end, decided to drive back to Arkansas with the children. She got only as far as Tennessee. She was stricken with spinal meningitis and died two days later.

After that tragedy, colleagues recall, McClellan practically had to be dragged from his office each day. One evening, however, he reluctantly attended a small social affair. There he met Norma Cheatham, a vivacious widow from North Carolina. "I'll never forget," McClellan has said, "she came down the steps of the house wearing a blue picture hat and a blue dress—a beautiful lady in blue."

McClellan married the "lady in blue" in 1937, and almost immediately tackled the toughest fight of his life—a battle for a seat in the Senate. It was a bitter race, with the political odds stacked heavily against him. Driving himself deep into debt by barnstorming around the state, McClellan found himself always mysteriously tired and sleepy. He began to lose weight rapidly, and even had trouble retaining his food. McClellan began to subsist on ice cream cones. "I'd gulp them down," he recalls, "then after the speech, I'd drive out of town, stick a finger down my throat and empty my stomach. I'd go to the next town, speak, and do the same thing."

McClellan was beaten by 10,000 votes on election day. A week later, while he was at home resting, Norma McClellan heard a loud thud and turned around to find her husband lying unconscious on the floor. The diagnosis was pernicious anemia, and McClellan was rushed to the hospital, where doctors began to give him blood transfusions and liver injections. (He still takes reticulogen shots regularly.) At one point, the doctors gave him only two weeks to live. And McClellan, looking like a skeleton, didn't seem to care.

"We lived in Malvern," Norma McClellan recalls today, "and I commuted 20 miles every day to the hospital in Hot Springs." Each day, feigning cheerfulness, she would ask her husband how he felt, and he would mumble wearily, "No good."

Finally, burdened by debt and all the responsibilities of the home, she reached the breaking point. "You're not fighting," she accused him one

day. "You're letting me do all the fighting."

That remark stung his pride. After that, she says, John McClellan did fight. A month later, still weak but on his feet, he left the hospital.

Nor had defeat and sickness beaten him. Taking up the threads of his career, he moved the family to Camden, Arkansas, and joined a distinguished law firm there. When the senior partner said: "Well, John, I guess you've gotten politics out of your blood now," McClellan quickly set the record straight. "Judge," he declared, "I'm going to run for the U. S. Senate again. When, I don't know. But I'm going to run, if I have to campaign on a cracker box with a megaphone!"

True to his word, McClellan ran once again in 1942. This time he won by 50,000 votes in a run-off election. Now the family— the Senator, his wife, two of his sons, John L., Jr., and James, and his daughter, Mary Alice—settled comfortably in a house in northwest Washington. Meanwhile, Max McClellan, the Senator's oldest son by his first marriage, was in the Army.

One day in early 1943, McClellan was notified that Corporal Max McClellan had died of spinal meningitis in North Africa. It was a devastating blow. But what came next was even harder to bear. It was a letter signed by 38 of Max's buddies, charging that Max had been denied proper medical treatment by the Army medics.

"After John got that letter," Norma recalls, "he had nightmares. He relived all of Max's experiences." He didn't want to publish the letter for fear that other American parents

Grief-stricken Senator and family at funeral for Jimmy, who died in 1958 plane crash— the last of three sons. Father and son (shown at left) had planned to open law firm when McClellan retired from Senate.

would worry unnecessarily about their soldier sons. But it haunted him. Finally, the Senator took the letter to the Secretary of War.

An immediate investigation followed. The Army found that the letter from the GIs had been accurate. There was a quiet court-martial, and the doctor responsible was found guilty.

After that McClellan seemed to draw further into himself. "John is not a very talkative person," says Mrs. McClellan. "Only his nightmares told me what he was living through."

Gradually, however, McClellan "overcame himself," as he puts it. He quickened the pace of his work in Congress, became more deeply involved in Democratic party affairs, and worked hard after the war to funnel Federal funds into Arkansas. When his term was up in 1948, he was re-elected without opposition.

Shortly afterward, in March, 1949, Senator McClellan made arrangements to bring Max's body back to Arkansas for reburial. The night before he and his wife were to fly out for the ceremony, they received a long distance call notifying them that Johnny, McClellan's second son—a law student at the University of Arkansas—had been in an auto accident. McClellan had begun to look forward to retiring from politics so he could come back home to practice law with Johnny. Now he was told the boy had a fractured leg and a broken nose. But he was assured his son would be all right.

The funeral ceremony for Max was held in Sheridan. Afterward, McClellan and his wife flew to Fayetteville, where Johnny lay in the hospital. They were met with horrifying news. Johnny's injuries had been underestimated. The boy had died half an hour before.

As John McClellan moved woodenly through the motions of clearing up his son's affairs, Norma placed a call to Washington and quickly rented an apartment in the Fairfax Hotel. Then she flew back to Washington and hastily moved the family's possessions out of the house and into the hotel. When the Senator returned to the capital a few days later, he went directly to the Fairfax. He never again set foot in the house. It was as if another door had closed in his life.

With the passage of time, McClellan gained seniority and influence in the Senate. Crusty and independent, he emerged as a central character in the McCarthy controversy. In 1954, he contemplated retirement again—this time to practice law with his third son, Jimmy. But when Sid McMath, a former Governor of Arkansas announced he would run against McClellan, the Senator, as usual, decided to meet the challenge head on.

McMath, a liberal, claimed the support of organized labor, the rural electric co-operatives and Arkansas Negroes who opposed McClellan's down-the-line defense of segregation. McClellan drew strength from eastern Arkansas cotton planters and from the conservative business community. McMath charged the Senator with being in the pocket of the giant Arkansas Power and Light Co.

McClellan denied the charge. He maintains that the company did more to hurt him than to help him get elected.

As the thermometer crept up to 114 degrees, McClellan took to the stump, using a helicopter to carry him around the state. On July 27, 1954, after a month of grueling campaigning, he defeated McMath by 37,000 votes.

But once more McClellan's life was to be punctuated by tragedy. A year ago, Jimmy McClellan, his only remaining son—by this time a successful lawyer in Little Rock—took off in a twin-engine Beechcraft to check out for a multiple-engine pilot's license. Thirteen miles southwest of Conway, Arkansas, the plane crashed, killing its four occupants, including Jimmy McClellan.

Despite his heartbreak, McClellan has contempt for pity. "My life," he snaps, "is not a sob story." Not long ago, he vetoed a reporter's story on his life because he found it "gushy."

"My sons were taken from me," McClellan says simply. "I do not know why. But I would be untrue to them if I shirked or faltered or failed. I couldn't be that sorry a daddy." So McClellan uses work as a healing salve. He is, he will tell you, "driven."

Today, at 63, he unlocks his office by 8:30, before any of his eight-member staff arrives. From then until 6:45, when he catches the Huntley-Brinkley News Report on the television set in his office, his day is a round of hearings, conferences, speech writing and correspondence. His lunch is usually a quick hamburger and a cup of coffee.

When he leaves in the evening, it is usually with a sheaf of official papers and news magazines under his arm for home reading. Even Saturdays and Sundays often find him in the office. His social life is trimmed far below the Senatorial average. His Senate term is up once more in 1960, and, officially, he has not yet made up his mind whether to seek re-election. But he has no son to share a law practice with him back home, and few really expect him to step down.

Tragedy and grief have hit John McClellan hard. But they have also strengthened him. "You take a piece of steel," he observes, "and you beat it and temper it. That makes it tougher. Maybe Providence does that, too, with some of us." ♛

IT'S THEIR OWN FAULT

IN POLAND, the 20 percent supertax on earnings has finally been abolished for "spinsters," on the grounds that they are not spinsters from choice but because there are 1,000,000 more women than men in Poland. However, the bachelors were not exempted—after all, they're presumably unmarried by choice—and therefore, will have to pay for their single-mindedness.

—*The New York Times*

How words words words work

by Dr. Bergen Evans

moderator of "The Last Word," seen on CBS television, and author of
"A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

Why does the marriage service say "Till death us do part" instead of "Till death us does part"?

The original wording in *The Book of Common Prayer* was "till death us depart." Depart is now an intransitive verb, but formerly it meant to divide something into parts, to separate. In 1400, an author spoke of "a great hill that departeth Macedonia and Thrace," and in the Arthurian legends we are told that King Arthur tried to *depart* two knights who were fighting. Depart, meaning to separate, was kept in the marriage service until 1662, nearly 100 years after it had disappeared from common speech and writing. It was then changed to *do part,* still being kept in the subjunctive to preserve the beautiful rhythm. "Till death parts us" is prosaic in comparison.

Is schism pronounced shism or skism?

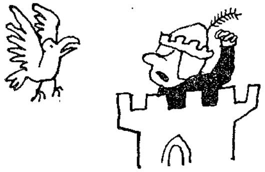
Neither. *Schism,* meaning a split or division, is pronounced *SIZ um.*

What did Khrushchev mean when he said that President Eisenhower's position on Berlin gave him "a bone in the throat"?

Mr. K's remark is related to our expression "to make *no* bones about," meaning to speak frankly. Either expression refers to finding bones in soup. Now semi-humorous, our phrase was formerly a serious one. Thus a serious work, in 1548, says that Abraham, when commanded to sacrifice Isaac, ". . . made no manner (of) bones . . . but went to offer up his son." There are many terms in which acceptability is spoken of in terms of eating, such as "That won't go down with him," and "I won't swallow that."

Why do we associate anger and altitude, as in a "towering" rage?

True, we say tempers *rise*. If they rise enough, they may reach *high dudgeon,* or become a *towering rage*. We say so-and-so will "blow his top" or "hit the roof." King Lear, in more dignified language, cries to his "climbing sorrow." The association is so common that it may have a physical basis. It may reflect the rush of blood to our heads as fear stimulates the adrenal glands.

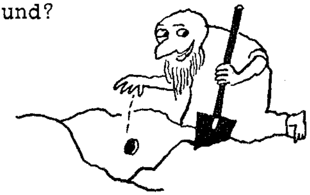


"Towering" is derived from falconry. A falcon was said to tower when it hovered at the height of its ascent before suddenly swooping down on its victim.

Is umpire a form of empire?

No. It was originally *numpire* or *noumper* and it meant "non pair" or "not equal." The (n)umpire was called in only when two judges disagreed. His decision broke the stalemate. The initial *n* of *a numpire* jumped over and attached itself to the *a* to make a(n) *umpire*. This also happened with a *napron* and *a norange* and a number of other words.

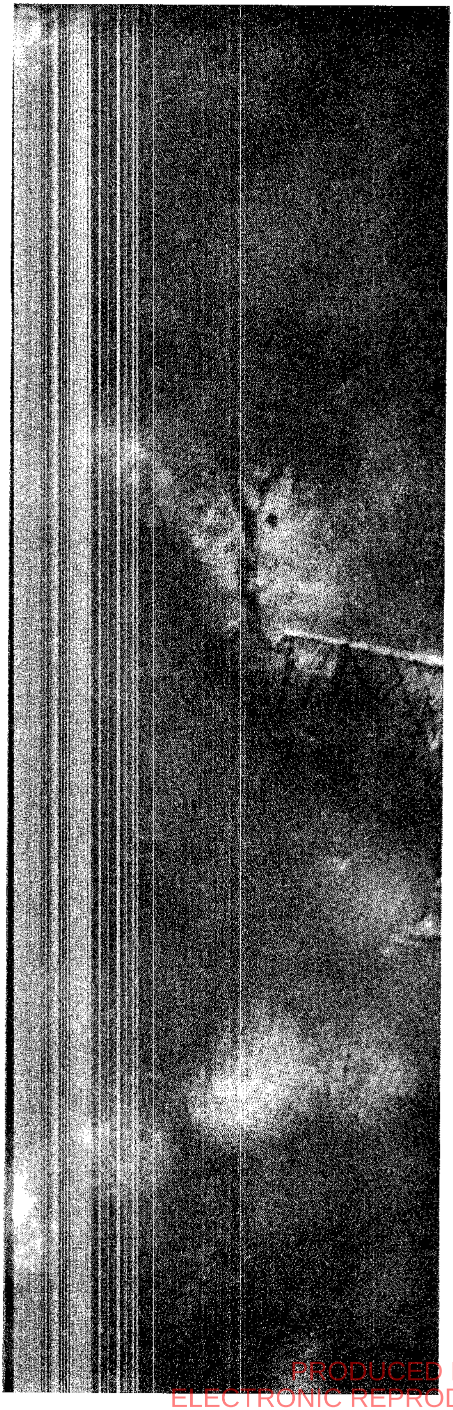
How could the man in the Biblical parable hide his talent in the ground?



A *talent,* in ancient times, was a unit of weight and this weight of silver or gold, constituted a monetary unit. The master in the parable (Matthew 25: 14-30) gave each of his servants a certain amount of money and told them to invest it profitably in his absence. The man with the single talent was afraid of losing it and buried it in the ground so that he might, at his master's return, show at least no loss. For this timidity, however, he was cast into outer darkness, to weep and gnash. The most common modern meaning of talent—some special natural (i.e., God-given) ability or aptitude—is a figurative development from the parable. It is an interesting illustration of one way in which a word can suddenly acquire a totally different meaning.

What is the meaning of neighbor?

Literally, it once meant the *boor* who lived *nigh*. Circumstances may incline you to accept this old meaning, but it is only fair to point out that, at the time it had this meaning, *boor* merely meant *farmer*.



Summer splendors

Almost since the dawn of time,
the burnished beauty of
the summer sun shining down from
the blue vault of heaven
has evoked answering images in
the hearts of men. Here, in
pictures—and the rhythmic picture
words of five famed
poets—is an enchanting tribute
to the magic of summer.

"this is the garden: colours come and go...
strong silent greens serenely lingering,
absolute lights like baths of golden snow."
e. e. cummings

Copyright 1925, 1953 by e. e. cummings
By permission of Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc.

"Shine! Shine! Shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together,
Two together!..."
Walt Whitman

"The sea-clouds whitened far below the calm
And moved, as blooms move . . . while the hue
Of heaven in an antique reflection rolled
Round those flotillas. And sometimes the sea
Poured brilliant iris on the glistening blue . . ."
Wallace Stevens

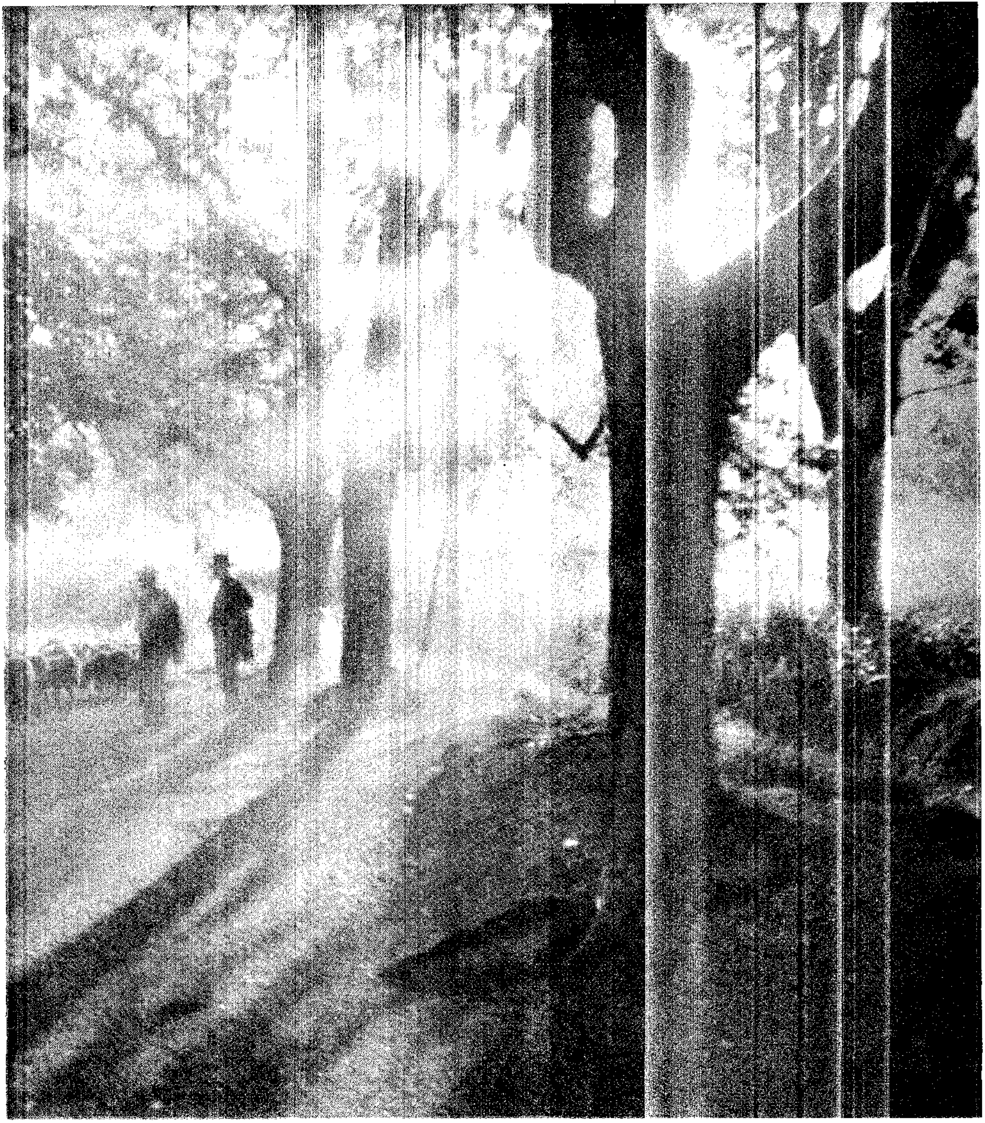
From "The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens," by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
Copyright 1923, 1931, 1954, by Wallace Stevens

"There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became...
The early lilacs became part of this child...
And all the changes of city and country wherever he went..."

Walt Whitman

"Performances, assortments, résumés—
Up Times Square to Columbus Circle lights
Channel the congresses, nightly sessions,
Refractions of the thousand theaters, faces—
Mysterious kitchens...You shall search them all..."
Hart Crane

From "The Collected Poems of Hart Crane," copyright 1933, by Liveright, Inc.



"Glory be to God for dappled things—
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough..."

Gerard Manley Hopkins

No one escapes for long
from this grim British dungeon
whose strongest
"walls" are mud and fog

Dartmoor:
the world's toughest prison

by Sam Boal

On the fogbound night of March 21 of this year, a convict named Blossom managed to go over the wall of Great Britain's Dartmoor prison, probably the toughest penitentiary in the world. In this century, no one has managed to escape permanently from Dartmoor. And neither did Blossom. He was recaptured within four hours.

Dartmoor is located approximately 170 miles southwest of London, in the center of a swampy, desolate, 225-square-mile tract of English moor. Escaping prisoners can easily sink to their waists in mud, and remain there, half hysterical, until the guards and the dogs find them. And the moor is corrugated with steep gullies. A fugitive racing along in the dark or in fog can fall over one of these six-foot cliffs, break a leg and wait there to be recaptured.

As if these obstacles weren't enough, the moor's climate is another enemy of fleeing felons. Dank, wet air rising from the moor creates heavy fog and torrential rainfalls. (There is three times as much precipitation at Dartmoor as in traditionally wet London.) A sunny summer day at Dartmoor can in minutes become a fog-swept nightmare where visibility is measured not in feet but in inches. It is these sudden fogs which sometimes tempt prisoners to escape.

By any standards, Dartmoor is a tough penal institution; by American prison standards it is almost a torture chamber.

Until 1950, the rule of complete

silence was enforced on Dartmoor prisoners. They could not talk to each other at all, and they could speak to guards or officials only when spoken to. Requests for medical attention were made *in writing*.

By law, the prisoners are allowed only 14 cents worth of meat a week, so the food they get is generally meat-and-vegetable soup, tea, a suet pudding and seven ounces of bread. That's the main meal, taken at midday. Breakfast is porridge, tea and six ounces of bread. Supper consists of cocoa, one ounce of cheese and nine ounces of bread.

Given these conditions, it's no wonder that escape attempts are frequent, although the prisoners know their chances are virtually nil.

The standard height of British prison walls is 20 feet; ironically, those at Dartmoor are only 12 feet. It is almost as though the prison were making it easy for a man to get out. But then the harrowing countryside takes over.

The most remarkable bid to break out of Dartmoor occurred in November, 1951, and the man who performed this near-miracle was a convicted burglar named Harold Roy Webb. Webb was one of 26 prisoners being taken by train from London to Dartmoor. During the train ride, he somehow managed to file through the handcuffs which bound him to another prisoner.

On the way from the train to the Dartmoor bus, Webb made a sprint for freedom. What foiled him was the unpredictable nature of British streets. He ran smack into a blind alley and was easily recaptured.

At Dartmoor, prisoners who have tried to escape are placed under special watch; during the night a guard looks into their cells every 15 minutes. On his arrival at the prison, Webb was put under this seemingly foolproof surveillance. Thus he was faced with a concrete floor, a foot-thick granite wall, a tiny, barred slit of a window—and a guard checking up on him every quarter-hour.

It took him three months, but Webb found a way out. He apparently discovered that one portion of his floor was warm and deduced that it covered hot water pipes. Hot water pipes would be in a duct and that duct would lead to some furnace room. The furnace room would somehow or other lead to freedom.

Webb first rigged up a dummy for his bed—an old trick. But he improved on tradition by animating his dummy with a string which he could pull, thus simulating the movements of a sleeping man. Then he started to chop through the floor—with what instrument, nobody knows.

The guards on special watch wear rope-soled shoes so they can approach a cell silently, but Webb had an answer for this, too. He put a glass of water very near his door; as the guard approached, the water would be agitated. Forewarned, Webb would pull his string and the "sleeping" dummy would stretch realistically. Meanwhile, he dug a hole large enough to pass through, and one night dropped seven feet into the duct he rightly guessed was there. He was wearing only his underclothes, since each night prison uniforms and shoes are taken from prisoners on special watch.

Playing out his string so he could manipulate the dummy as he progressed, Webb went 30 feet down the duct until he came to a combination furnace room and carpentry shop. There he found a pair of overalls, shoes and a ten-foot plank. He hammered some nails into the plank, then darted into the prison courtyard. His plank, with its crude steps made of nails, was the ladder that got him over the wall. That was on November 21, 1951.

Webb was loose on the moor for two days. When guards found him he was hiding under a pile of rotting compost. For his two days of freedom, Webb drew an extra year of imprisonment, 15 days in solitary and 42 days on a reduced diet. He didn't try to escape again.

Another fascinating escapee was Stanley Thurston, who on being admitted to Dartmoor signed his name with a flourish, then added the modest postscript: "The man no prison can hold." Thurston *had* managed to escape previously four times, but only from local jails, not a maximum security fortress such as Dartmoor. As it turned out, prison authorities should have heeded his warning.

No one but Thurston knows exactly how he got out, but he apparently did so by an almost incredible feat. He seems to have memorized the shape of the guards' keys simply by observing them. He had no known access to metals or tools, yet after ten months he had made the four necessary keys; since he planned escape under cover of darkness, he needed twin sets of keys because at night the doors are double-locked.

On the night of December 14, 1941, Thurston put a dummy in his bunk and left his cell, closing and locking the door behind him. He clambered to the prison roof and tied a short length of rope to a chimney. He lowered himself to a top cell window, untied the rope, retied it to the cell window and thus descended to the ground, floor by floor. In the carpentry shop he silently improvised a ladder similar to Webb's and climbed over the wall.

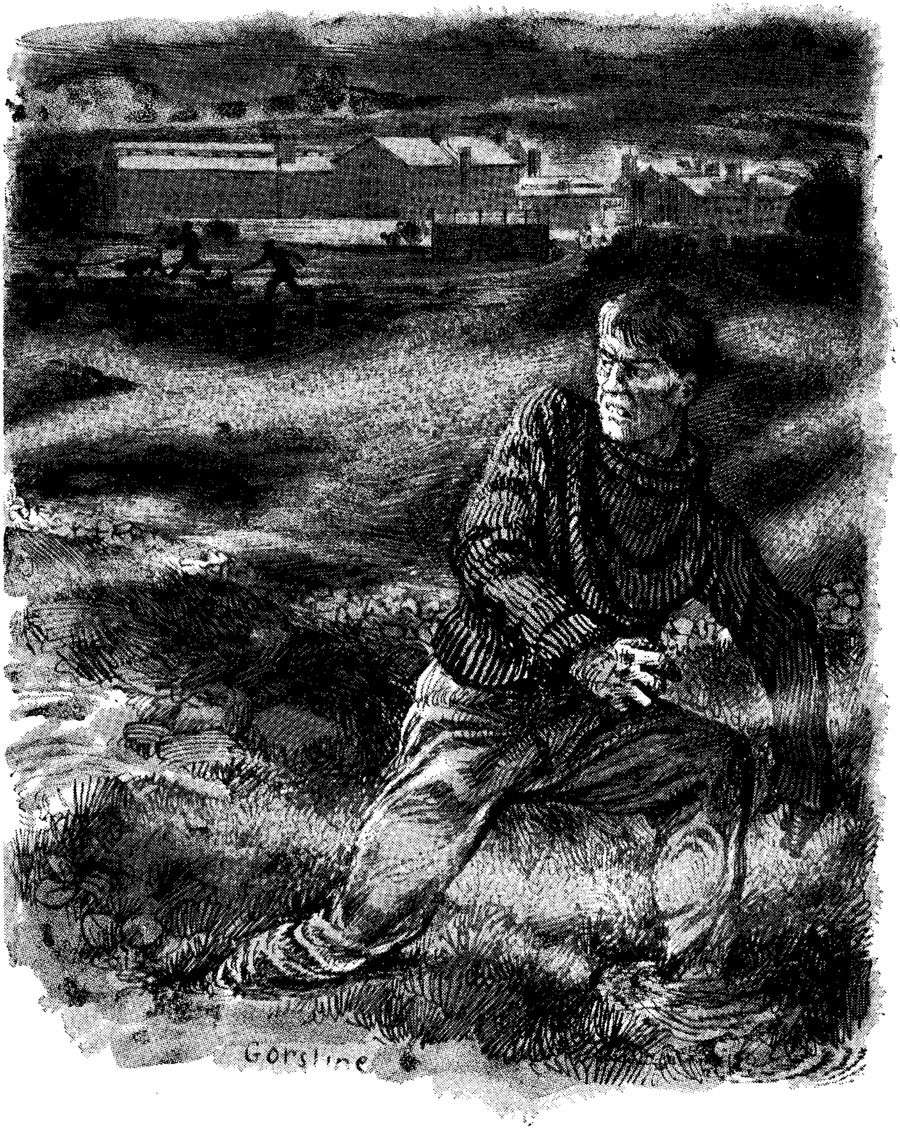
It was a bitterly cold, foggy night and Thurston had no shoes. Though his escape went undetected for three hours, which gave him a good start, he was caught breaking into one of the isolated houses on the moor in search of some covering for his lacerated, bleeding feet.

Going over the wall is one method of escape; digging a tunnel under it is another. But since one man cannot feasibly dig a tunnel alone, this requires cooperation among prisoners, a notoriously uncooperative, individualistic group. And modern materials such as concrete, with which Dartmoor now has been reinforced, make tunneling impractical.

The first, and most bizarre mass effort to tunnel out of Dartmoor was conceived and carried out by Americans—prisoners mostly captured at sea during the War of 1812. About 500 of them were incarcerated in Dartmoor in 1813, four years after the prison was built.

About the beginning of August, 1814, the Americans began digging. They planned three shafts—two decoys and a third real tunnel. One

Struggling through murky swamps crisscrossed by treacherous little gullies, fugitive convicts often panic as baying bloodhounds snap at their heels.



great problem of tunnelers is how to dispose of the earth they dig up, but the Americans ingeniously asked prison authorities for lime. They mixed the lime with the gravel, plastered their cell walls and disguised the telltale color by whitewashing it over. It worked, for a time.

But prisons are full of "squealers," and, after about a month, Dartmoor authorities began to search for the tunnel. So far as they knew, there was only one—and they soon found it. But what baffled them was what the Americans had done with the earth they had dug up. The prisoners said they had eaten it to supplement their miserable diet.

Work went on in the other two tunnels. But in January, 1815, the second was discovered and sealed off. The Americans' escape attempt ended in April when the third tunnel was discovered. The war had been over for several months and the prisoners were finally released.

But not all of them went free. Some of the American prisoners are still in Dartmoor, buried in the yard, near the cells in which they died. On July 4, 1910, a stained glass window was placed in Dartmoor by the National Society of United States Daughters. And on Memorial Day, 1957, Donald W. Smith, Consul-General of the U.S. Embassy in London, dedicated a plaque to the Americans buried there.

Last May, a would-be liberator made prison history, by *breaking into* Dartmoor. Armed with ropes, scaffolding and hydraulic tools, he climbed over the prison wall and headed for the main cell block. His purpose was to engineer a mass escape. But nobody escaped—not even himself. A guard seized him before he could carry out his plan.

As a jail, Dartmoor is unique—itself a captive of the hideous moor that surrounds it. It is this grim aspect of Dartmoor that brings to mind the story of the escapee who managed to remain free for two days before he was captured. Though caught, he felt proud that he had managed to survive that long on the moor. As he was led through the prison gates he spoke haughtily to the chief warden.

" 'ello, 'erbert," he said. "Any mail for me?"

QUICK QUOTES

YOUNG LADY TO CLERK: "My boy friend is prospecting for oil in Texas. I'd like to send him a Get Well card."

SECRETARY TO FRIEND: "He looks like an expense account, but he spends like a minimum wage." —*Quote*

FOOTBALL COACH to a high school team: "And remember that football develops individuality, initiative and leadership. Now get in there and do exactly as I tell you." —*Philnews*

merry mixups

VISITING the New York Stock Exchange for the first time, a lady was bewildered and fascinated by the symbols and quotations on the gigantic ticker tape. Then, above the tape, she spied a large clock, flashing the time at intervals—11:31, 11:32, 11:33. Grabbing the sleeve of the nearest employee, she said urgently: "Quick! Where can I buy that stock? It seems to be going up a point every time I look at it!"

—HELEN PATELLA

FOLLOWING AN EVENING of merry-making, an inebriated gentleman realized he was in no condition to find his way home by himself. So he staggered into one of the phone booths on the street and called his wife to come get him. He couldn't tell her where he was, however, and on his wife's instructions, he left the booth to get his bearings. When he returned to the telephone he explained:

"I'm at the corner of Walk and Don't Walk."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR. (*Saturday Review*)

THE ELDERLY FARMER was being shown around the Naval Observatory and was greatly impressed by what he saw.

"This clock," said a guide rather pompously, "is the one from which the whole world takes its time."

"Wonderful," said the old-timer, surveying it with open mouth. Then, drawing a large silver watch from his pocket, he glanced at it and said: "And it's not but five minutes fast, either."

—AREJAS VITKAUSKAS

WORKERS in the offices of charitable organizations are accustomed to the excuses given by persons to whom they address solicitation letters. But the secretaries at a rehabilitation center are still wondering about the turndown they received from a woman. "I am sorry," she replied, "that I can't contribute to your worth-while work. But I am now helping a family that has had five children in different ways."

—ODETTA GOVER

"THE BOSS JUST OFFERED ME an interest in the business," the young clerk confided to the pretty stenographer.

"He did?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes," the young man replied reflectively. "He said if I didn't take an interest in the business pretty soon, he'd fire me."

—*Wall Street Journal*

A REFRIGERATION SERVICEMAN answered an urgent call from a tearful bride to come at once. Her refrigerator, she explained, was not working properly and she had guests coming for dinner.

When he arrived, she met him at the door with this accusation: "Three hours ago I baked my first cake and put it in the freezer and there isn't even the *slightest* bit of frosting on it yet!"

—PAUL P. WENTZ

Let's talk sense about X rays!

by Martin L. Gross

X rays are safer than ever. In the hands of experts they are milder than the rays of the sun. They are one of medicine's most valuable tools. This exploration of today's growing problems in the use of X rays was researched with the help of the nation's leading medical authorities. It is presented by CORONET to dispel the public's unwarranted fears, which currently hamper radiologists in their fight against disease.

THE EDITORS

IN PHILADELPHIA, a young nurse who comes in daily contact with tuberculosis patients suddenly refused to take her annual chest X ray, designed to detect the first possible sign of incipient disease.

In New York, an elderly patient with severe abdominal pain rejected his physician's request for a radiological search of his digestive tract. "I had my teeth X-rayed a week ago," he explained, "and I don't want to absorb too much radiation."

All over the country, this rejection

of X rays is growing rapidly. People who have undergone X-ray examinations all of their lives without concern now fear that this time-tested medical technique may cause sterility, cancer or radiation sickness. And dentists report strong patient resistance to routine teeth X rays.

The disturbing truth is that this ground swell of fear is at least partly rooted in reality: in too many cases, X rays *are* administered improperly by laymen as well as by inadequately trained medical personnel. Despite this situation, many leading medical authorities offer words of reassurance. "Panic about properly done diagnostic X rays is nonsense," says Dr. Richard Chamberlain, Professor of Radiology at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital and head of the American College of Radiology's Commission on Units, Standards and Protection.

The key to Dr. Chamberlain's statement is, of course, the phrase "properly done." Of the 200,000 users of X-ray equipment—including chiropractors, osteopaths, physicians of all types and even shoe salesmen—only 4,000 are fully-trained radiologists (physicians who specialize in X-ray diagnosis and therapy). Many of the others operate powerful X-ray machines without sufficient training and often without safeguards.

About 13 states—among them New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Texas and Michigan—have radiation protection codes, but most of these are not stringently enforced, declare radiologists.

The X-ray machines used, experts claim, are often defective or obsolete and sometimes deliver ten times as much radiation as needed. And this is also true of "spinographs," multiple X rays of the spine done by chiropractors.

Yet paradoxically, even some physicians—not including X-ray specialists—are among the worst X-ray offenders. Hanson Blatz, Director of New York City's new Office of Radiation Control, points out that one of the major problems is to teach doctors and dentists how to use their equipment properly.

"We have inspected some of the 20,000 machines in the city," Blatz reveals, "and found many were operating with wide-open shutters or without cones to limit the size of the X-ray beam. In taking some chest X rays, the beam covered almost the entire body from knee to top of the head, including a full dose to the gonads (sex glands). In many cases, the machines did not have proper filters, increasing the radiation considerably."

Like the surgeon's scalpel, X rays can save lives but are potentially destructive. A dosage of 600 radiation units (called roentgens, after the discoverer of the X ray, German physicist Wilhelm Konrad von Roentgen), delivered throughout the body at one time, can kill a human being. Approximately equal amounts applied just to the sex glands can cause sterility. In the early days of X rays, dozens of physicians and patients received skin burns from them.

"Today this would be extremely unlikely," reassures Dr. Herbert R.

Zatzkin, Director of Radiology at Long Island's Meadowbrook Hospital. "With properly utilized modern equipment, we regularly employ dosages in the range of thousands of roentgens, applied locally, to treat cancer—without harm to the patient. And as far as we know, there has never been a single reported case of harm to a patient as a result of judicious use of X-ray films in diagnosis."

Some of the current uncertainty and fear about X rays stem from publicity given a recent report on "The Biological Effects of Atomic Radiation" by the National Academy of Sciences. In it, the Academy attempted to banish the shadow of hydrogen bomb fallout by pointing out that if the H-tests continue at the same rate for 30 years, the total radiation reaching the reproductive organs will be only .1 roentgen.

But the report replaced the fallout radiation menace with another specter. Medical X rays, it stated, will, over the course of 30 years, provide an average of three roentgens toward the safe limit of ten man-made roentgens that can be absorbed by the sex glands. For individuals up to the age of 30, the total sex gland roentgen safety limit is 50 (including *natural* radiation from cosmic rays, rocks and our bodies' disintegration of radioactive phosphorus and carbon); for those up to the age of 40, when 90 percent of the population has stopped bearing children, it jumps to 100. Exceeding these figures, the National Academy of Sciences estimates, could cause changes in human genes that might show up in our children's children hundreds or even thousands of years from now.

There is negligible chance of danger in a properly taken X-ray picture. One large New York hospital estimates that each 14x17-inch chest X-ray film allows a scant .02 roentgens to penetrate the skin of the patient's back, and an even more infinitesimal .0001 roentgens on the reproductive organs. A study at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory substantiates that chest X rays deliver a tiny average dose of .002 roentgens to the male sex glands. Even granting this somewhat higher estimate, a patient could take 10,000 chest X rays in 30 years—or almost one every day of his life—and still stay within the reasonable limit.

According to radiologist Dr. Paul C. Hodges of the University of Chicago, properly done X rays of the skull, legs and arms need involve only trivial doses. One Long Island radiologist estimates that a person relaxing in the sun for an afternoon at a mountain resort receives as much radiation to his reproductive organs from natural phenomena such as cosmic rays, as he would having his wrist X-rayed for a possible fracture.

One of the most important aspects of the X-ray problem is the widespread use of the fluoroscope, the X-ray device that enables physicians to see within the body without film. Even a safe fluoroscope delivers a much larger dose of X rays than are required to make film plates. Experts warn that the fluoroscope should be used only in essential diagnostic situations, such as searching for congenital heart conditions or conducting a gastro-intestinal examination.

Well-calibrated fluoroscopes will deliver as little as two roentgens a minute to the skin, but many are poorly regulated. Dr. L. Henry Garland of San Francisco says that a fluoroscope in one local physician's office was producing as much as 134 roentgens per minute, the equivalent of 5,700 X-ray plates. A survey of 30 fluoroscopes in the Newark, New Jersey area showed that while radiologists' machines delivered an average of only two roentgens per minute, internists' equipment was averaging 20.3 per minute, and pediatricians' a potentially dangerous 43.8 per minute. A survey in one large Midwestern city revealed that only 12 of 29 fluoroscopes were operating at safe levels.

Special care should be taken when fluoroscoping young children. Institutions such as the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia always cover an infant's sex organs with a circular lead shield during a fluoroscopic examination.

The once-fashionable practice of fluoroscoping healthy babies as often as once a month for the first 18 months is strongly condemned by Dr. Wendell G. Scott, former president of the American Roentgen Ray Society. Pediatricians Meinhard Robinow and Frederic Silverman of Cincinnati suggest that routine infant fluoroscopy and the deplorable condition of many pediatricians' machines are problems that should be solved on a national level. "Here is a risk," say the doctors, "that can no longer be considered acceptable."

Another potentially dangerous radiation bath too often inflicted on children is the "shoe-fitting" fluoroscope, some 10,000 of which are used in shoe stores throughout the nation. The beam is often aimed directly at the sex glands and delivers a dose of radiation not only potentially dangerous to the customer, but to salesmen and bystanders as well.

An industrial safety expert, Charles R. Williams, found some shoe-fitting machines emanating up to a frightening 116 roentgens in the usual 22-second dose. The American Medical Association has condemned their use and the International Commission on Radiological Protection urges that they be outlawed. To date, these machines have been prohibited or controlled in only a few areas, including New York, Pennsylvania and Washington, D. C.

THE PUBLIC'S most frequent contact with man-made radiation is the dental X ray. Some 100,000,000 films of teeth were made last year and have contributed enormously to our increasing oral health. When properly done, a full set of 14 dental X rays can be taken every few years without any fear of over-radiation.

However, "Our inspection of dental equipment shows that some are needlessly exposing a large part of the head instead of just the teeth," says New York radiation expert Hanson Blatz. "To protect male patients, we suggest that dentists buy a $7 lead-rubber lap pad."

Caution is necessary in X-raying pregnant women—because the dosage is delivered to both the ovaries and, more important, to the fetus. Radiologists indicate, however, that the danger of normal diagnostic X rays is almost non-existent in the last weeks of pregnancy. And Dr. Shields Warren, a Boston pathologist, says there is "no evidence" of children being born deformed because of X-ray examination during pregnancy. Adds Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, director of obstetrics and gynecology at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York: "Today . . . (in taking pelvimetries) the use of X-ray plates has been cut down from the usual four to the essential two."

Expectant mothers are advised to follow these general rules: avoid unwarranted dental X rays, until the child is born; avoid abdominal fluoroscopy; do not take *routine* pelvimetries, but be guided by your physician's advice as to whether or not it is important to the safe delivery of your child.

There is little debate about radiation's lifesaving role in treating cancer. But the use of large doses of X rays in treating benign or noncancerous tumors is under question.

"In general, I would advise X-ray therapy in benign conditions only if they do not respond to other treatment," says Dr. Richard Chamberlain of the University of Pennsylvania Hospital. "In older persons there seems to be little or no danger in treating, say, acute bursitis with X rays. In children, I would advise real caution and precise control, especially where the growing ends of bone are involved. On the other hand, in certain massive blood marks on the face—hemangioma in infants—X rays can save the child from a life of emotional turmoil which far outweighs the modest hazard."

Radiologists are now working tirelessly to keep pace with medicine's constantly increasing need for X rays which use smaller doses of radiation. New electronic amplifiers, which are being purchased by some large hospitals, will make it possible to use the fluoroscope with the insignificant dose of a chest X ray, while the National Bureau of Standards has developed a panoramic dental X-ray machine that will film the entire mouth on one plate. New fast films and screens are cutting doses in half, according to Long Island radiologist Dr. Harry Naidich. Moreover, lead shields and aprons for protection of the reproductive organs are becoming more commonplace in physicians' offices.

X-ray education is on the upgrade, too. The 4,000 trained radiologists share their knowledge by lecturing regularly to county medical associations on X-ray safety practices; many medical schools are adding X-ray instruction classes for the first time; the American College of Radiology is preparing 150 copies of an X-ray instruction film to be shown to physicians throughout the country; and cities like Philadelphia and New York are setting an example for other communities which are still lagging behind in the control and inspection of machines and the elimination of abuses in non-medical X rays.

In the 64 years since Dr. Roentgen discovered the X ray, it has proved itself a valuable medical tool. It has been used to detect internal diseases such as pneumonia, lung cancer, ileitis and stomach ulcers. It has helped make heart surgery a reality and accurately searches out bone fractures, kidney and gall bladder malfunctions, and ruptured spinal discs. And its ability to retard the growth of malignant cancer cells is well known.

On its record of achievement, the X ray has proved that its benefits far outweigh its imperfections. To refuse needed X-ray treatment or diagnosis is irrational and potentially dangerous. "The situation reached the ridiculous recently," says Dr. Chamberlain, "when a 60-year-old woman patient in our hospital refused an X ray because she was worried about the effect of the radiation on her grandchildren—who lived hundreds of miles away."

With new understanding and information—and without fruitless panic—we can fully master this strange ray and make it work effectively for us in the constant battle against our real enemy—disease. ♛

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS

VISITING A CONNECTICUT home to check on the claim that a member of the family had been bitten by a dog, an insurance adjuster, as he was coming up the walk, was pounced upon by a dog and bitten.

THERE WASN'T A DOG in sight, but a Miami postman got bitten anyway—he was nipped by a mouse nesting in a mailbox.

NAVY MEN AT ANTARCTICA found some mistletoe among a batch of supplies brought in to their post, but all they could do was stare at it whimsically. There weren't any women around for hundreds of miles. —HAROLD HELFER

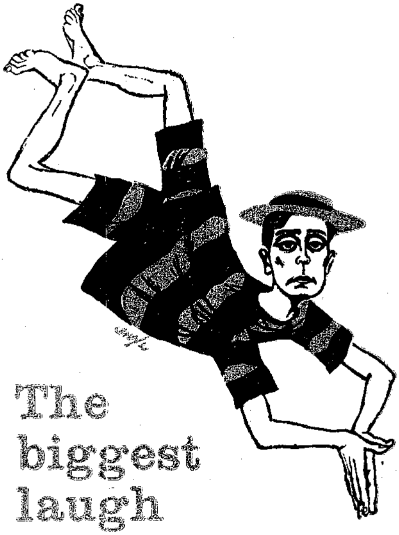
IN SEPTEMBER CORONET

WHAT AFFECTS YOUR HEART?

What is the effect of hard work, alcohol, tobacco, pregnancy, overweight on your heart? Read amazing answers that explode old taboos and reveal the latest truths about the body's toughest organ.

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO PRIVACY?

Famed author Philip Wylie charges we are becoming too morbidly concerned with the illnesses of public figures. What should the press reveal? Must we be told the details of a man's private agony?



The biggest laugh in movie history

by Robert de Roos

THE LONGEST, LOUDEST LAUGH in movie history exploded in theaters all over the world in 1920. That colossal, eruptive, cumulative bellow of laughter closed a two-reel silent comedy called *Hard Luck,* starring that master of slapstick and deadpan pantomime, Buster Keaton. Today, 39 years later, people are still laughing.

Recently, I sat with Buster Keaton in the den of his farmhouse in California's San Fernando Valley and watched his famed never-crack-a-smile face break wide open as he relived that historic belly laugh. Here's the scene that provoked it.

The camera found Buster Keaton clad in a long bathing suit, wearing his hat with the crushed-down crown, at the Ritzmore Country Club. He was walking toward the prettiest girl in the world.

"The girl was Virginia Fox, who is now Mrs. Darryl Zanuck," Keaton recalls. "But in the picture, she jilts me for Bull Montana. When I saw her walk away with him, I was really down in the dumps because Bull Montana was, without a doubt, the homeliest man ever to appear before a motion picture camera."

His face an immobile mask of suffering, young Buster turned away from the faithless girl. He looked around at the swarm of beautiful, wealthy bathing beauties surrounding the swimming pool. On screen flashed the subtitle:

"There are other good fish in the sea!"

He began to strut a bit, flexing his muscles and bending to touch his toes. When he was sure he had the attention of every beauty, he swaggered to the diving platform and started to climb. Ten feet, 20, 30, 40 feet. At the highest level, he ventured out onto the diving board. He did a deep-knee bend. Airily, he waved at the fashionable crowd.

He looked down. Far below was the pool, bordered by a broad brick walk. Beyond, on the lawn, lolled the beautiful girls. Every lustrous eye was upon him. The ladies gasped at his daring. Adjusting his hat, the intrepid lad backed up. Then, with a tremendous run and leap, he arched out in a perfect swan dive.

Immediately, it was apparent that he had leaped too powerfully. He soared clear over the pool and crashed head-first through the brick walk. There was a scream from the crowd. Everyone rushed toward the hole which now gaped in the walk. They peered into the crater, their faces mirroring horror, disbelief and fear. The pit was bottomless; Keaton had plunged completely out of sight. In this moment of wonder and shock, the scene gradually faded away. Then came the title:

"Years later."

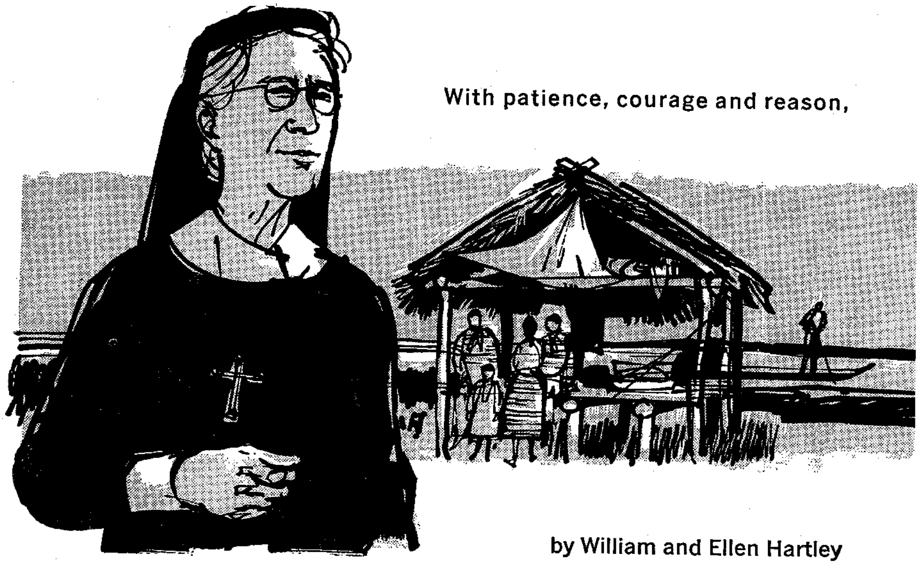
The mists cleared and the camera again scanned the country club scene—a scene of desolation and decay. Gone were the fashionably dressed men and women. The pool was cracked and empty. Grass grew between the bricks of the walk. The lawn was brown and dead. Slowly, the camera moved toward the hole which had swallowed Keaton so long ago. Only the blackness of the pit remained. But hark! There was a stirring in the hole and out of the darkness emerged Buster Keaton.

His face, mournful as a basset-hound's, turned toward the dilapidated diving platform. He gestured toward it and turned to someone behind him. "That's where I came from," he seemed to say. But it was not apparent to whom he was talking. Not apparent, that is, until he clambered out of the crater—followed by his Chinese wife and two Chinese children!

"It was such a ridiculous thing," Keaton grinned, "the audiences just sat and hollered. The more they thought about it, the funnier it got. They laughed so hard that when the next feature came on, they laughed all the way through the credits and halfway through the first reel. It wasn't only in this country—people reacted in the same manner throughout the world.

"You just couldn't time a laugh like that," Keaton continued. "But mind you, I'm not comparing it with a high and dizzy bit, where you're on the edge of a cliff and everyone thinks you're going to fall, or a scare sequence, where you have a ghost or a gorilla sneak up from behind. You've got to discount those because one or two women can set off the whole house with a scream."

This funniest of all gags—the brain storm of E. Francis Cline, an old Keystone comedy director—was extremely dangerous to bring off. A few years ago, when Paramount filmed *The Buster Keaton Story,* the world's champion gag was eliminated. It just seemed too tough and costly to duplicate.



With patience, courage and reason,

by William and Ellen Hartley

White sister of the Seminoles

EARLY IN JANUARY this year, five officials, representing Florida and the U.S. Government, met with 100 Mikasuki Seminole Indians in the town of Everglades, Florida. They were to confer on Mikasuki claims and complaints. Since it was a rainy day, the powwow was scheduled to be held in the local theater.

But the Indians flatly refused to enter the building. Tribal lore had kept fresh the memory of the day in 1837, during the second Seminole War, when their great leader, Osceola, had been betrayed and captured while attending a peace parley under a flag of truce. They were afraid the whites would lock the door on them after luring them into the theater. To settle the impasse, U.S. officials and Indian leaders turned to the only white person the Mikasuki Seminoles trust completely—Harriet M. Bedell, a lively, outspoken, 84-year-old Protestant Episcopal deaconess.

"Let us hold the meeting in your yard," the Indians suggested. "No bad thing can happen there."

So the conference was held on the lawn of a property dominated by a huge, orchid-covered pine tree and a tiny four-room cottage called Glade Cross Mission. Nothing much was accomplished. Little is ever resolved when the Government meets with the proud, independent Mikasukis.

Best known for their bright, gypsylike clothing and their secretive ways, this tribe has never surrendered to the U.S. Government. At the end of the Seminole War, those not killed, captured or tricked into surrender simply fled into the Everglades. Today, the Mikasukis consider themselves to be a nation within a nation. Typically, they declared war on the Axis during World War II as a separate power.

The conference, though fruitless, represented another victory for Deaconess Bedell, who for 27 years has ministered to the Seminoles as a Protestant Episcopal missionary.

A familiar figure on the waterways, obscure roads and narrow trails of the Everglades, she plays an important role in the economic and spiritual life of these people, among the least assimilated of all Indians. She is welcome in their remote villages, where on many occasions she has spread her bedroll for a night on a chickee platform. (The chickee, still the usual dwelling place of the Mikasukis, is a raised hut with a palmetto-thatched roof and open sides. Elevated three or four feet, it provides protection against snakes and high water.)

Deaconess Bedell stands alone among all white persons who try to be friendly with the Seminoles of the deep Everglades. To the bewilderment of some conservatives in her denomination, she knows, respects and admires the tribal medicine men. One old medicine man calls her *She-fong-kie,* meaning "my sister," and she calls him *Cha-po-cha,* "my brother."

She also often speaks of God in terms more acceptable to the Seminoles than to conservative church circles. At the top level of Episcopal missionary ranks, among men who know Indians, her work is understood and admired. Says Bishop J. B. Bentley, Vice President of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church: "Few people have given of themselves to work among the American Indians as has Deaconess Bedell."

At an age when most people ease themselves into rocking chairs, Harriet Bedell goes about her work with incredible energy. Last year, she broke her arm in a fall and was told the arm would have to be immobilized for at least four months. She was using it in a little more than two weeks. She drives her own car 20,000 miles a year, holds four Sunday services and stands ready at all times to meet any emergency.

During the week, she buys authentic Seminole handiwork, which she sells without profit to visitors who find their way to her little mission cottage. During two recent weeks, visitors—Catholic, Jewish and Protestant—arrived from Yucatán, Australia, England, Canada and almost every state in the Union.

Few realize that Deaconess Bedell

has been "retired" for 16 years. (Stubbornly, she kept on with her work, and baffled church officials soon decided there was no way to stop her.) She lives on a tiny pension, and receives $50 a month for the operation of the mission.

Before she came to the Everglades, Harriet Bedell knew something about Indians—but not Seminoles. Born in Buffalo, New York, in 1875, she attended the New York Training School for Deaconesses and was then assigned to Whirlwind Mission near Watonga, Oklahoma. There she worked with Cheyenne tribesmen—the only white woman at the mission.

After a furlough in New York in 1916, she was reassigned to Alaska's remote Stevens Village, near the Arctic Circle. Again she was the only white woman at the post. "I straightened broken legs and did about everything," she recalls today.

Upon her return to the States in 1932, after 16 years in Alaska, she was sent on a tour of Florida, making speeches on mission work. When she reached Miami, friends took her to a famous commercialized Indian village, where white tourists came to gape at the Seminoles.

"I was appalled," Deaconess Bedell recalls. "I believe it's all right to exhibit arts and crafts, but not people."

Another Episcopal missionary, Dr. W. J. Godden, had served the Mikasukis far across the Everglades at Glade Cross Mission. But when he had died years before, the mission was abandoned. Deaconess Bedell decided to help the unassimilated Mikasukis better their economic and spiritual lot. The logical place to start was at Glade Cross Mission.

She asked the bishop of South Florida to be assigned to Glade Cross, but he told her that there was no money for such a project; the depression had seriously depleted mission funds. But when Deaconess Bedell volunteered to use her furlough or "vacation" pay, church officials gave in.

Eagerly, Deaconess Bedell set off for her new post at the southwestern edge of the Everglades—an area as large as Connecticut, where great purple clouds swell menacingly above almost trackless jungle teeming with deer, bear, panthers, alligators, snakes and fish.

Deaconess Bedell rented a cottage in the town of Everglades—the same little frame building she has occupied ever since. She was 57 years of age, knew little about the Mikasuki Seminoles and was operating on a shoestring. To make matters worse, the Indians shunned white women even more than they did white men.

"The first time I went into a village," she remembers, "I held out my hand and told one of the men I had come to be a friend. He turned his back. I put my hand on a woman's shoulder. She shrugged it off. I went away like a beaten puppy."

But she soon found a possible solution to her problem in the Seminoles' grave economic plight; they needed money for things that couldn't be grown or found in the wilderness. During the summer, when tourists were scarce and there was little farm work, a Seminole family might receive very little from the sale of a carving or Indian doll.

"Bring me your skirts and shirts, your dolls and carvings," the deaconess told the Indians. "I will buy them or I will give you a credit paper to take to the stores."

The Indians could not ignore a possible source of income. Hesitantly, and then with growing confidence, they began to bring their handiwork to the mission. But three years passed before she felt she had won a fragment of the Seminoles' confidence.

"I'd go into a village and some of the men who knew me would say, 'Woman all right.' The Indian women would fix my bedroll, and when the family sat down to eat they'd put my frying pan in front of me, filled with *sofkee*—a kind of gruel—and perhaps fish or game. I'd say grace while they listened politely—they're a very polite people. After eating, I'd say, 'I would like to talk about God a little while.' But I talked only briefly, and that's true even today."

During those early years, it became evident that a car was needed. Much travel in the Everglades could be handled by canoe or on foot, but something faster was necessary for her to reach widely scattered localities. However, Deaconess Bedell had rarely been in an automobile, much less driven one.

Undeterred, she wrote to a wealthy woman who had provided her with a horse back in her Oklahoma days, apologized for more than 16 years of silence and explained her need. Back came $300. For $298, the deaconess bought a secondhand Model-T Ford—the first of three cars she has owned—and learned to drive in only one week.

In her religious contacts with the Indians, Deaconess Bedell leads rather than pushes, and evangelical bombast has no place in her spiritual program. One incident in particular illustrates the flexible—and to some even shocking—thinking of this remarkable woman.

One night, two Seminole parents appeared at the mission with a youngster who seemed near death. Deaconess Bedell rushed the child to a doctor, but in the morning the youngster was worse.

"Take to medicine man," the father said—and Deaconess Bedell agreed to this.

"It didn't matter whether it was the medicine man or the doctor," she recalls. "Of course, I believe in proper medical care. But it's God who really cares for the child. We are His instruments. I let the Indians know that."

At the family's home village, the medicine man made an incision in the child's arm, inserted an herb and bound it up. The next morning the child was playing happily.

"I do not belittle all the Indians' old beliefs," Deaconess Bedell explains. "But I say, 'You have always believed in the Great Spirit. So do I. We call Him the Holy Spirit. The Great Spirit is a power that goes into you controlled by the medicine man. A power cannot comfort, a power cannot guide. It is only a person who can do these things. The Holy Spirit is a person, but He does not have a body. He is Father of our Savior, who lived on earth as a perfect example of life for 33 years.' "

Deaconess Bedell explains to the Seminoles, in simple form, the essentials of Christianity. "They accept Christianity individually, but not as a tribe," she admits. "I'm here to bring these people to Christ, and everything I do provides opportunity for telling them of Christ."

Besides her spiritual duties, the Deaconess rushes off on emergencies, names babies, composes letters expressing tribal views and staunchly pleads the cause of the Mikasukis at public meetings.

"A Seminole can't get hospital help from the Government unless he goes on an Indian reservation," she declares, "but my people are not reservation Indians. I have suggested that when an Indian is ill or a baby is on the way and the emergency has been authenticated by a proper authority, the person should be allowed to enter a hospital at Government cost. But nothing has happened."

The problem of education also troubles her. "I try to get the children to attend white schools," she says. "But generally the public schools disregard tribal lore and customs."

Not all of her work is with the Seminoles. On Sunday, Deaconess Bedell holds two services at the county jail in Everglades—by request of the prisoners. Then she drives 27 miles to Marco Island, where she conducts a Sunday School and an evening prayer service for the white fishing community.

But the Indians will always be Harriet Bedell's primary concern. The greatest honor that has come to her, she believes, is the daily appearance of Indians who walk without hesitation to her front door and deal confidently with the prayer lady who has brought them not only some understanding of the white man's God, but also a measure of economic security. ♛

FERMÉ TOMORROW?

ANYBODY KNOWS Quebec, Canada, is bilingual. But one motorist says he found out *how* bilingual, when he encountered a service station in the town of Rouyn displaying a sign: OUVERT TODAY. —*Maclean's Magazine*

LETTER LINK

(Answers to Quiz on page 53)

1. CORAL (marine skeleton); 2. HASP (hinged metal strap); 3. ATONE (expiate); 4. RUSE (stratagem); 5. AISLE (passageway); 6. CALLOW (immature); 7. TREAD (part of a stairstep); 8. ELATE (exalt); 9. ROUT (disperse in defeat); 10. IRATE (angry); 11. SLICK (smooth); 12. THIGH (leg part); 13. IRISES (eye parts); 14. CLINK (jingle); 15. AWE (reverent dread); 16. LOUT (boor); 17. LINK (connection); 18. YEAST (bread ingredient). The word reading vertically is CHARACTERISTICALLY.

An expert on family finance
reveals five ways to make
your consumer dollar go further

money-wise

by Sidney Margolius

ANNUITIES: get more for your money

An annuity is the opposite of term life insurance: it pays off while you live instead of at death. You pay a certain amount in installments or a lump sum and the insurance company contracts to pay you a specified income for the rest of your life, beginning at any age you choose.

In buying an annuity, concentrate on: 1. the best type to buy for your needs; 2. the best method of buying; 3. the company with the lowest rates.

There are two general types of annuities: "life" and "refund." A life annuity pays you as long as you live. The refund type, in addition, pays the unreturned balance, if any, upon your death. A life annuity bought at age 65 costs a man about $1,590 for each $10 a month of income. The same amount invested in a refund annuity buys only $7.12 of income. Some buyers choose the refund type to safeguard their families. The life type is preferred by people who need maximum retirement income.

To protect the survivor, a couple can buy separate annuities or a joint-and-survivor type. The same $1,590 can buy a joint-and-survivor annuity that pays $8.75 a month to the couple or $5.85 to the survivor.

If you can save methodically, and even if your savings earn only three-and-a-half percent interest a year, you generally can buy a bigger annuity outright than if you pay the same installments into a deferred plan—with these exceptions:

1. If you have access to a

group deferred plan, you often can save ten to 15 percent of the installment cost of the same annuity bought individually.

2. If you're in a higher tax bracket, installment purchase may be advantageous. The interest earned by your savings in an annuity plan is not taxable until you collect it as income. By then, your taxable retirement income may be low enough so that you escape tax liability.

Rates vary from company to company. Compare what you will have to pay to get a specific unit of income and, if you're buying on installments, check the cash-refund value of your annuity at the end of ten and then 20 years of installment payments.

OIL TANKS: the anti-corrosion campaign

There's been a wave of costly household fuel-oil tank failure in recent years. In Chicago, tank corrosion has been so widespread that the oil industry called emergency meetings to seek solutions. A Pittsburgh family saw 250 gallons of oil (value: $37) seep onto its basement floor, then had to foot either a big repair bill or the price of a new tank ($75-$100).

It's the water in fuel oil that eats through oil tanks—water that creeps into the oil from suppliers' storage tanks, and also from the liquid ballast carried by sea-going tankers. Attack by water is invited by the chemical additives in today's fuel oil. These chemicals help the oil burn more cleanly, but also remove the protective sludge coating from the bottom of home storage tanks.

A new tank is more likely to rust than an old one. Corrosion has damaged tanks less than five years old—and even only a year old. The oil once built up a protective coating in a few months, but modern oil takes five or six years to coat a tank.

The solution is simple. You can use water-corrosion inhibitors in your oil tank as you do in your car radiator. One big oil company found a combination of sodium nitrite and borax or sodium carbonate effective. A four-ounce dose of this whitish powder will usually protect a 275-gallon head-outlet tank about three years.

AUTO INSURANCE: how to beat those rate boosts

Since 1950, the price of auto insurance has jumped about 70 percent. Rises have been especially steep in congested suburbs and for younger drivers. In some New York suburbs rates jumped

27 percent this year, and up to 40 percent for drivers under 25.

One way to keep car insurance costs down is to concentrate on liability coverage and omit collision insurance which pays for damage to your car. Liability insurance protects you against a potentially ruinous damage suit. Unless your car is new or very expensive, damage to it probably won't bankrupt you.

Are you aware that non-reimbursed damage to your car—even if the accident was your fault—is tax-deductible?

In a large city, $50-deductible collision coverage alone could account for $65 of a $265 insurance bill on a popular-priced car. In a smaller town, the collision insurance cost might cover $38 of an $86 tab. Even switching to $100-deductible would reduce these insurance bills $14-$17. Insurance companies tend to load the price for $50-deductible more heavily than for the $100-deductible.

Insurance companies in some big cities now also offer $50-deductible coverage on the comprehensive fire-and-theft part of auto insurance. This may be worth requesting. In one case, full comprehensive insurance costs $21.80; $50-deductible, only $6.40. Saving: $15.40.

HOUSES: can you afford one?

This is a year of renewed home-buying, intensified building activity—and high mortgage costs.

Here are two accurate rules-of-thumb often used by lenders to determine how much of your income you can safely spend: 1. for housing, a family can afford about one-fourth of its monthly after-tax income; 2. the house price shouldn't exceed two-and-a-half times annual income.

One survey found that the typical homeowner who had bought a home with an F.H.A. mortgage had an annual income a bit over $6,000, and bought a $13,200 house with a down payment of about $2,000 and an $11,000 mortgage. Average annual payments on the mortgage, taxes and insurance were $980.40. Utilities and maintenance came to $274.80 more, for a total housing bill of $1,255.20.

For each $1,000 of mortgage, your monthly payments for principal and interest will be:

Mortgage term	5%	5½%	5¾%	6%
15 years	$7.91	8.17	8.30	8.44
20 years	6.60	6.88	7.02	7.17
25 years	5.85	6.14	6.29	6.44

Taxes vary widely, but on a national basis they're frequently about one-and-a-half percent of the market price of the house. Maintenance and operating costs also vary according to climate and local power costs. Nationally they usually run about two percent of property value.

The preceding table shows three ways to save on mortgages:

1. For every half of one percent you can slice off the interest rate by shopping around for a mortgage, you'll save from $3.12-$3.60 a year per $1,000 of mortgage. The bigger your down payment, the better your chances of getting a lower rate. Remember that the true F.H.A. rate is five-and-three-quarters percent, which includes a mortgage premium of one-half of one percent.

2. Make the down payment as big as you can. Every additional $1,000 you chop off a 25-year mortgage at five-and-three-quarters percent cuts your carrying charges $6.29 a month—a total of $1,887 over the full term of the mortgage. Of this, $718.75 is a savings in interest.

3. Make the term as short as you can afford. Payments on a 25-year, $12,000 mortgage at five-and-three-quarters percent add up to $22,644. The same mortgage repaid in 20 years requires payments of $20,217—a saving of $2,427 in interest charges.

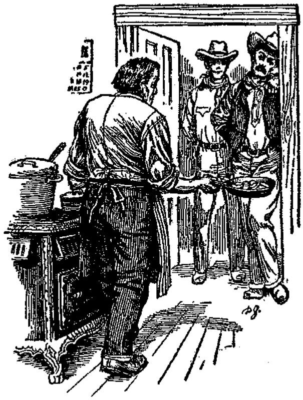
Request that your mortgage provides the right to pre-pay without penalty, and an "open-end" privilege. Pre-payment lets you reduce your mortgage when you accumulate extra cash, or pay it off and take out a new mortgage if interest rates drop and you can find a more favorable deal. The "open-end" privilege lets you finance home repairs or improvements under the same mortgage at the same interest rate, which is much lower than the rate required for special modernization loans.

BLOUSE TEST: the price isn't always right

A higher price doesn't always mean better wear—at least not in women's white tailored blouses—according to a recent test by five state agricultural experiment stations and the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Women who cooperated by wearing and laundering white blouses for a year gave good ratings to inexpensive blouses, and in some cases, found them even more satisfactory than costlier ones.

The women rated rayon blouses retailing at about $3 most satisfactory, followed by dacrons ($2-$3); cottons ($1.80-$3); and acetates (about $8). Laboratory tests backed their findings, except that dacron rated above rayons. The laboratories also gave the lowest-cost dacrons as good a rating as the medium-priced and expensive dacrons.

A tip for women shoppers: avoid blouses with raw seam edges, dangling threads or defective buttonholes. During the tests, these weak points quickly deteriorated in the tub.



Sammy's secret

by Kay Widmer

SAMMY WILLIAMS was a big raw-boned Norwegian who carried the hunch on his back as though it were all the burdens of the world. His coarse features had hardened into a cynical look. In the early 1900s, he came to the Heeb ranch near Manhattan, Montana, to be the cook.

"I cook good," he said—and that was about all he ever said about himself. The other ranch hands didn't ask questions, and neither did Mr. Heeb, who raised horses and sold them to the nearby stage station.

Sammy's domain consisted of the bunk room which he shared with seven other hands, the woodshed, and the kitchen, where the household children would stand in the doorway and watch Sammy work.

"Why do you have that bump on your back, Sammy?" one of the children brashly asked. For once, Sammy answered a question. "Broke it," he said, and that was all.

Sammy was the first to rise and the last to climb the bunk room stairs at night, always dressing and undressing in the dark out of consideration for the sleepers. At round-up time, Sammy drove the grub wagon into the hills. He liked that because he could then go fishing—his only pleasure. He never got letters and he didn't joke or get drunk or talk about women. He was just a hunchbacked shadow with a skillet.

One winter night, Sammy stayed overlong in his bunk. The hungry cow hands found him lying dead in his baggy long underwear.

The buckboard came to take Sammy's body away, and later in the day the undertaker came driving into the side yard, where he met Mr. Heeb. The two men talked a minute; and the ranch hands, overhearing the conversation, were astounded. What was the meaning of the strange masquerade that Sammy had played for so many years? What had Sammy been hiding from—love or shame?

That night in the bunk room the ranch hands lay awake in silence.

"We ought to do something for Sammy," one of them finally said. Everyone agreed.

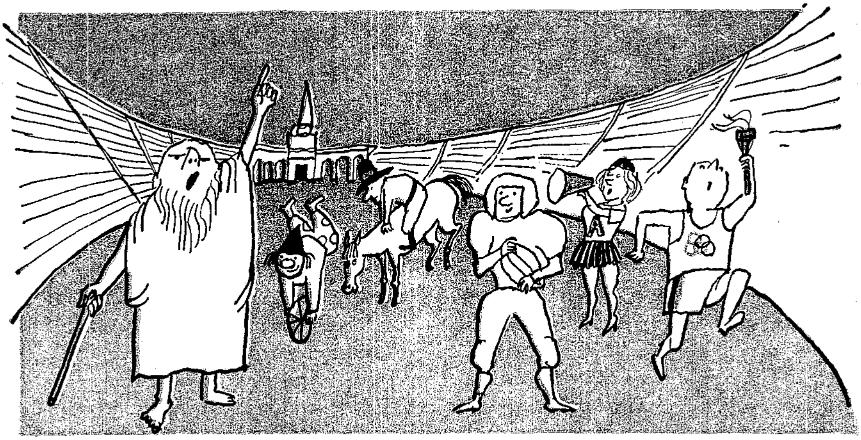
The headstone the boys bought still stands in the Meadowview cemetery at Manhattan. The inscription reads:

A FEMALE WHOSE REAL
NAME IS UNKNOWN BUT
WHO HAS BEEN FOR MANY
YEARS KNOWN AS
SAMMY WILLIAMS
DIED DEC. 10, 1908
AGE ABOUT 68 YRS.

California's big bowl of fun

by Al Stump

Time bombs, prophets of doom and
now the daffy Dodgers make the Los Angeles Coliseum a
hectic "Eighth Wonder" of the world



INTO AN AMPHITHEATER, wider than the Great Pyramid of Cheops and pulsing with more people than ever watched a Roman orgy, strode a purple-robed, bewhiskered prophet of doom. Behind him straggled his barefoot disciples—chanting a strange dirge.

"Prepare!" cried the prophet, pointing his stave downward. "For the earth shall tremble beneath ye!"

The prediction brought catcalls from the crowd of 105,500 assembled for the 1948 Notre Dame-University of Southern California football game. In Southern California, cultists forecasting a seismic end to the world and its population are as common as panhandlers.

But three minutes after the game, the vast arena began to jiggle like a teacup on a Ouija board. Chalk stripes on the field danced, and massive concrete blocks supporting the 32,000,000 cubic-foot edifice split and shifted. On the biggest sports day of the year, the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, largest arena in North America, had been walloped by an earthquake.

Wacky things happen in the Coliseum, or "Big Scoop"—a chunk of Romanesque architecture that can handle up to 115,000 customers—and often considered the most hectic public pit since Emperor Titus opened the original Colosseum for its first bloodbath in 80 A.D.

Where else have 30 spectators been treated in one day for camel bites? Or where but at the Coliseum has a seat-by-seat search for an escaped psychopathic killer been made? (He was caught enjoying a pro football game from a box seat.) The Coliseum has its "martyrs": more than 50 fans have died of heart attacks, some while climbing to the loftiest seats—called "Nosebleed Terrace"—79 rows and 125 feet above ground level. Witnesses insist that a Los Angeles Dodger rooter, seated on the top rim of the arena one night last July, had a ham sandwich snatched from his hand by a swooping hawk.

The Coliseum was built 38 years ago by civic leaders who were determined to erect a great spectacle-center that would stand for centuries. Borrowing $1,000,000—and later spending $1,800,000 more—they created an "Eighth Wonder" that could contain the Eiffel Tower—lengthwise—or the liner *Queen Elizabeth,* and still have enough room left over for a track meet. Merely to spruce up its 30 miles of seats requires 20 men working two weeks and 1,500 gallons of paint. And the arena needs all its sturdiness. Shortly after the Coliseum went up, an airplane dived into the crowded bowl and chipped the top ramparts as it zoomed out—pulling behind a banner reading: "Just Divorced—And Am I Happy!"

No place better compresses the extravagant personality of Los Angeles and the State of California. Last November 22, the Coliseum's general manager, husky William H. Nicholas, heard a rumor that a bomb was set to explode among 60,000 at the U.S.C.-U.C.L.A. football game. No one knew where the bomb was. If they did, they weren't talking.

But the bomb was there, all right. While the U.C.L.A. cheerleaders capered on their boxlike platform, it was hidden beneath them— ticking away. It had a time mechanism, set to detonate at the 2 P.M. kickoff, and contained enough explosive to kill or maim at least 50 people.

At just 2 P.M., hundreds of U.S.C. rooters gave a macabre cry: "U.C.-L.A. cheerleaders—go up in smoke!" Later, abashed students confessed they'd been told the infernal machine was harmless. The bombmakers had meant only to envelope the rival yell-kings in thick smoke.

Fortunately, the bomb failed to go off. "Otherwise, it would have been slaughter," said Los Angeles police explosives expert De Wayne A. Wolfer, after authorities had tracked down the 21-year-old culprits. "I guess these kids got carried away with Coliseum fever."

A national convention of members of a noted Far Eastern fraternal order once fell prey to the fever, too:

to lend an Arabian Nights touch to their celebration, they imported several dozen camels. The dromedaries behaved until the celebrants began firing blank cartridges. Then they stampeded. Burnoosed mystics were strewn from one end of the Coliseum to the other, and in the ensuing roundup, 30 were severely bitten.

With its 60 tunnels, 30 huge floodgates, three de luxe two-way escalators and army of 2,500 attendants, the Coliseum boasts the world's record for emptying a stadium of 100,000 guests: eight minutes flat. Yet it emptied much faster one World War II morning, when a wild animal act was installing its props.

"Ajax," a killer lion, escaped.

A hundred workmen fled for the gates. There they met nearly as many police rushing in with riot guns. "In the collision," remarked one riot-squadsman, "more blood was spilled than the lion could have drawn."

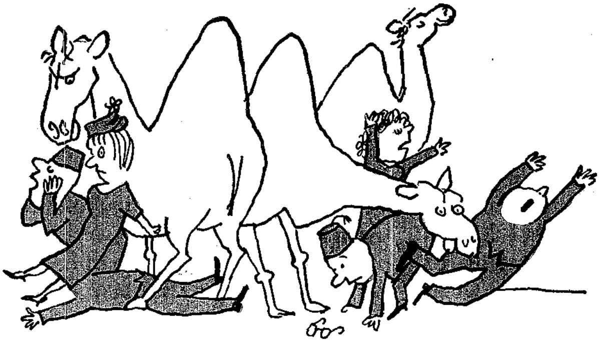
Ajax, found sleeping behind a stack of peanut bags, was roped without a shot being fired.

No press agent is employed by the arena; it doesn't need one. For example, a notorious bandit gang was once apprehended simply because of the "Big Scoop's" drawing power. The crooks had stolen $30,000 in jewels from a Bel Air millionaire's home. Among other items missing were four choice tickets to a Los Angeles Rams-Cleveland Browns pro football championship game. Playing a hunch, police checked with Coliseum manager Nicholas. Were seat-number records kept on all tickets sold? They were, said Nicholas. On Sunday, waving Ram pennants, a dozen plain-clothes men sat in the area Nicholas designated.

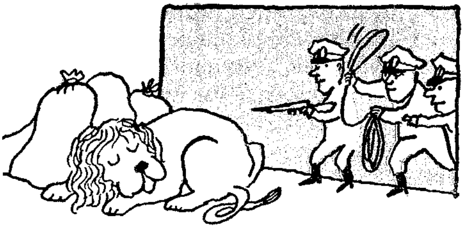
Which is how four astonished members of the notorious "Bel Air Creepers" gang were nailed. The crooks couldn't overcome their weakness for a good football game.

When Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan reached Los Angeles last January, he asked for a tour of the Coliseum ahead of such local sights as the Mt. Palomar Observatory and Disneyland. "In all the world there is nothing like it," said Mikoyan.

Under Bill Nicholas, the "Big Scoop" has added 432 flood lamps so brilliant that the want-ads of a



It was like a scene from ancient Rome—except that camels, not lions, were chewing up the spectators.



The Coliseum was too much for Ajax. He was found napping near some peanut sacks.

newspaper can be read at mid-field. The world's largest electrical scoreboard—43 feet across, with 11,330 bulbs—flashes 50 words at a time. Escalators glide fans from ground to concourse and an elevator lifts reporters to a $750,000, air-conditioned, 200-capacity press box.

Anyone who tinkers with the efficiency of the publicly-owned "Big Scoop" is in trouble. In 1944, 750,000 paper drinking cups were "frozen" in the warehouse by the War Production Board. The Coliseum concessionaire, Stan Bruner, put up a sign reading: "Sorry, No Drinks—Government Order." The uproar that reached Washington was so intense the cups came unstuck—despite the paper shortage.

And a ticket-seller and ticket-taker who conspired to mulct the Coliseum out of thousands of dollars learned a bitter lesson, too. By not tearing off the stub, and slipping the ticket back to the seller (who pocketed the cash the second time around), the gateman had a sure money-making scheme.

Who could have guessed that the Coliseum had marked certain tickets with invisible ink? When the suspicious pasteboards reappeared in the booth, the sharpsters went to jail.

For the customer, everything in the Coliseum must be the spit-and-polish finest. For talking "roughly" to a customer, six policemen were relieved of their Coliseum duties, and an usher actually was fired for having bad breath.

Yet comfort and convenience cannot fully account for the Coliseum's 4,000,000 annual draw, which tops all U. S. arenas. The madcap side shows are what fascinate Angelenos. Last spring, the Los Angeles Dodgers moved into the "Big Scoop" and quickly caught Coliseum fever. Star outfielder Duke Snider bet that he could become the first man to throw a baseball out of the place. But his best heave fell 19 rows short of the top. Trying once more, Snider promptly strained his valuable throwing arm. Angry Dodger Manager Walt Alston benched his star and fined him $275.

But tempers flared even higher when the Dodgers erected a left field fence just 251 feet from home plate —so short that the least nudge sends home runs sailing over it. Some sportswriters whimsically threatened to ban any home-run mark set in the Coliseum from the record books. "You can't do this to Babe Ruth!" they yelped.

Yet when the Dodgers suggested cutting a $250,000 chunk from the arena to accommodate a reasonably-sized fence, Walter O'Malley, the team's owner, was roundly denounced, and today the pop-fly fence remains as baseball's most ridiculous barrier. No man may deface one inch of the Coliseum. This season, the crowds have exuberantly adapted themselves to the short left field fence. Hundreds come to the games wearing baseball gloves. Sitting behind "O'Malley's Folly," they are known as the D.A.O.—"Dodgers' Auxiliary Outfield." Those who make spectacular catches of homers blooped over the fence even draw louder cheers than the players.

The Coliseum's most risqué moment came a few seasons back when Elroy "Crazylegs" Hirsch, great Ram football player, was mobbed by 5,000 of his admirers. They stripped off shirt, shoulder pads, pants and thigh pads—and were working on his underwear when Hirsch was rescued by a police phalanx.

Still, to many, the most memorable of all episodes was the funeral service held one afternoon in 1950. Obituaries ran to thousands of words and crepe-hung automobiles formed a procession outside the Coliseum, near where the deceased's footprints earlier had been impressed in concrete. Taps sounded, bells tolled and thousands bowed their heads in misty-eyed silence.

George Tirebiter, a mongrel who for years had been the official University of Southern California mascot—often cheered by Coliseum fans—was dead.

CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT

AS A YOUNG MAN, my grandfather made his living as a peddler of assorted merchandise among the mountain folk of western North Carolina. One of his best-selling items was a medicine in powdered form made from native mountain herbs. It was claimed to be a sure cure for rheumatism, colic, whooping cough—in fact, good for "just whatever ails you."

He sold one box to an old gentleman who lived up in the very shadow of Mount Mitchell. Some time later, one of the mountaineer's sons was asked how his "paw" liked his medicine.

"Well," the boy said, "I reckon he liked it all right. He was takin' it every day 'til he got sick, then he had to quit 'til he got better an' could go to takin' it again."

—ROBERT EARLE HAYNIE

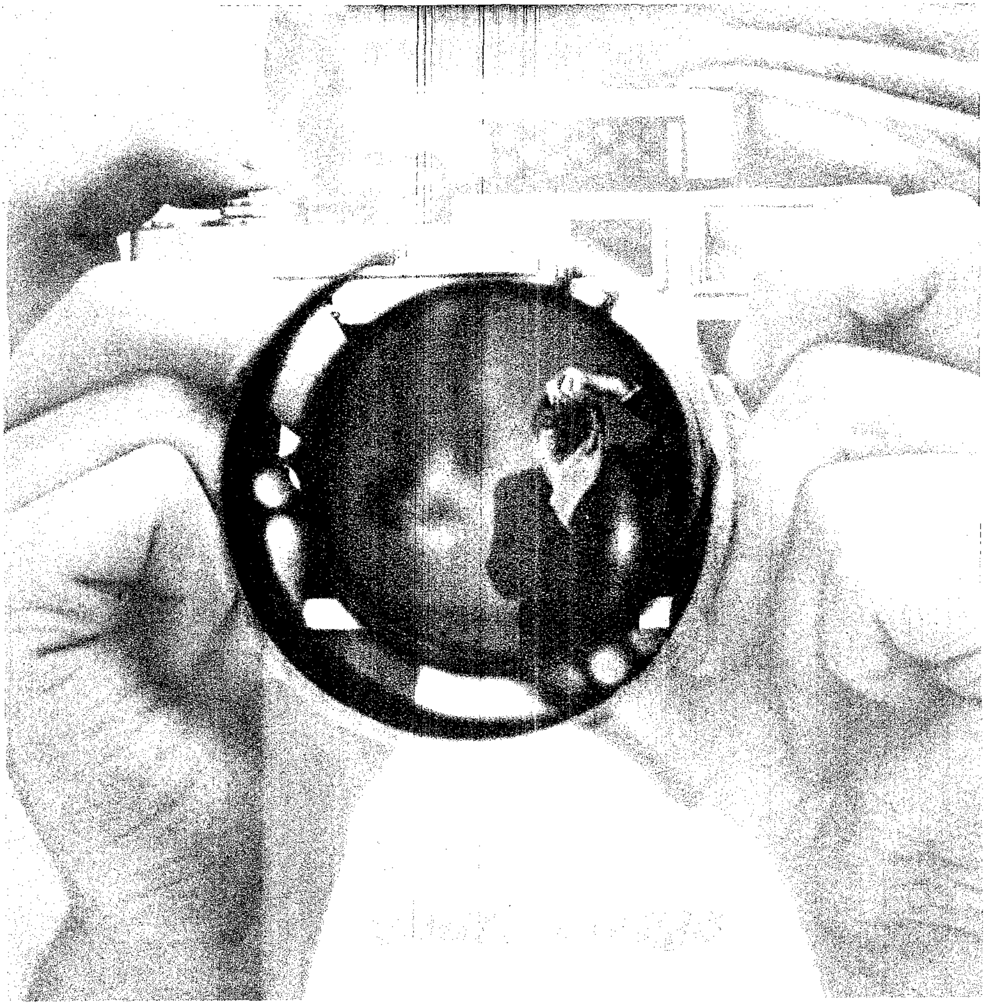
A PARKING LOT OWNER in mid-Manhattan called the three attendants together.

"Listen boys," he said gently, "we haven't had one single complaint all week about dented fenders."

Letting that sink in, he then shouted:

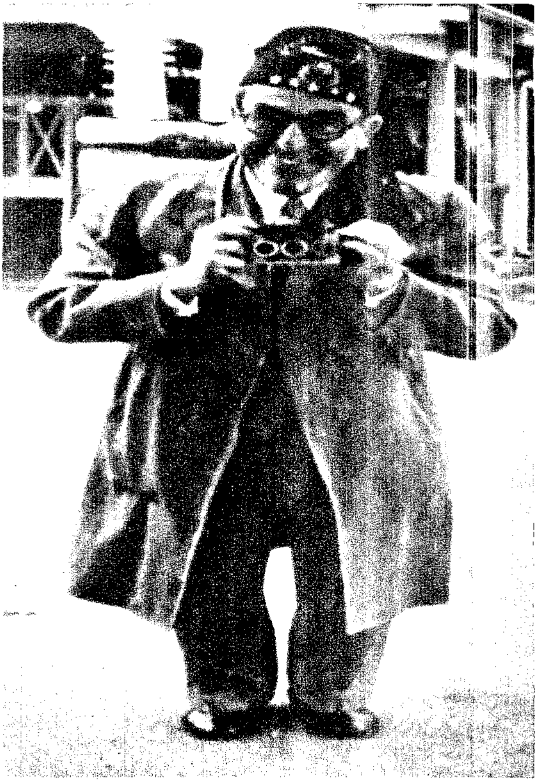
"Now tell me, how can we make any money leaving all that space?"

—CHARLES MATTHEWS

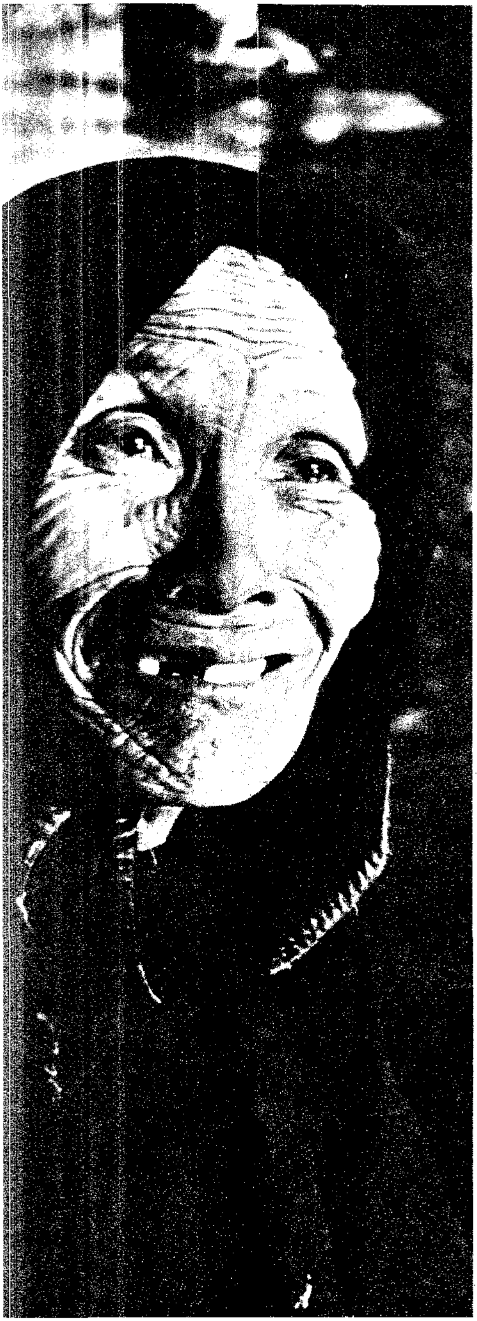


LIKE HANDWRITING, the pictures taken by amateur photographers are a clue to their personalities. This is particularly revealing when the photographers are entertainment world celebrities—frequently accustomed to being in focus on the other side of the lens. On the following pages are some outstanding examples of the pictures they take—and how they feel about them—excerpted from a forthcoming book by David Zeitlin.

This famous silent-screen comedian and former Imperial Potentate of the Shriners recalls that he used to achieve some of his most hilarious film scenes "by taking a few liberties with truth." At a recent Shriners outing, Lloyd discovered a trick mirror. "I became fascinated with its distortions of my physical size," he says. Result: the photograph on the right.

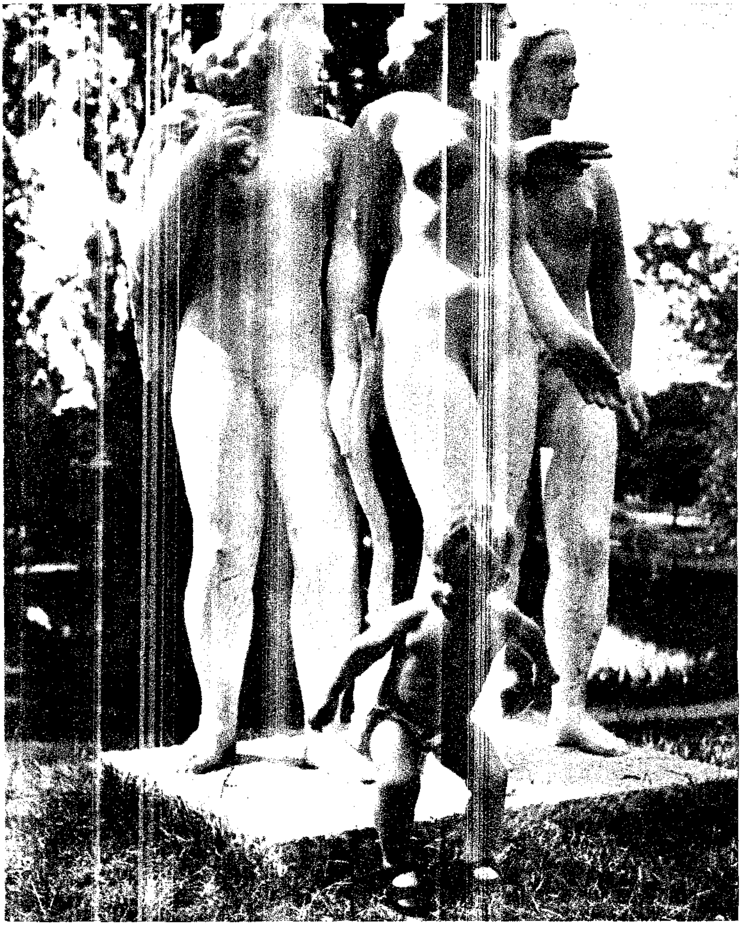


"Photography enables you to see a familiar object in an unfamiliar way, thus giving it new eloquence," says this artistic stage and screen director. Of his picture *(left)* he explains: "This one moment of activity, captured into permanence, becomes to me a noble symbol of Man's Labor."

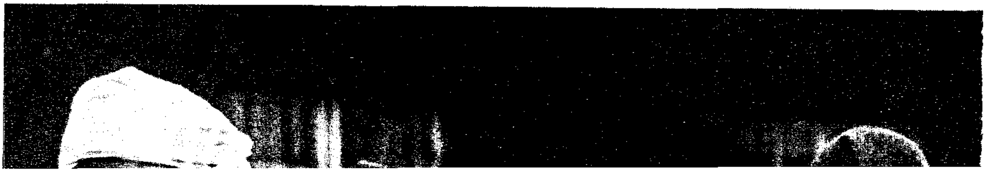


William Holden

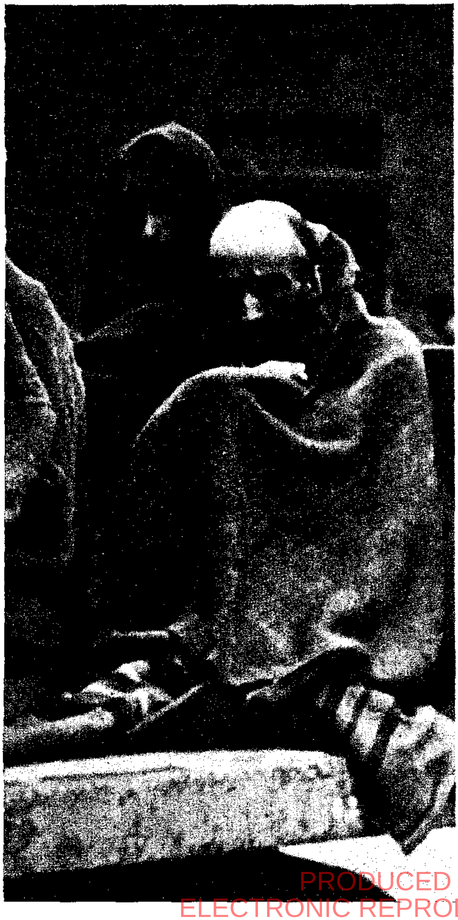
In his globe-trotting screen actor Holden has been intrigued by the way simple people cope with harsh existence. "I found this old Hakka fisherwoman," he says, "at Deep Water Bay in Hong Kong. I photographed her late in the afternoon when the light source was low, to capture her wrinkles and facial details. Her face has age; it tells the story of the hard life lived by these primitive Chinese in the islands, yet it has humor and a sense of the ridiculous."

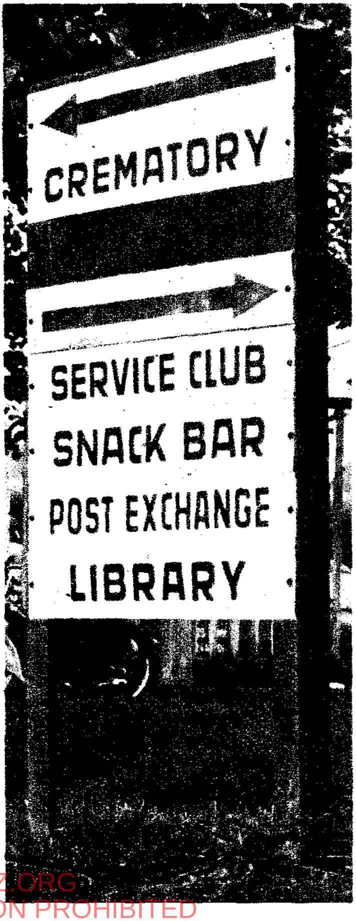


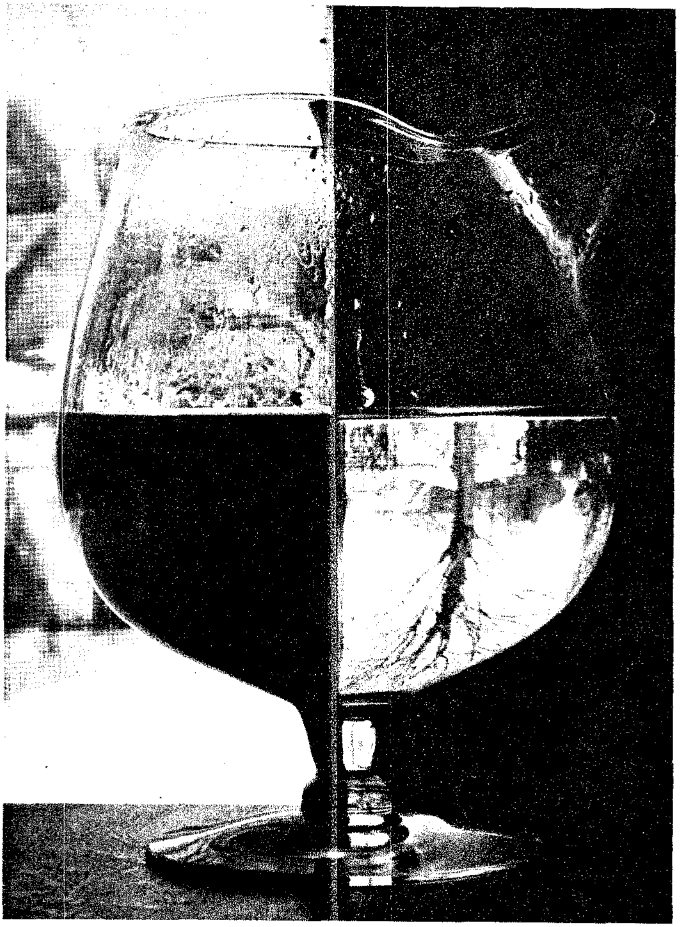
The racy, wisecracking Sinatra loves children. He took this picture "on my first trip to Europe. I was riding around Paris gawking like a tourist. I saw this kid and the statue and yelled to the driver to stop. I ran out of the car and grabbed the shot. I think it's a gasser."



Screen director Stevens commanded a special unit of combat and observation cameras during World War II. "No one today looks at the pictures of the pitiful conditions of the concentration camp survivors *(below, left)*, taken at Dachau in April, 1945," he says. "Last year, researching my production of *The Diary of Anne Frank*, I returned to Dachau and found it had grown like Burbank, California, bustling with activity. I swallowed hard when I saw the sign *(below, right)*. It didn't seem that anyone had learned very much from this great misfortune."





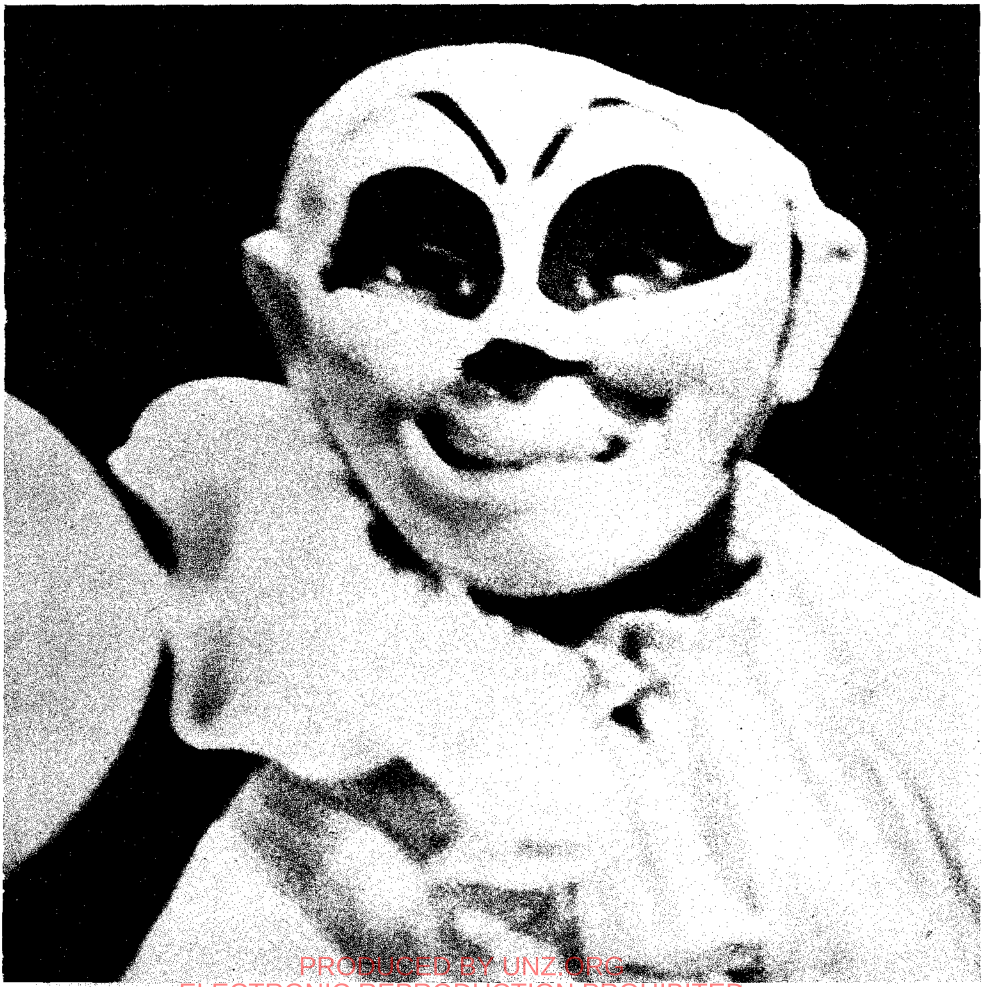


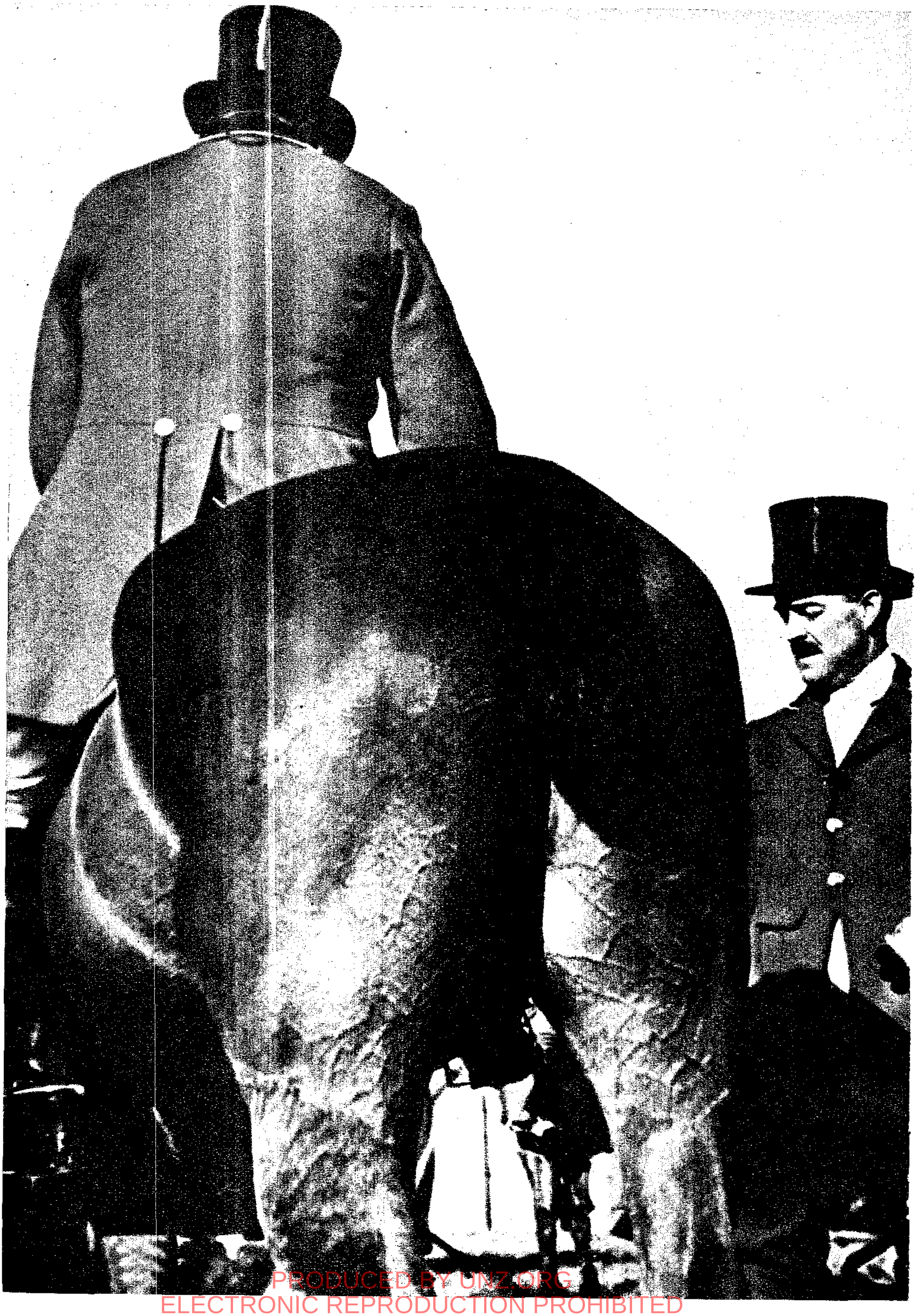
Yul Brynner

Brynner enjoys things offbeat–including the Brynner personality. Explaining his picture, he says: "One winter afternoon I mixed a pitcher of martinis for friends and placed it outside on the screened porch to cool. The liquid, working like a lens, turned everything upside down. I ran for my Nikon and made this picture."

Jerome Robbins

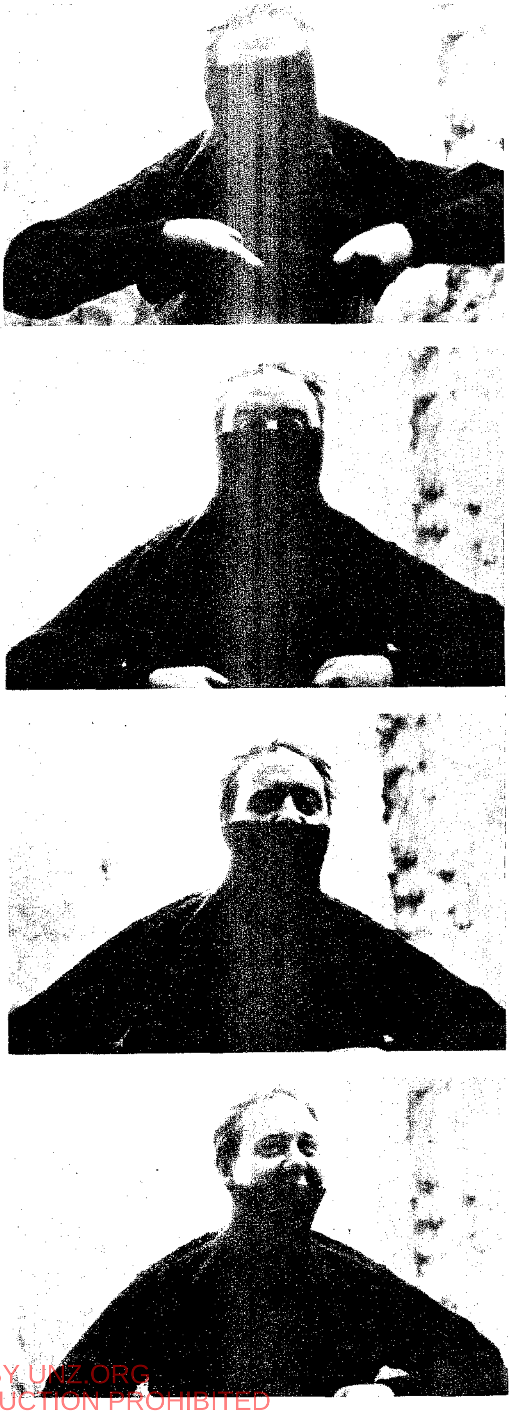
Choreographer-director Robbins photographed the clown below from the ring in Madison Square Garden. "He is wearing a mask and I wanted to show the mysterious play between caricature and reality, fear and gaiety that a circus clown evokes in a spectator," Robbins explains.

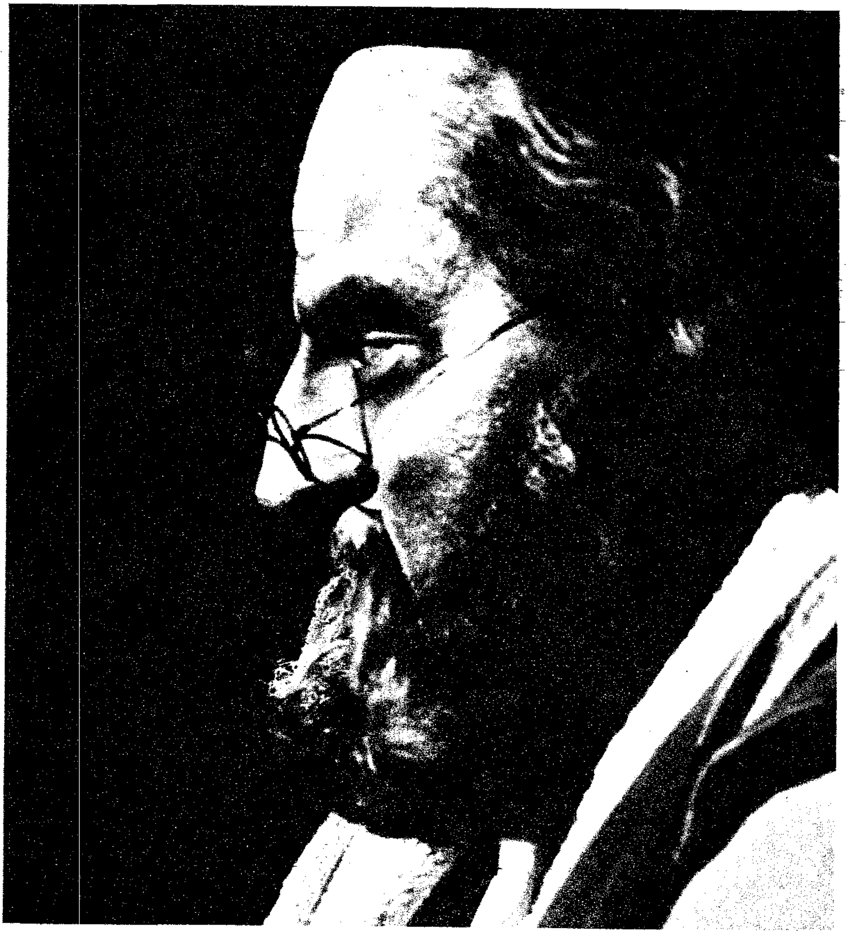




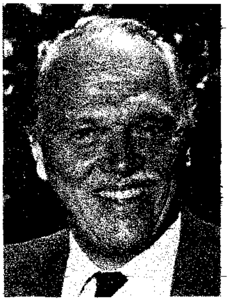
Elsa Lanchester

This actress, known for her wit, admits that "sometimes I like to poke fun with my pictures. My carefully-angled photo of the English riding gentlemen *(left)* sums up my attitude toward what is a pretty stodgy group at times. The series of my husband Charles Laughton *(right)*, wrestling with a heavy woolen sweater, is just family fun."



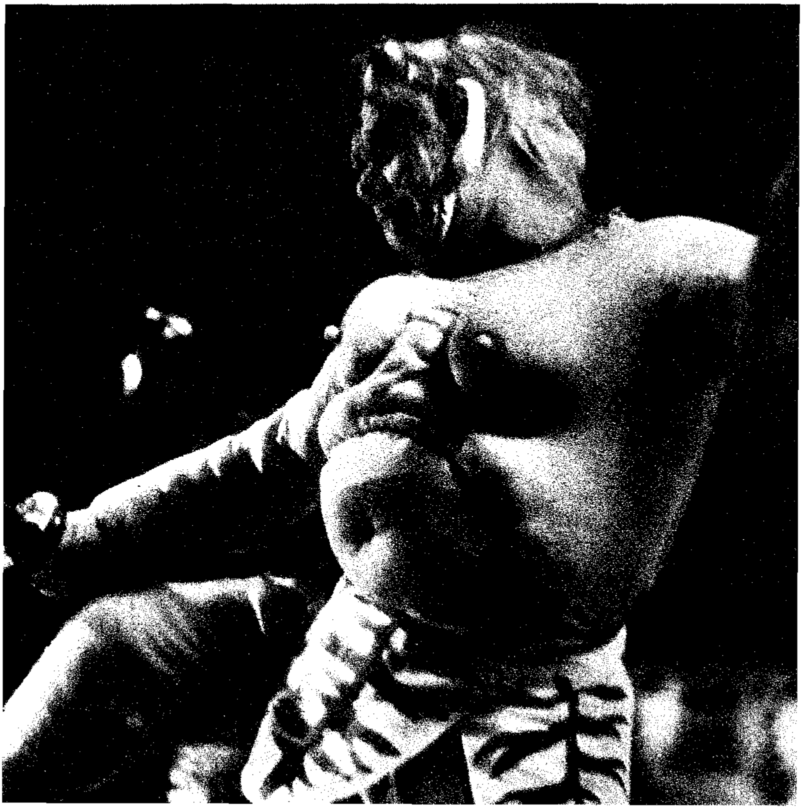


His camera hobby, says Davis, "gives me a chance to be creative. As an entertainer, I can anticipate the climax of a person's activities and shoot at the high point. Orson Welles likes this picture of himself, made up as the Merchant of Venice for a TV show, because the character is more recognizable than the man."



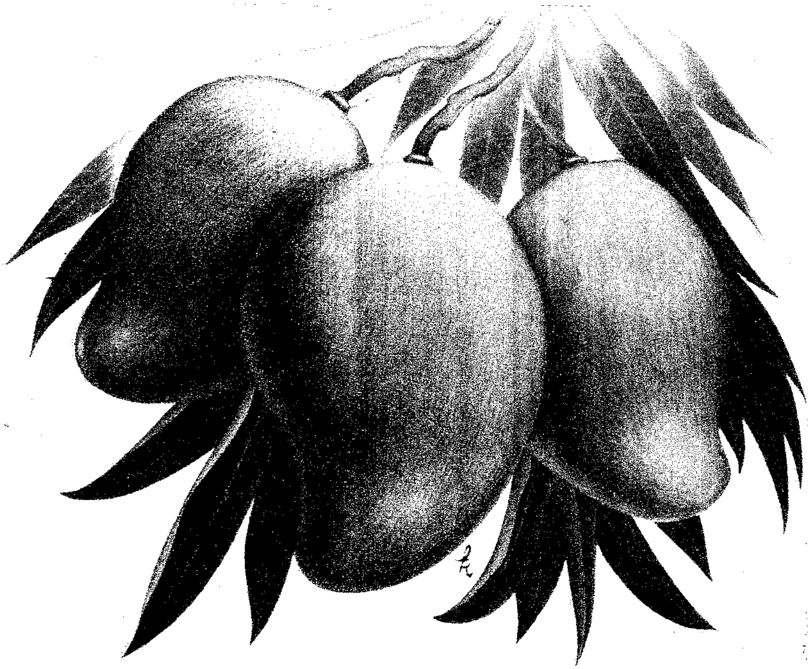
Joshua Logan

Being practical as well as artistic, this screen and stage director describes himself as an amateur lensman "who uses his pictures professionally. One day each year, Japanese in Kyoto perform this 'Devil Dance' to scare evil spirits from their temple. I photographed the ceremony for possible use in *Sayonara.*"



James Michener

"My two cameras act as a notebook," says the author of *Tales of the South Pacific*, "enabling me to record a great deal. Once, in writing of Japan, I used the phrase: 'In Japan even the dead are crowded.' It derived directly from this picture of jammed-together gravestones. Photographs of the girls in the Takarazuka dance troupe summarize for me the whole story I wrote in *Sayonara*. Like most men, I love to tinker with machinery and, not having a workshop, I find a camera as compact and complex a gadget as I require." ♛



King of tropical fruits

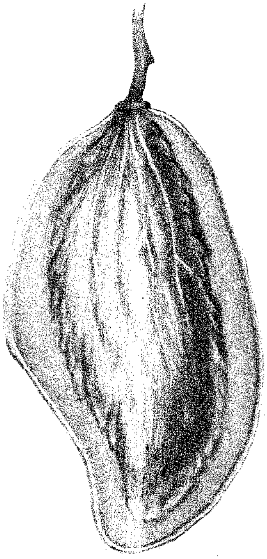
by George S. Fichter

To most of us, a mango is an exotic, almost mythical fruit—so remote has it been both to our taste and table. But to natives in the warm lush lands of no winter, the world over, a mango is a juicy, golden-fleshed fruit that tastes like a cross between a peach and a cantaloupe.

Naturalists and world travelers long ago labeled the mango the indisputable king of the tropical fruits. And this, perhaps, is one of the reasons so few people in the U.S. have ever seen a mango. For the fruit is consumed eagerly and greedily right where it ripens.

Yet in America, mangoes grow in south and central Florida and in southern California, where the weather offers year-round warmth. In Florida, there have been mango orchards for nearly a century, but only a small percentage of Florida's millions of northern visitors recognize the deep-green leaves of the mango tree.

Cultivation of mangoes is more ancient than written records. Horti-



Appetizer, spice,
salad or dessert—
the versatile mango rules
the culinary roost
in the lands that have
no frosting

culturists believe, in fact, that the mango was the first fruit ever grown in orchards. In the early 1500s, an emperor of India ordered the planting of more than 100,000 mango trees in a single orchard, just to satisfy his personal taste for the fruit. Much earlier, Buddha had been presented with a handsome mango orchard so that he could rest in the shade of the graceful trees and munch on the ripened fruit.

Even in India today, the mango figures strongly in folklore and religion. Before a mango tree's first fruit can be eaten, the tree must be properly and ceremoniously "married" to some other tree, most generally a tamarind or a jasmine. This gala event is attended by all the friends and relatives of the tree's owner, who may sell all his belongings and even borrow money to the extent of bankrupting himself to make certain the affair is as elaborately carried off as he believes his family name deserves.

All cultivated mangoes—and there are well over 1,000 varieties—originated from a species that once grew wild in the Himalayan Mountains. From here, the mango was spread around the world. Portuguese adventurers carried it to Africa, and from there to South America and the islands of the Caribbean. Plant explorers brought the mango to Florida successfully at the outset of the Civil War.

The mango is closely related to the cashew nut, the pistachio nut and, of all things, poison ivy! There are persons who are allergic to the sap of the mango tree. They break out in an itchy, red, pimply rash when they eat the fruit, if it has not been properly washed.

One of the unique features about the mango is that it can be used in a variety of ways and at different stages of its development. Mangoes that are not quite ripe, for example, are the principal ingredient of chutney, a piquant relish used on meats. You can buy chutney in a store—generally an expensive import from India—or it can be homemade. The mangoes are brewed with raisins, vinegar, lime juice, brown sugar, garlic, chili powder, mustard, and ginger. But trying to learn the exact proportions is a chore. Good recipes are family hand-me-downs that are rarely set on paper.

Ripe mangoes are golden yellow inside, and at this stage a mango enthusiast makes them the main course of his breakfast. Or at dinner, they can be used as an appetizer or a dessert. Scooped from the peel, they are excellent breakfast fruit, as good as any melon. Sliced or diced and served on sea grape leaves, they make a beautiful salad. For dessert, they are the perfect complement of ice cream.

Fortunately, many more Americans will soon be enjoying mangoes, which are rare here because they are perishable and hence difficult to ship. But now horticulturists have developed varieties which have thick enough skins to take some of the handling and bouncing they are certain to get in shipment. These can be shipped in refrigerated cars and arrive at the market fresh, or they can be canned or frozen.

Already the more than 7,000 acres of mango orchards in Florida are providing nearly 2,000,000 pounds of mangoes for American markets. Nearly 1,000,000 pounds are sent into the country from Cuba, Mexico and nations in the Caribbean. New York, so far, is the largest outlet for the mango crop. But other markets are catching on fast, including Atlanta, Cincinnati, Chicago, Denver.

If you see a three-tined fork with the center tine abnormally long, you may be looking at an implement especially designed to make mango eating easy. The long center prong is stuck into the mango seed; the short outer ones hold the pulp gently. Without such an instrument, you might find it easier to eat some varieties the way a Florida native suggested to me: ". . . with a comb, while sitting in the bathtub."

Or perhaps you may someday find barbers giving their extra-close, de luxe shaves, as in Mexico, to customers who stuff their cheeks with the big mango seeds.

One virtue of the One World made possible by modern transportation is that mangoes will no longer be a rarity on our tables.

LOOKING AHEAD

I WAS SITTING ON A BUS behind two teenage girls and overheard them discussing a college aptitude test that had been given in their school. The first girl said she hadn't taken the test because it cost $1 and she knew she wasn't smart enough to go through college. The second one then answered, "I don't think I'm smart enough to go through college either, but I'm glad I took it anyway. Now if I find out I'm getting better grades than I'm capable of, I can stop working so hard."

—MRS. N. R. DEVICH

Wild man from Mount Idy

by Michael Morris

By thinking fast and talking slow, Charley Weaver has made a big comeback as the "sophisticated cornball" on Jack Paar's night beat

A YEAR AGO, CLIFF ARQUETTE, a veteran of the golden days of radio, sat in his Los Angeles home watching the Jack Paar show. On this historic night, Paar wondered out loud if anyone knew where an old fellow named Charley Weaver was hiding.

At that moment, Charley Weaver was hiding out in Cliff's battered theatrical trunk under a pile of baggy pants and Swanson's Ointment. Did Cliff dare put the finger on him? Did he dare return him to life?

The answer was contained in Cliff's quick telegram to Paar: "Have old man's outfit. Will travel. Charley Weaver."

A week later, a stocky, white-haired gentleman, with the face of a clean-shaven Santa Claus just back from Miami, impeccably dressed in a $200 custom-tailored suit, bounced happily through the stage door of the Hudson Theater. If anyone had speculated about who this gentleman was, they probably would have concluded he was one of the rich uncles of one of the performers on the Paar show.

But in the house that Paar has built on the quicksand wit of his guests, Jack regards Charley Weaver as one of his prize boarders. "He's done more for this show," Paar says, "than any other entertainer we've had. As far as I'm concerned he can pull a man who came to dinner on me and stay forever."

Charley acknowledges his boss' compliment with a show of real country humility. "Johnny's just being kind. He knows there ain't no place else for me to go."

Hugh Downs, Paar's erudite sidekick and a charter member of the "Charley Weaver Can Do No Wrong Fan Club," believes that Arquette's power lies in a combination of old-fashioned corn, with which the audience can easily identify, plus an ingenuousness which is really sophistication—developed in a lifetime of show business trouping.

Says Hugh, "I think Arquette is more than a master of timing. He's a wonderful contrast to some of the smart show business talk that goes on during the program. As an old man from Mount Idy, Charley is not expected to know anything about showbiz; so that when he is placed, for example, next to the bejeweled Zsa Zsa Gabor the contrast is not only exhilarating, but hilarious."

Tourists are flocking to his Soldier Museum. He expects to gross $250,000 the first year.

Charley's motto, "Think fast and talk slow," has helped him top some of the most fabled ad libbers of our time. One night, Bob Hope tried to provoke Charley by commenting on his seedy appearance: "Dad, where do you get those clothes?"

Arquette, the movie fan, may have been awed by Hope's reputation—but not Charley Weaver, the Noel Coward of Mount Idy. Charley squinted at him from behind his Ben Franklin specs and drawled back, "Don't worry, Dad, you'll be wearin' 'em in a few years."

Paar roared with admiration. "Don't tangle with that wild old man," he warned Hope. "He clobbers everyone."

Charley had to use a little more finesse in clobbering America's most precocious child, little Portland Mason, daughter of the James Masons.

One night the little scene-stealer, who had been studying Charley intently, suddenly squealed, "Look at Charley Weaver. He doesn't have any glasses in his glasses."

Cliff, who guards Charley's authenticity jealously, flinched momentarily and then let that *enfant terrible* have it. "That, silly, is so's I don't have to wash them."

Another time, feeling buoyant and enthusiastic, Charley kept interrupting Paar's interview with a visiting guest. Jack was getting annoyed and ordered Charley to behave himself.

Charley pretended to sulk while Paar continued his interview. To Paar's dismay the guest was less than amusing. The dead air was leading into a dead end. Paar turned wistfully to Charley for help.

Charley, his hands folded comfortably across his stomach, turned his back on his benefactor. "Don't look at me, Johnny," he shouted. "You're on your own."

Charley eases into the ad lib portion of the program with the only written material he uses, his Letter from Mamma. The format seldom varies. Charley will shuffle on stage, acknowledge the applause of his audience, turn hopefully to Jack and say, "Got a letter from Mamma."

Paar will then invite Charley to read it. Charley will settle down happily on a desk or stool, pull a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket and proceed.

"Dear Prince Rainier, (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE) Mamma always wanted me to grow old with Grace. (READS) Things are fine in Mount Idy, she goes on. Birdie Rodd came in wearing one of them new living bras. The poor dear is worried. She don't know what to feed it.

"Terrible thing happened to Leonard Box. He was rushed to the hospital this morning, a bloody mess. The surgeon took 150 stitches all over his body. Seems Leonard was practicing for the Mount Idy Open and took a full swing at a golf ball in his tile bathroom.

"Birdie Rodd is pretty upset. Saturday night somebody broke into her house and stole her bathtub. She says whoever did it can keep the washrag, soap and the tub, but she would like them to return her mother.

"As you remember, son, ever since Grandma Ogg was struck by lightning she can get television on her glasses. Yesterday your father and I went over to Grandma's house to watch the baseball game on her glasses. We was that disappointed! Grandma has the hay fever so bad the game was rained out."

The real Mamma is a spry, gay lady of 80 who basks in the glory of her son's renaissance. The Arquettes toured the vaudeville circuit as a team called "Arquette and Clark." Father danced and Mother was known as a laughing soubrette. Their home base was a modest clapboard house in a middle-class section of Toledo, Ohio.

"I don't know what Ma had to laugh about," says Cliff in a candid look at the past. "As a team, they were the Washington Senators of the theater world. It was one of the worst acts in show business."

It was a player piano that started Cliff on his career as a professional entertainer.

"Papa loved to play the fiddle," he explains. "But he had no one in the house to accompany him. Even if he had, it wouldn't have done him any good because we had no piano, and even if we had a piano it still wouldn't have done him any good because no one knew how to play it. So Papa eased his frustration by buying a player piano and accompanying himself. I can still see Papa sitting in the front room, pumping the roll with his feet while he fiddled with his hands.

"When Papa was not doing the one-man band bit, I'd sit down and imitate the player piano's chords, one chord at a time until I had the whole roll committed to memory. That mechanical marvel was my first and only music teacher."

At the age of 14, with a half dozen honky-tonk piano rolls in his repertoire, Cliff quit high school to organize a band of his own. By the time he was 17, he was playing one-nighters in the South and West.

There followed a ten-year stint in vaudeville with an act known as "Cliff and Lolly, the Nuts of Harmony," to be followed later by another act known as "The Three Public Enemies." "We followed the seal act," recalls Cliff.

When vaudeville died in 1936, "The Three Public Enemies" died with it.

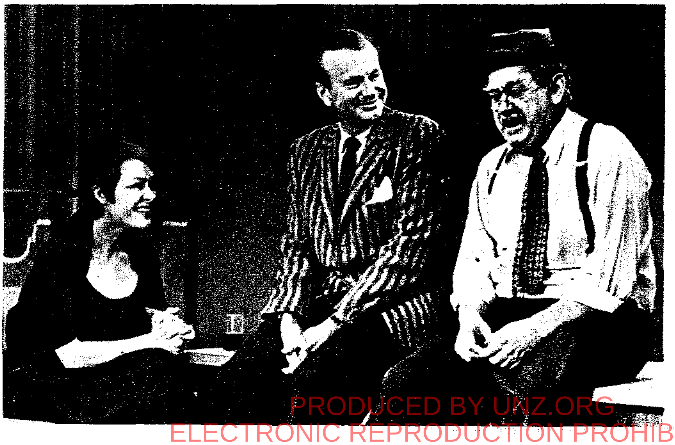
"In those days," says Cliff, "when vaudevillians died they didn't go to heaven, they went to radio. That's where I ended up."

In one two-year period, the many voices of Cliff Arquette were heard on as many as 13 radio programs a day. Cliff's reputation as a performer grew as radio grew and he found himself in the Middle West and on both coasts appearing on almost every major show on the networks, including the Fred Astaire Music Hall, Myrt and Marge, Burns and Allen, Rudy Vallee and Fibber McGee and Molly.

It was on Fibber's show as the Old-Timer that Cliff ad libbed the line—"That's not the way I heerd it, Johnny. The way I heerd it, one feller says to the other feller . . ." It became the nationwide catch phrase of that era.

Charley Weaver was conceived on a drawing board in 1953. Dennis Day, having left Jack Benny to strike out on his own, asked Cliff to create a character for his new TV show. Cliff, who had done some cartooning in his early years, doodled Charley into existence.

"I coulda made him look like anybody," recalls Cliff. "With a little different type of make-up Charley might have come out resembling



Clobbering celebrity guests on Paar show is Weaver's specialty. Even his boss Jack (center) and Genevieve become targets—and love it.

Clark Gable, but something inside of me turned Charley into an old man with baggy pants, a crumpled shirt, a ridiculous hat and a tie that would tempt the Duke of Windsor to send him poison pen letters. I guess this wild old man was inside of me all the time just waiting to be released. Jekyll had his Hyde. I have my Charley."

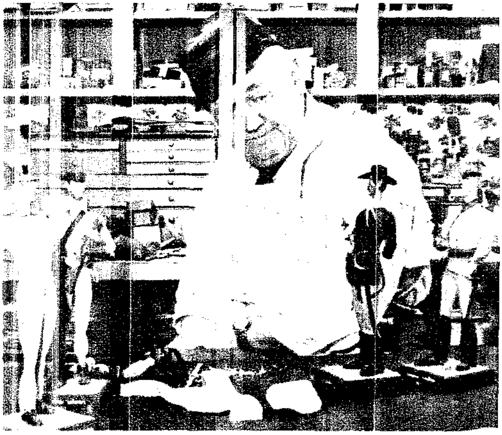
Cliff lived a bachelor's existence in a colonial duplex in the celebrity-cluttered Sherman Oaks section of California's San Fernando Valley.

Tradition demanded that one of these celebrities be elected honorary Mayor every two years. The finger of fate finally pointed to Cliff. He found himself rushing from one benefit performance to another.

When George Gobel succeeded him as Mayor, both Cliff and Charley were through with "politics." Henceforth, swore Cliff, Charley would confine his activities to the sale of Swanson's Ointment.

What Swanson's Ointment is, even Charley finds hard to describe. "At first, it was meant to be an antidote for creeping nussman—a plant indigenous to Mount Idy, but that would hardly have made it a national product. So let's just say Swanson's Ointment is a cure for which there is no known disease."

He is even more vague as to how his Mount Idy characters came into being. "Some names just make me laugh—Elsie Crack, Clara Kimball Moots, Wallace Swine, Leonard Box, Gomar Cool. For all I know, there may be a real Clara Kimball Moots somewhere in the U.S. who is a serious member of the D.A.R., but the Clara Kimball Moots who lives in Mount Idy I find funny."



Favorite hobby of Charley is whittling models, accurate to last detail, of Civil War soldiers.

Similarly, the name of Mount Idy seemed the perfect spot to house his bizarre family and friends.

"There is a real Mount Ida in Arkansas," Cliff confesses. "I moved it to Ohio to stay out of court."

Although Charley Weaver continues to blossom as the pinup boy of the Geritol set, Arquette has wisely guarded his future against a public's fickle tastes. Through the years another Arquette alter ego has been developing ready to take over when the time is ripe—Arquette, the museum curator and Civil War buff.

In his spare time Arquette, a congenital hobbyist (photography, oil painting, hi-fi, gourmet cooking), whittles 12 inch models of soldiers and dresses them in Civil War uniforms. Using surgical tools, he spends every free hour carving miniatures until they are authentically detailed down to the last button and boot.

Arquette has bought a 150-year-old brick building in the heart of Gettysburg, next door to the House of Presidents, a well-known local landmark. This past March, the Cliff Arquette Soldier Museum opened its doors to the public and has quickly become one of Gettysburg's great tourist attractions. In its first year, Arquette expects to gross a quarter of a million dollars.

Since Charley's rebirth on the Paar show, Arquette has found gold in the Mount Idy hills. Through his own mail-order business, Arquette has started to market Charley Weaver beer mugs, ash trays, napkins and hand puppets. Another Arquette corporation handles the sale of tin soldiers copied from his figures in the museum.

In Gettysburg, he lives on the second floor of his museum in an apartment furnished with Early American antiques.

Arquette is reluctant to discuss his personal life (two marriages, two divorces), but will go on for hours about his son Michael, a product of Cliff's first marriage. Mike is a shy, blond, 22-year-old actor, who lives by himself in a cold-water flat in New York's Greenwich Village.

To the persistent interviewer who returns to the subject of Cliff's marriages, he has a stock answer: "My wives and I parted company amicably. I think they'll be the first to admit that I was a joy to live with—up early every morning, singing, fixing the meals—had to or we'd starve to death—helping with the dishes. The fact is," he admits proudly, "my two ex-wives and I don't have a trauma among us. My first wife is living happily with a new husband and my second is living happily on the alimony I give her."

Cliff's income, which he is also reluctant to discuss, can be computed at its minimal levels.

Minimum for working at night on the Paar show is $320, the union scale. Entertainers who appear twice weekly are paid an estimated $500 for two performances. By multiplying his appearances last year with this figure, one calculates rapidly that Cliff worked at least $25,000 worth. For one evening on "The Dinah Shore Show" he made about $7,500. Arquette's mathematically inclined mind tells him that those figures when added to the income he receives from his other diverse investments provide the reasons for working a little less, rather than a little more; Arquette, as patriotic as the next man, is still disinclined to work three-quarters of the time for the income tax collector.

As for his future—"I'm only a boy of 53—two years younger than Cary Grant. I've still got time to make a third woman happy.

"Life is too short to take anything too seriously," says Arquette. "If I have any so-called aggressions or hostilities, I just put them in the mouth of the wild old man from Mount Idy so that when I'm myself, I can be as happy as a loon. I enjoy every minute of the day." ♛

IT'S SMART TO PICK YOUR FRIENDS—but not to pieces.

—*Fireman's Fund Record*

How four woopsing
kids, a hung-over
maid and
a cantankerous
car cured a suburban
housewife of
Gracious Living

Married, harried—and happy

by Hilda Cole Espy

WOMEN IN GENERATIONS PAST have been vain about various things —their cooking, their wasp waists, or the high tone of their morals. The vanity of the young-to-middle-aged matrons of my day is not based on any achievement, but rather on sustaining an over-all attitude. In public, at least, nothing must seem to get us down. This currently fashionable pose can be summed up as Terribly Active but Always Chipper.

Let us open the pages of the weekly newspaper which is hurled on my doorstep every Friday. Here, on page two, is a photograph of a slim, slightly tousled blonde of girlish demeanor (though she may well be over 40) laughingly shaking hands with a middle-aged man.

"Mrs. Blythe McDervish, of Old Dwindling Brook Road, is congratulated by R. P. M. Propwash of the Civil Aeronautics Commission on the completion of a helicopter which she built in her back yard," says the caption.

Had she always been mechanically inclined?

" 'No,' Mrs. McDervish said, 'except for that satellite observatory I built behind the house last spring.' "

Studying this photograph of Mrs. McDervish, in her knee-length socks and Bermuda shorts, it is difficult to imagine her weeping tears of frustration or fatigue, and impossible to visualize her complaining in public about children or housework.

The rules for maintaining the posture so epitomized by Mrs.

From *Quiet, Yelled Mrs. Rabbit* by Hilda Cole Espy. Copyright © 1958 by Hilda Cole Espy. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

McDervish are never stated to young matrons. But, just for fun, let's spell out the way to play this game.

1. You must have projects and you must tackle them with professional competence, but you must never seem to be too earnest about them. To be earnest is not to be gay. If you have a beautiful garden, for instance, just mention that you were taken in by a seed catalog.

2. Never appear to be noble or self-sacrificing, or you will be known as That Creep. To exemplify: maybe your neighbor, the mother of six, has a bad cold. You must not, on any account, say: "I know what it feels like to be pooped. Let me take the children off your hands for the afternoon." (Never admit to such weakness, nor insinuate that your neighbor is a weak sister.)

Something along these lines might be acceptable: "Hi! I'm in one of my masochistic moods. I wanna suffer. I thought maybe I'd take my kids and your kids skating."

Even at this, she may refer to you, for a while, among mutual acquaintances, as That Saint.

3. When you entertain, refuse to be flattered about your cooking. So you've spent the whole day preparing elaborate casserole dishes. Forget it. For public consumption, you tossed a lot of stuff into a dish and threw it in the oven.

4. Words like "duty" are odious. Suppose an acquaintance meets you in the corridors of school, after a trying day as room mother. Never tell her that this particular chore has you bushed. Just trill that you've been handing out cookies to the kiddies, flash her a gamin smile and take off down the hall.

5. Don't get discouraged. If an acquaintance casually drops the word that she is reading *Arabian Nights* in Arabic, rise to greater heights. Take up snake charming. Then you can tell a diverting story about how one of your cobras got into the washing machine.

But, at the risk of being drummed out of the corps, in the name of old-fashioned honesty, I would like to admit publicly that there *have* been days that were too much for me. Days that I think of as "off-days," days that may happen to everybody —when, if I hang my coat in the closet, all the other coats fall down.

A bad day got rolling for me one January morning when Mona and Freddy were seven, Joanna was six, and Cassie was four years old.

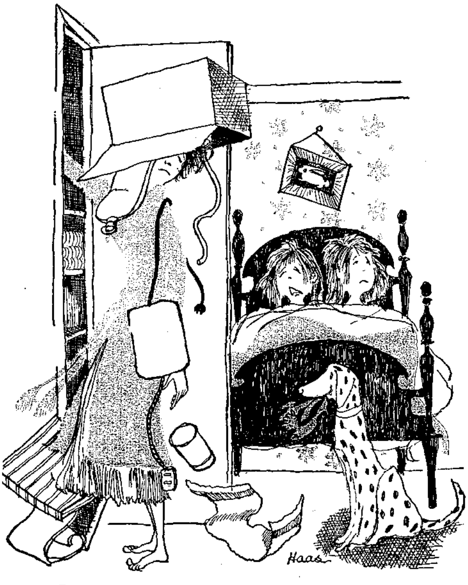
Freddy started it at 5 A.M., when she woke up woopsing. She had a virus we called the Throw-Up Bug, which usually struck three or four times a year at some ungodly hour.

I switched on the bedroom light to grab my slippers, but that fool Susy, our Dalmatian, had made off with them. So I hastened over the icy floors in bare, freezing feet. I put Freddy in bed with Mona, ripped off the dirty linen, then reached to switch on the closet light to fetch more linen. The bulb was dead. In groping around in the closet, I disturbed the delicate balance of the contents, and brought down on my head a large carton containing a heating pad, a hot-water bottle and an enema bag with all its accessories. As I was changing Freddy's pajamas, Mona woke up and said she had an earache, so I gave her an aspirin.

At 7 A.M. I called Dolores, the weekly cleaning woman, to ask her to take a taxi from the station so that I would not have to leave the children in order to pick her up. Her phone did not answer. Meantime, Cassie was wailing upstairs and, by the time I got there, she had thrown up on the floor.

Joanna, at least, seemed hale and hearty, so I bundled her off to the school bus. We had quite a time looking for her mittens, though; we finally found them under the living room sofa.

I tried Dolores again, but she still wasn't answering. She must have left her house much earlier than usual. Now I would have to meet her at the station. But the car wouldn't start. It kept making a low, grinding noise, and so did my teeth. I asked our next-door neighbor to give me a push. Just as she was bumping me to the brow of our hill, down which I intended to coast, we locked bumpers. After futile attempts to disengage our cars, I hailed a couple of truck drivers. They jumped up and down on the bumpers and finally broke the embrace.



Down on my head fell a big carton containing heating pad, hot-water bottle and enema bag.

When I arrived, Dolores was not waiting in her usual place outside the station. I found her in the waiting room, apparently dozing on a bench. I said I was sorry I was late.

"You wasn't late," she informed me bleakly. "I was early. I went to a party in New York last night and I took the train back at five this morning."

When she got in the car, it smelled like a saloon.

As I hurried up the walk to our house, I could hear the phone ringing. It was the school nurse. Joanna had just thrown up, she reported; would I come and get her?

Meantime, the back door buzzer was being pushed repeatedly. It was the laundryman, come for his weekly check, and I couldn't find the pen. It wasn't in the clock, where I usually hid it. As I charged back through the kitchen to ask the laundryman to please pick up his check next week, I saw that the sink was running over; sudsy water was splashing on the floor. I turned off the water and went to see where Dolores had gone in the midst of washing the breakfast dishes.

She was on her hands and knees in

the bathroom upstairs, wiping up a spilled bottle of brown shoe polish. Cassie had been looking for Aspergum and had knocked over the shoe polish. Mona had told Cassie she was a bad girl and Cassie had begun to howl, so Dolores had rushed upstairs to see what was the matter.

But now the telephone was ringing again, so I pelted downstairs to answer it.

"This is the Phoenix Studio calling, Mrs. Espy," said a friendly, well-modulated woman's voice. "We will be in your neighborhood this morning, and we will be glad to drop in and photograph your children. Remember, there will be no obligation."

"I'm afraid nobody is very photogenic this morning," I said, through my teeth. "Thanks just the same. Good-by." I smashed the phone back on the hook.

As I fled to pick up Joanna, Cassie was crying, Freddy was throwing up, Mona was trying to crawl under her bed to get her sneakers away from Susy, and Dolores was gloomily staggering around the kitchen.

"Nice morning, isn't it?" called the milkman as he approached the house. My smile and my nod were brightly ersatz. But, to myself, I snarled, "I wouldn't know!"

Then I hit my head on the car door as I hurled myself under the steering wheel.

Now I do not wish to give the impression, by citing one single off-day, that this atmosphere of fiasco was rare in my life. For many years this was the normal state of affairs. No sooner would I think, "Everything's under control," and consider breaking out my oil paints or joining a dramatic club, than a child would get lost or sick, or fall out of a tree.

The always-gay answer to this, of course, is "Never a dull moment." Oh, yeah? ♛

ON THE NEWS FRONT

FISHERMEN HAULING IN THEIR NETS at Plymouth, England, discovered they had caught a jar of pickled herrings. —MRS. B. GURR

GEORGE H. FLOWERADAY is a florist in Ann Arbor, Michigan. —DOROTHY SCHOENFELD

THIEVES BROKE INTO a Melbourne, Australia, printing plant and stole 10,000 copies of a new booklet.

It was a booklet on crime prevention. —HAROLD HELFER

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The tiny spark
winked and glowed like
a malevolent eye.
Then suddenly a fiery
face glared
over the landscape...

Terror in the Still October

by Helen Fislar Brooks

IT WAS OCTOBER and my husband and I were vacationing in the Ouachita Mountains in the west central part of Arkansas. We'd fallen in love with the area two years before, and had bought 40 acres of wooded hillside. A narrow, rocky road, winding up from the highway below, led to a small, white frame house and two smaller barns. We planned to live there when we retired. Meantime, it served as the perfect place to spend our vacations.

The day of the fire began exactly like all the others. My husband, Marvin, arose early, as usual; I stayed in bed. I may not be able to count to ten with mittens on, but I know that vacations are for resting.

It was the last good rest I was to get on that one.

Marvin ate breakfast, then cast about for something to do until 10 A.M., when a man was coming out from the nearby town—four miles away—to inspect our pines and advise us regarding the ones ready for cutting, if any.

The air was still and crystal clear, the sky cloudless. A good day, Marvin decided, to burn the trash and perhaps paint one of the barns.

He carted the trash to the incinerator—a circular, stone cairn, constructed somewhat on the order of an outdoor barbecue chimney, which stood about 100 feet back from the house—and did sentry duty until the fire had burned to gray ashes in the bottom.

It was then exactly 7:30 A.M. He finished painting the barn by the time the man arrived to cruise the woods with him.

I arose shortly before Marvin returned. When he came into the house, I was standing—in slippers and robe—at the kitchen window, admiring the view.

"Hi! Coffee in a minute," I called. "What did he say?"

Marvin flopped into a chair in the living room. "He said, 'no cutting for another year or two.' "

"Good." I turned back to the window. It had been an uncommonly dry year in the area. Although the thick Bermuda grass was as brown and crackly as old wheat stubble, the hills looked lovely.

A light breeze sprang up and I heard it stir the pines to a soft murmuring, saw it lift a swirl of ashes from the incinerator and toss them, like a handful of confetti, across the grass. I saw it—and I turned away without giving it a second thought. The coffee was ready.

As I filled the cups and carried them to the living room, the clock struck 11 A.M. Time had run out.

In the grass, a tiny spark that had remained alive in the hours-old ashes, glowed briefly, dimmed, then glowed again, like the winking of a bright, malevolent eye. A small, scarlet feather fluttered along a blade of grass, then another and another. A thin plume curled upward. A forest fire had begun.

IN THE LIVING ROOM, we drank our coffee and discussed what we should do that afternoon. Maybe a drive to Lake Ouachita?

"Give me ten minutes to dress," I said as I carried the cups to the kitchen. Automatically, I glanced out the back window.

For a moment, I simply stared, then I dropped the cups and screamed.

"There's a fire out there! We've got a fire," I babbled, pointing.

Marvin paled. "We *can't* have!"

Suddenly I realized we had no hose or anything ordinarily helpful. Not even a phone. Frantically, we grabbed the first things that came to hand, two exquisite, hand-braided rugs, soaked them and rushed out and began beating at the flames. It wasn't a big fire yet—not more than ten or 12 feet in diameter—but we soon saw that it was beyond our control, racing through the grass in every direction.

"We'd better get help," Marvin said, tight-lipped, and lifted his voice in a mighty shout: "Hey, JOE!"

Joe De Grandis was our nearest neighbor; although we couldn't see his house, it wasn't actually farther than a city block from ours.

There was no answer. Joe, apparently, wasn't home.

"You'll have to go for help," I pleaded, fighting to keep my voice steady. "You've no choice." I'd never bothered learning to drive.

Marvin hesitated, torn. "I can't leave you to fight this *alone.*"

The gate burst into flames.

"You have to!" I screamed like a fishwife.

He dropped the rug and ran for the car.

AS THE FIRE ADVANCED, I retreated, concentrating on keeping it away from the house, at least; flailing away with the blackened, bedraggled rug which became heavier with each passing second. But I didn't dare stop. While I was flogging the flames to death in one spot, they gained in another. I stumbled back and forth on trembling legs, my breath a tearing stab in my chest, my arms rising and falling, until I felt I couldn't possibly lift them one more time.

I'd been doing it forever, it seemed, when off to one side, there was a sudden, terrifying s-sss BOOM! The blaze had reached the evergreen hedge. S-sssBOOM! S-sssBOOM! One by one, like a string of giant firecrackers, the yews sputtered, hissed and then exploded in mushrooms of flame.

From the other side, far back, came a great gush of black smoke, followed by a flaring sheet of fire. The barn had caught.

I closed my eyes for a moment and in retrospect I saw, once more, that handful of ashes blowing across the grass. *Oh, God!*

Then a new sound, an angry, snapping crackle, reached my ears. The fire had reached the trees and the short, grass-fed flames were uncurling, like a magician's trick feathers, into long, crimson plumes that waved against the trunks of the tall pines and fanned along the lower branches of the smaller ones.

But there was no time for agonizing. By now, the fire had eaten to within a few yards of the house. I ran back and forth along the advancing red line, beating at it insanely. So far as I could tell, the whole of Scott county, perhaps the state, even the nation was doomed, and it was time to cut and run; but I was beyond rational thinking. Gripped by some obscure, atavistic instinct, I went on fighting to save that one small piece of my world.

My throat clogged and my eyes stung as my arms continued to rise and fall. Suddenly five or six men, headed by Joe De Grandis, came running around the corner of the house. I stared at them numbly. At last! *At Last!*

I learned later that I'd been alone for only about ten minutes. Plenty had been happening elsewhere in that short time.

Joe, it seems, had heard Marvin's yell and had seen the smoke. Not taking precious time to answer, he'd leaped to the phone. He was talking to the Rangers when Marvin went careening past on his way to the next house down the road.

At almost that same instant, a lookout who had already spotted and pinpointed the telltale smoke, was relaying the word. In Little Rock, 100 miles to the east, a red light flashed on a huge map. *Fire!*

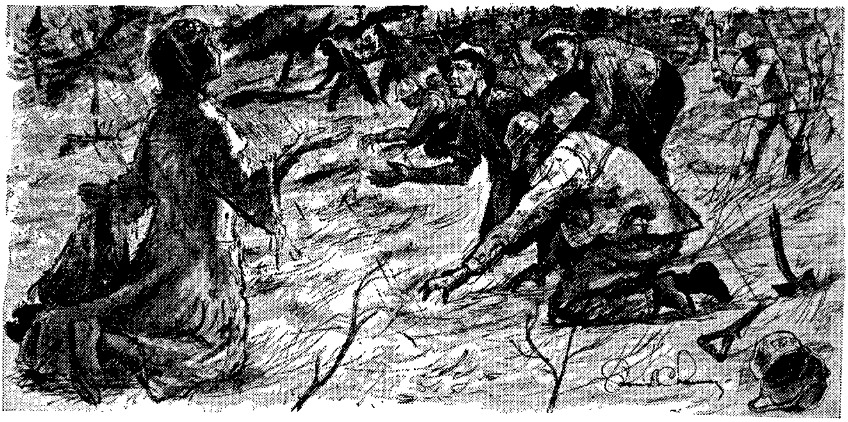
In the nearby town, too, the dark cloud had been sighted. During a dry period, people in forest areas are extremely fire conscious. Men dropped their work, grabbed fire-rakes, shovels, axes, tow bags, whatever was handiest, and ran for their cars. They didn't know us, but it didn't matter. We had a fire and needed help.

Joe and his friends were the vanguard of a mighty army, and by the time Marvin returned, a few minutes later, they were swarming in; friends and strangers, women as well as men, neighbors and passing tourists. They beat out the last of the flames heading toward the house, then went on quickly to string a human defense line beyond the burning trees in the distance.

Marvin looked at me with concern. "Go tend to your face and then sit down somewhere," he commanded.

"Don't be silly." I couldn't have cared less how I looked.

A slender, dark-bearded man, with the calm, patient eyes of the moun-



Five-and-a-half hours of searing hell . . . and then suddenly the heavens opened. It began to rain. "I lifted my face to the wonderful wetness. 'Thank you, God,' I whispered."

tain-born, backed him. "Ma'am, you do what he says. You saved the dwelling, so rest yourself—and don't fret. We'll get the fire stopped. We always do—sooner or later. You want to help? Pray for rain," he added, softly.

The bearded man turned to Marvin. "You own the whole hill?"

Marvin shook his head. "Just to the ridge. That's Government forest on the other side."

"Government! Man, if the fire gets into that, you'll have to pay for the timber that's burned up and the costs of fighting the fire." He loped up the hillside, taking Marvin with him.

Suddenly I heard a mighty shout. "Here come the Rangers!" Two trucks ground up the steep hillside, the white helmets of the riders gleaming as they disappeared into the woods beyond the outer perimeter of the fire.

I studied the narrow scallop of clouds edging the western horizon. Was it a little larger, or was it merely wishful thinking? Then I leaped to my feet. A tentative, resurrected red tongue was licking along the fringe of the grass, again. I snatched up the fraying rug and started working—and praying.

IN THE WOODS, the fighters were creating a firebreak. The trucks snaked back and forth through the trees, spraying those burning nearest the line and pushing down others—the smaller ones—and shoving them to one side, along with the brush.

Following behind them, some of the workers raked, shoveled or chopped, and some scrambled on their knees, clawing the leaves and needles from the widening swath, while others dashed hither and yon, fighting back the blaze wherever it threatened to break through, a nightmare of heat, smoke and cruel, unremitting labor.

Then, at 4:30 P.M., five-and-a-half

hours after that small red eye first winked in the grass—it began to rain. I lifted my face to the wonderful wetness. "Thank you, God," I whispered.

Not a drop fell in the town, only four miles to the north. Not a spatter in the valley to the south. But it rained on our hillside. Enough to wet down everything and contain the fire within the break.

Not until everyone had gone did I realize I was still wearing my robe. It was smoke-smudged and had burn holes and draggling remnants of nylon lace hanging here and there.

We had a late supper. A quiet supper. Neither of us was hungry.

Marvin stared out the window. His face was gray with fatigue and there were new shadows in his fine, steady eyes. "One bucket of water on those ashes," he murmured, scourging himself, "and it wouldn't have happened."

He lifted a raw, broken-nailed hand and gently traced the blisters on my face, the singed eyebrows. "How do you feel?"

"Oh, I'm fine," I said airily—and burst into tears. I sobbed and sobbed and couldn't seem to stop.

It took a week for the fire to burn itself out, with the Rangers checking on it from their lookout and Marvin and I patrolling it every few hours, night and day—our hearts in our throats at the least whisper of wind, the crackling of dry leaves.

Even so, we consider that we got off lightly. As forest fires go, it was small—due to prompt detection and no wind—and although almost $1,000 worth of our pine had burned, the Government forest was untouched.

ALL TOO TRUE

THE BEHAVIOR OF SOME CHILDREN suggests that their parents embarked on the sea of matrimony without a paddle.
—MORRIS BENDER

YOU HAVE REACHED MIDDLE AGE when you've learned to take care of yourself and intend to start any day now.
—*General Features Corporation*

NOTHING MAKES the good old days better than a poor memory.
—*Wall Street Journal*

ALL IT TAKES to make a successful farmer is faith, hope, and parity.
—*General Features Corporation*

A RARE GIFT is any kind a woman receives after five years of marriage.
—KENNETH J. SHIVELY

WHY IS IT opportunities always look bigger going than coming?
—MRS. M. S. BURDINE

HUMAN COMEDY

A SCIENTIST of great intellectual brilliance confided to a colleague that he had great hopes for his son, who had just won a scholarship to college. "It's amazing," the scientist said, "the way that boy progressed, once he got started. It's hard to believe, but it took him two years just to learn the alphabet."

The colleague looked stunned. "Why, I've never heard of such a thing," he said. "You must have been terribly depressed. How old was the poor lad when he finally did learn the alphabet?"

This time the scientist looked surprised. "I told you it took him two years," he said. "Obviously, he was two."

—*Wall Street Journal*

IN A RECENT outdoor appearance in Phoenix, Arizona, Victor Borge was giving forth with his usual music and conversation. All the while he played, a large moth insisted on flitting about his head and over the piano keys. Finally Borge, the showman, rose to the situation. Standing up, he addressed the moth. "What's the matter. . . . Can't you find the airport?"

—MRS. PAUL GOODYEAR

ENGLISH AUTHOR G. K. Chesterton was a man of powerful imagination. For example, once when he was working on a novel, his friends became concerned about his health and urged him to consider taking a vacation.

Chesterton was eager to get away, but he couldn't spare the time. So he did the next best thing. He had his bags packed and loaded into a cab. Then he directed the driver to take him to the railroad station.

There he walked about on the platform for a few minutes, then got into a cab again and returned home. It was, for him, the equivalent of a vacation. His spirits refreshed, he was able to plunge into his work with renewed vigor.

—E. E. EDGAR

A PROMINENT Hollywood star was having a heated discussion with her teenage daughter, who claimed that mother didn't know what she was talking about.

"I know exactly what I'm talking about," insisted the mother. "I happen to know a lot about children!"

"Why?" asked the daughter. "Were you ever a maid?"

—SIDNEY SKOLSKY *New York Post*

TWO SHIPWRECKED SAILORS, marooned on a desert island, were in despair after several months. One day a bottle with a note in it came floating in on the tide. The sailors became hysterical with joy. With trembling hands they opened it, only to groan, "It's from us!"

—*Wall Street Journal*

VISITING an Indian reservation to buy some curios, a tourist asked an Indian chief about the size of his family, and was amazed when the chief said he had 14 children.

"Well," said the tourist, "with a family that large, don't you have an endless stream of squabbles and arguments?"

"Oh, no," the Indian replied. "We're just one big Hopi family."

—RICHARD MARKS

WHEN ONE OF MY young married friends learned she was expecting a baby, she and her mother began to prepare her four-year-old brother for the event. His mother explained that this event would not only make his sister a mother and her a grandmother, but it would also make him an uncle. He contemplated this vast change in his life and then remarked, "I don't want to be the uncle; let me be the grandmother."

—ONEIDA WHITE

A CHICAGO WOMAN complained to authorities that she kept getting the beeps of man-made satellites on her hair curlers and that it was keeping her awake at night.

—HAROLD HELFER

OUR TEXTILE HOUSE didn't realize how often it had asked its customers to accept substitutions in patterns, until a letter arrived recently from a customer in Honolulu. In response to our message—"We are out of the number ordered by you. May we substitute pattern 407?"—our customer replied: "Honorable Sirs: We again accept substitution but think you must be number one outhouse on mainland."

—GEORGE SCHECHTER

RIDING A Presidential campaign train through a lush California valley, a Washington correspondent found himself sitting next to a distinguished British writer on his first tour of the U.S. The Englishman observed the evidence of wealth everywhere and muttered: "Damn George III."

—*Quote*

I WAS EATING a piece of bread covered with peanut butter. The peanut butter kept sticking to the roof of my mouth, and I finally asked my father if there were any way to avoid this. "Sure," he replied, "just turn the bread upside down."

It worked!

—PAUL MILLER

THE ABSENT-MINDED dentist forgot to remove a large cotton roll from the mouth of one of his patients.

Two hours later, the lady phoned him at his home, saying that she had been careful to keep the cotton roll in place all that time, and plaintively asked what she should do about it.

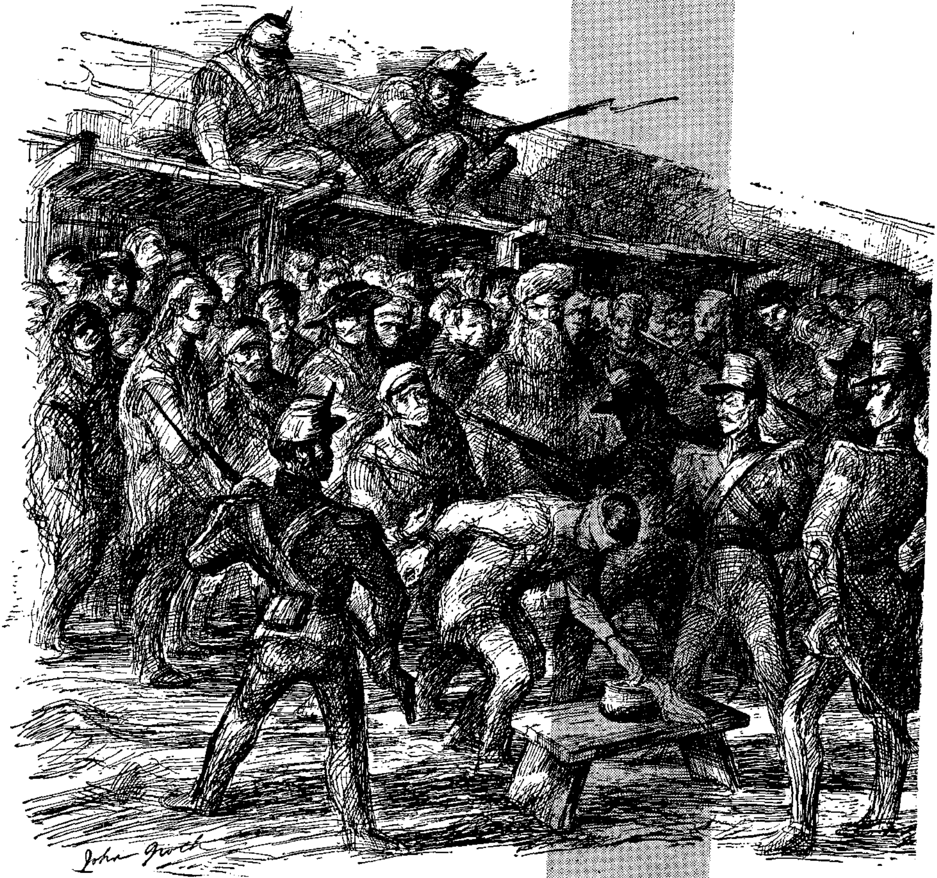
Not wishing to admit professional negligence, the dentist thought quickly. "That's fine," he cheerfully replied, "just leave it in 20 minutes longer."

—CARLETON VAN RAND

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

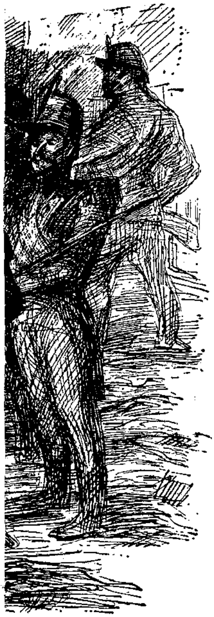
The black beans of death

by Lewis Nordyke



YOUNG ROBERT HOLMES DUNHAM had only a few moments in which to write his mother before he died. But he wrote with a steady hand: "Dear Mother—I write to you under the most awful feelings a son ever addressed to his mother . . . for I am doomed to die. . . . We drew lots. I was one of the unfortunate . . . I die, I hope, with firmness. Farewell. . . ."

Dunham was one of 176 Texas men and boys who were prisoners of the Mexican Army. That day, March 25, 1843, they had marched 20 miles across barren country and stopped at mid-afternoon on an isolated ranch known as Hacienda Salado, deep in Mexico. The prisoners were herded into a corral enclosed by ten-foot high stone walls.



Forced by their captors to gamble their lives against one another, the tough Texans took turns drawing the beans. A black one meant death; white, life

Footsore, gaunt and hungry, the Texans fell in the dust under a shed along one wall. A few moments later, Mexican officers, immaculate in their elegantly-braided uniforms, strode into the corral. An officer read a brief order in Spanish. An interpreter translated it quickly for the unbelieving Texans.

General Santa Anna, dictator of Mexico, had ordered that one out of every ten of the Texans should be shot. They must draw lots to determine the victims; 176 beans would be placed in a crock—159 white and 17 black. Those who drew black beans would be shot within the hour.

The Texans stood in silence, more shocked by the gamble for life with comrades than with the threat of death. They were a motley group—hollow-eyed and bearded, their hair matted and their nondescript clothing in tatters. But these grim-faced men were among the first to be called Texans. They had pushed westward to a new land from nearly every state in the U. S. and from England, Ireland, Scotland and Austria. Their leader, Captain Ewin Cameron, a native of Scotland, and several of the men, had fought in the Battle of San Jacinto which had given Texas independence from Mexico.

Ever since that battle, both Mexico and the new Republic of Texas had been making retaliatory raids. Cameron and his men belonged to a force of nearly 300 volunteers known as the Mier Expedition, which had made an abortive attempt to invade Mexico. On Christmas Day, 1842, they had dashed boldly across the

Rio Grande and attacked the city of Mier. After initial success against the organized Mexican Army, they had run out of ammunition and food. Finally, they agreed to surrender, provided they would be held on the border to be exchanged for Mexican prisoners in Texas.

But once the Texans had laid down their arms, they were marched across rugged terrain toward the ill-famed prison at Castle Perote in Mexico City. During an overnight stay in the corral at Hacienda Salado, Captain Cameron, with 204 of the Texans, charged the army units guarding them, captured guns and horses and fled toward Texas. After days of starvation in the rugged, thorn-infested mountains of Mexico, 176 survivors of the break were recaptured. As punishment, Santa Anna devised the lottery of the black beans. Dramatically, he had ordered it conducted in the very corral from which the Texans had escaped.

In the corral the stony silence that had fallen over the prisoners after the bean pronouncement was broken by a wiry young man known as one of the best fighters in the outfit. "Boys," he said, "this is the tallest gambling scrape I ever was in. Beats raffling all to pieces."

Another prisoner, Robert Beard, had been critically ill for several days. His brother, William, brought him water in a rusty tin cup.

"Brother," Robert whispered, "if you draw a black bean, I'll take your place. I want to die."

"No!" William said, firmly. "I am stronger and better able to die."

The other Texans gazed at the brothers with mixed emotions. No man wanted to die; and with the example of the brothers, no man wanted to be a coward.

The Mexican officers feared Captain Cameron. They figured if he were out of the way, the other Texans could be more easily controlled. Therefore, they worked out a scheme by which they hoped to get a black bean in the hand of the Scotsman.

Soldiers appeared in the corral with an earthen crock, a bench and two bags of beans. The crock was placed on the bench in full view of the prisoners and the white beans were counted into it. The 17 black beans were carefully enumerated and just as carefully dropped on top of the white ones. But unknown to the prisoners, the vessel was not shaken or the beans stirred. A white cloth was placed over the wide mouth of the crock. The interpreter explained the rules: the officers would draw first; and Captain Cameron would lead in the gamble. After the officers, the men would be called in alphabetical order.

The interpreter stepped aside.

"Well, boys," Cameron said, "we have to draw; let's be at it."

He walked to the crock as casually as if going for rations, with Colonel William F. Wilson, who was cuffed to him, by his side. He stuck his hand under the cloth into the crock and drew out a bean. He stared down and saw his bean—a white bean that meant life. Walking back among the Texans, he whispered:

"Dig deep, boys."

This worked the first few times. But the insertion and withdrawal of hands speedily mixed up the beans.

Captain William Mosby Eastland was the last officer to come forward. Like Cameron, he had fought at San Jacinto. He had a young wife back home in Texas. He eased his hand into the crock and drew a black bean —the first one! There was no sound from the men. Eastland was uncuffed from his partner and placed at the head of the death line, there to await 16 companions.

AMONG THE FIRST of the men to be called after the officers had drawn was the ill Robert Beard. He dragged himself to the crock and removed a white bean. His brother followed and also won a chance to live.

James L. Cash drew the next black bean. As he stepped into the death line, his eyes went merry for an instant, and he said: "Well, boys, the jig is up with me."

James D. Cocke was iron-nerved when he saw his black bean. Holding it high between a thumb and forefinger, he called out: "Boys, I told you so; I never failed in my life to draw a prize."

Robert Dunham's young face was inscrutable when he saw that his bean was black.

John Dusenberry, a tall, gangling man with slightly stooped shoulders, was usually talkative and a master at quips—or had "plenty of mouth," as the Texans said. But when his lot was a white bean he returned to his place in line, head down and without a word.

The men who waited their turns kept count of the black beans and conjectured on whether the odds were decreasing. Those with names far down in the alphabet wondered whether there would still be black beans when their turn came. At one interval, 24 white beans were withdrawn before a black one came up.

The Mexicans kept calling the roll, and these Texans also drew black beans: Edward E. Este, Robert Harris, Thomas L. Jones, Patrick Mahan, James M. Odgen, Charles Roberts, William Rowan, J. L. Shepherd, J. M. N. Thompson, James N. Torrey and Jim Turnbull.

Mist formed in Captain Cameron's eyes when he saw that Turnbull had a death warrant; Turnbull, also a native of Scotland, was his long and trusted friend.

A man named Big-Foot Wallace studied every bean that was drawn and became convinced that the black ones were a tiny fraction larger than the white ones. Accordingly, when he reached in the crock, he picked the one that seemed the smallest. The bean was white.

Two black beans were left when tough little Henry Whaling strode grinning to the crock. He drew one of the black beans. He pitched it to the Mexican officer and said: "Well, you're not making much off me. I know I have killed 25 yellow-bellies like you."

And now only a single black bean remained. The men drew until there were six white beans and the black one. Then Martin Carrol Wing drew. It was the black bean.

The death line was completed. The great gamble was finished.

The sun was sinking over the grim corral. The Mexican officers gave the 17 doomed men less than a half hour to find peace with God and leave messages to be sent to families or friends.

Captain Cameron stepped forward. In an urgent, yet calm voice, but with brimming eyes, he implored the Mexicans to execute him and spare the lives of his men. The officers turned deaf ears. They wanted Cameron killed but that could be arranged later.

The 17 were hurried into an adjoining corral where there was writing material on a crude table. The irrepressible Whaling caused trouble: he immediately demanded dinner, saying: "They shall not cheat me out of it." He was given food and, at his insistence, a cigar.

Captain Eastland, speaking slowly, told the Texan message-bearers: "I know that some have thought me timid, but, thank God, death has no terrors for me."

T. L. Jones said to the interpreter: "Tell the officers to look upon men who are not afraid to die for their country."

James Torrey was one of the youngest of the condemned. "I am perfectly willing to meet my fate," he said. "For the glory of Texas I'm willing to die." He turned to a Mexican officer and continued: "After the Battle of San Jacinto, my family took one of your youths who had been made prisoner, raised and educated him. This is our requital."

Cocke kept his sense of humor. "Say to my friends that I died in grace," he said. "They only rob me of 40 years." He then sat down and dashed off a note addressed to the U. S. Minister to Mexico, telling him of this treatment of prisoners of war. Knowing that his body would be robbed, Cocke slipped off his pants, which were fairly good, and tossed them to a surviving friend.

Young Robert Holmes Dunham finished the letter to his mother, kneeled in the dust and prayed quietly.

Twilight was spreading over the Hacienda. The visitors were ordered back to the other corral. The black bean men were marched to a wall, Cocke with his shirt tail flapping over his underwear, and Whaling puffing quickly on the stub of his after-dinner cigar. The men were blindfolded and tied with rope.

The remnant of the Mier Expedition, the 159 desperate Texans, under heavy guard and forbidden to move or speak, heard the angry roaring of guns. There were repeated volleys. The Texans heard Whaling still giving trouble to the last. He was shot 15 times, but continued to taunt and defy his executioners. A bullet through the head finally killed him. Pretending to be dead, J. L. Shepherd managed to escape, but was later caught and killed.

The next morning the march toward Mexico City continued—past the bodies of the fallen Texans.

On a Sunday night a month later, when the Texans had trudged to within 30 miles of prison, Captain Cameron was awakened and ordered from the pallet on which he was sleeping. A Mexican officer informed him that there had been a miscalculation at Hacienda Salado. One in ten men were supposed to have been shot, he said. Seventeen had been killed. But ten percent of 176 was 17.6 men. Therefore, he said, Santa Anna had ordered that Cameron be shot in order to make up for this deficiency.

When he faced the firing squad, Cameron refused to be blindfolded. "Ewin Cameron can now, as he has many times before, face death for Texas without winking," he said. He ripped open his shirt, exposing his bare chest. "Fire!" he shouted, and his life was ended.

The rest of the Texans languished in prison for 17 months. Some, including the Beard brothers, died. As word of the black bean lottery reached the outside, the world was shocked. International pressure forced the Mexicans to release the remaining men.

The little-known Texans who drew beans played unforgettable roles in a moral drama that still endures—the cause of more humane treatment of prisoners of war.

In a great bend of the blue Colorado River of Texas, just outside the picturesque old city of La Grange, is a high, green bluff with a view of miles upon miles of Texas countryside. And on the bluff is a tomb, which, next to the Alamo, is the most hallowed shrine in the state. This peaceful spot is called Monument Hill and it is the final resting place of the men who were killed in 1842, in San Antonio, and those who were slain at Hacienda Salado.

John Dusenberry, who silently drew a white bean, is responsible for their being there. During the Mexican War of 1846-48, which was set off by the annexation of Texas by the U. S., Dusenberry was again fighting in Mexico. He persuaded General Walter P. Lane, of the Texas Rangers, to go to the old ranch and claim the remains of the Texans who lost in the great gamble in the corral.

There was no way to find the body of Captain Cameron, but on the grey granite tomb his name is deeply carved along with the others who drew the black beans.

DOINGS OF A DEMOCRACY

A DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSMAN FRIEND of Republican Congressman Bruce Alger of Texas told him: "I'll come down to your District, Bruce, and speak for you or against you, whichever will help you most."

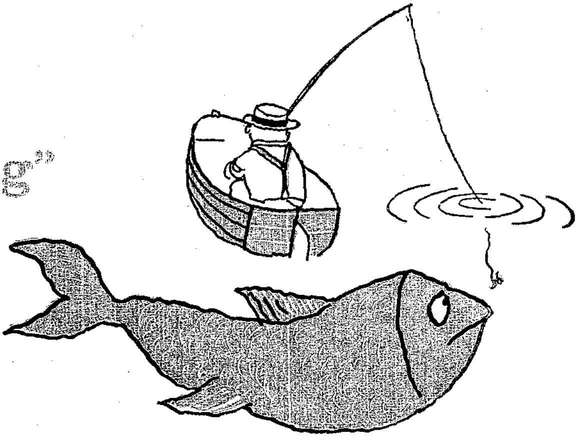
MEMBERS OF ATTORNEY GENERAL Edmund G. Brown's campaign committee discussed their strategy in such low voices that the janitor of the San Francisco building thought they had gone home and locked them in.

A CHICAGO COURT GRANTED A WOMAN a divorce and gave the husband the right to visit the family dog twice a week.

—HAROLD HELFER

"It's not true what they say about fishing"

by Vlad Evanoff



Sometimes those that sound like whoppers balance out on the scales of truth

PEOPLE WHO DON'T do much fishing believe it's a safe, pleasant, contemplative sport. But most experienced anglers know better. They have found that anything can happen when you wet your line in lake, stream or ocean.

Take, for example, the fisherman who was trying his luck from a rowboat on the Big Piney River in Texas not long ago. Suddenly a falling tree hit the man and his boat, sinking the craft. The tree, gnawed by beavers, happened to fall just as the angler's boat drifted under it. Two boys fishing nearby came to the man's rescue and took him to a doctor. Luckily, his injury wasn't serious, but he was "all shook up," according to the report.

If you still think fishing is a safe, quiet sport, you'll find it hard to convince another Texas angler, fishing in the Gulf of Mexico. He was drifting lazily in a skiff. Then, without warning, a seven-foot tarpon jumped out of the water, struck the man a tremendous blow and knocked him overboard. When he managed to swim back to the boat, he saw the tarpon lying on the bottom of it. Later the sportsman found he had suffered four broken ribs and a wrenched spine.

Two startled fishermen off New Jersey had a mako shark grab both their lines. The fish jumped high into the air and landed in the lap of one of the anglers. It broke his fishing rod and smashed the cabin door before the captain clubbed the shark to death.

Three other anglers fishing off the coast of Mexico hooked a 500-pound marlin which suddenly went berserk. The fish rammed the side of their boat, piercing a hole in it with its spear and leaving its lower jaw imbedded in the wood. The crazed fish then came back and struck the boat once more, this time breaking off its long spear. Finally the pugnacious marlin, minus jaw and spear, took off for parts unknown.

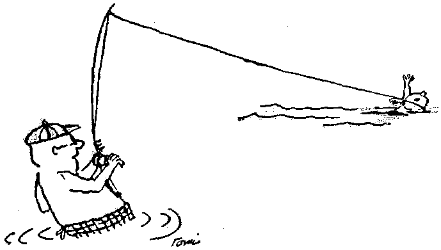
However, not all such stories end unhappily. One weary and unsuccessful angler in Mississippi pulled in his line and quit. Minutes later, a 17-pound catfish jumped into his boat. And in Canada, a 36-pound sturgeon leaped into a boat occupied by two sportsmen.

But usually you must have some kind of bait or lure on the hook to catch fish. That doesn't always mean the conventional worms, minnows or plugs. One group of fishermen was using clams to catch codfish in the Atlantic Ocean near New York City. When their bait ran out, they put pieces of newspaper on their hooks and continued to catch the greedy cod.

One quick-thinking fishing boat captain from Atlantic City, New Jersey, unexpectedly running into a school of bluefish, cut off the end of his red silk tie, placed a piece on a hook, then dragged it through the water. He caught 21 fish!

Sometimes, however, fish won't look at anything you offer them. One angler, fishing for trout, tried every lure in his tackle box—worms, spinners, wet flies, dry flies—without attracting a single nibble. In disgust he tossed a lighted cigarette into the stream. A trout came up and grabbed it.

Fishermen are supposed to catch fish, but here again they never know what they'll hook. Like Elbert Spricher of Brooklyn, who had been surf casting for an hour into the treacherous rip-tide at nearby Far Rockaway Beach. The fish weren't biting that day. Suddenly Spricher heard a cry for help and saw a man struggling in the water about 50 yards offshore. The fast current was carrying him out to sea. The angler cast his thin, 36-pound test line within reach of the exhausted swimmer, who wrapped it around his arm. Then Spricher slowly reeled in the 160-pound "human fish" toward the shore and safety.



Fishing lures are made to deceive fish, but they also fool other creatures. Birds, for example. Sea gulls and terns often dive at any plugs as they are reeled in along the surface. Evidently the birds mistake them for herring or some other small fish.

An angler was casting into a Tennessee lake when an owl dived from a nearby tree and snatched his plug;

a stuffed owl now sits among this fisherman's trophies.

In Alabama, a sportsman thought he had a record fish when his pole was yanked from his hands and started sailing across the water. When he caught up with his outfit and hauled in his catch, he discovered it was a duck, swimming underwater, which had taken the hook.

Wes Berry of Tennessee, fishing with a friend in Watauga Lake at night, decided to pull in to shore for coffee. They hung their fishing lines over the side of the boat to keep the minnows on their hooks alive. A few minutes later, Berry's reel started to screech. He ran to the boat and found the line leading off into the bushes. Following it, Berry came up on a big house cat which had taken the minnow and the hook. The racing cat broke the line and got away—like many a big fish.

And Tom Cheek, plug-casting for sea trout in Florida with two friends, felt a vicious tug on his line. After a lively tussle he brought his quarry close to shore. But Cheek's troubles had just begun—it turned out he had snared a four-foot alligator.

Equally surprising was the "catch" made by a Fort Isable, Texas, fisherman. He hauled up a 48-pound drum fish and found part of a set of false teeth inside. And a New York fisherman, cleaning a ten-pound codfish, discovered a silver and rhinestone pendant in its stomach.

Probably the most red-faced angler of all is a fellow in St. Petersburg, Florida. He had caught himself a fine mess of sheepsheads, and then the fish stopped biting. He moved over to the opposite side of the bridge—where his rod tip bent under something heavy on the end of his line. Pulling it in gave him more trouble than he'd had with all the other fish. When he finally saw his hook, he realized why—he had captured his own string of fish!

Heard any good stories lately?

Earn a cash reward by sharing jokes and anecdotes with others. Send us those stories you've found funny and fresh, as well as the inspiring bits of everyday life you have encountered. We will pay on publication $5.00 for original epigrams; a minimum of $5.00 for contributions from a published source; a minimum of $10.00 for original anecdotes and $50.00 for Silver Linings.

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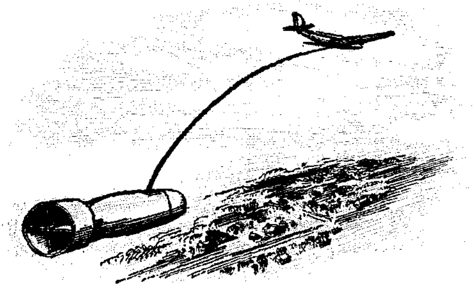
by Al Toffler



They probe the earth from the air

Using a modern divining rod, daredevil geologists search ceaselessly for new mineral treasure-troves

A MINK RANCHER IN MAINE insists that the "thing" frightened his minks out of reproducing.

In Minnesota, a farmer claims it killed 200 of his turkeys by scaring them so badly they dashed themselves to death against his barn in a terrified stampede.

Last summer, a Long Island housewife called the nearest airport to report "a man dangling below a low-flying airplane." And in Allentown, Pennsylvania, another woman reported a plane trailing a "corncob on the end of a long rope."

These are but a few of the reactions of bewildered citizens at the sight of a big twin-engine plane thundering along only 500 feet above the ground and dangling a red, bomb-like object at the end of a 150-foot cable. Today, two such planes operated by the U.S. Geological Survey are helping pierce the mysteries of the earth we walk on.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Arctic Circle to Antarctica, these planes are carrying geologists and geophysicists in a hazardous hunt for magnetic data about our resources under the soil. Simultaneously, they measure nuclear radiation.

With millions of Americans deeply anxious about the increase of potentially lethal radiation released by nuclear bomb tests and atomic energy installations, the Survey planes are helping the Atomic Energy Commission to get factual data on radioactivity levels. But there is another, much less publicized, but equally dramatic, side to the Survey's work.

It is an astonishing fact that today only two-fifths of the land surface of the U. S. is adequately mapped. The remainder of our country is spottily charted, except for roads and railways. But our ignorance of the earth's crust—the buried mountains, valleys or basins that lie *beneath* the surface—is even greater. The Geologic Division and its Airborne Section are busy jig-sawing together a giant map that will give geologists valuable clues to the mineral resources of the nation.

It is a project to stagger the imagination. The future of America may well depend on this map. For every day new minerals like ytterbium, gadolinium and columbium are becoming increasingly important to war- and peace-time technology.

"We have to know where minerals are and . . . how much of them we have," explains James R. Balsley, chief of the Geophysics Branch of the U.S.G.S. "We're using the airborne magnetometer to find out."

Balsley was a 27-year-old geophysicist in 1944, when he went to Iron River, Michigan, as part of a U.S. G.S. ground crew searching for vitally needed iron ore reserves. While there he learned, unofficially, that the Navy had developed a secret airborne device for locating enemy submarines underwater by detecting their magnetic fields. Balsley reasoned that the new device might be able to locate ore under the earth as well as submarines under the sea. He was right.

Taking his idea to Washington, Balsley and Homer Jensen, a civilian employee of the Navy, went to work adapting the hush-hush "AN/ASQ-3A equipment" of the Navy for aerial survey work. Out of this collaboration the aerial magnetometer was born.

In simple terms, the magnetometer measures the magnetic pull of the earth. Different minerals have different magnetic characteristics; thus, this complex electronic equipment can record the geologic material to be found under the surface.

In order for the magnetometer to escape the magnetic effects of the plane, it must be suspended outside the craft, in a bomb-shaped wooden shell called a "bird." This is cradled under the belly of the plane and lowered or raised in flight by means of a winch.

The equipment has proved to be cheap, fast and efficient. But to get sensitive readings, the planes must be flown at extremely low altitudes. In fact, since new radiation detection equipment has been added, the Survey planes stay only 500 feet above the ground as they fly along precise, parallel lines over the area being studied. Moreover, it requires "air legs." At 500 feet the air is so turbulent that most veteran skymen are afflicted with airsickness while "observing," unless they dose themselves with Dramamine pills.

The day I flew with one crew over relatively easy terrain in Maryland, pilot Duval Crist handled the wheel. Co-pilot Vernon Drake read a detailed map of the ground below and pointed out a clump of trees here or a tiny creek there, the signs by which Crist kept his course. A deviation of an eighth of a mile or less might destroy a flight's usefulness.

The idea was to fly a series of parallel lines one quarter of a mile apart and 25 miles long. Like a farmer plowing straight furrows, they would fly to the end of a line, bank, move over a quarter of a mile, then begin their run in the opposite direction. On other missions the lines run as long as 150 miles.

Behind the cockpit, A. J. Petty "rode observer," pressing a button periodically to put edge marks on the fast-moving film in the camera. These marks would later be used to fix the magnetic readings on a map. Such work is done in Washington, where the readings are first carefully analyzed by U.S.G.S. mathematicians, geologists and geophysicists.

In all, there are 60 men and women in the Airborne Section headed by William Dempsey, a former mining engineer. Survey personnel pride themselves on the fact that the data they collect and analyze has never been "leaked" prematurely to the advantage of one private firm or individual over another. It is public property.

IN THEIR SEARCH for mineral wealth, the planes must often fly over some of the most rugged terrain in the Western Hemisphere. Sometimes the plane must be flown right down into a canyon or in-between jagged mountain peaks to keep the flight lines straight and true.

Getting over the crest of a mountain can put a strain on the aircraft as well as the men. "We have everything wide open but the ash trays," comments one of the crew members. This year the planes are going to be outfitted with "JATO bottles"—emergency rockets in order to boost them over a peak in the event of engine failure or other trouble.

It was the challenge of this kind of flying that brought 47-year-old Tom Page, chief pilot of the Airborne Section, to the Survey in 1947. "There's no time for daydreaming," he says. "It's the most demanding kind of flying I know of, aside from crop dusting. But then *they* don't dust mountains."

Sometimes the "bird" causes trouble. This 50-pound weight, swinging freely at the end of a cable being towed along at two miles a minute, can become a death-dealing weapon under certain conditions. The crew tries to avoid this by winching in the "bird" over water or unpopulated sections of land. For this reason no one has ever been hurt. In the millions of miles flown by the Survey, only five "birds" have been lost.

In the Survey's Washington office there is a scroll on the wall listing the names of the "Ancient Order of Bird Losers." An illustration on the scroll shows a "bird" plunging into an isolated outhouse, as a surprised occupant flees.

Shortly after the first tryout of the magnetometer over Boyertown, Pennsylvania, in 1944, Balsley led a crew of scientists on a mission over the icy tundras of Alaska—and plotted a huge oil basin under the barren surface. Three years later, the crew participated in Operation High Jump about 500 miles from the South Pole. This mission located hitherto unknown islands under the ice shelf of Antarctica.

When the big uranium hunt began in the early '50s, the planes (by now there were two of them), used their radiation detection equipment to help locate radioactive deposits under the soil.

Later the Survey conducted a mile-by-mile analysis of the entire state of Indiana. The result provided the most detailed maps of the varied topography of an entire state that have ever been published. Areas of petroleum potential were indicated and a large underground rock dome in the Fort Wayne area was discovered—a major geologic find.

Perhaps the most unforgettable of all the flights flown by the Survey came in December, 1947. In an AT-11 Navy bomber-trainer, Tom Page flew Jim Balsley and a woman geologist named Mimi Hill directly over the spouting crater of an erupting volcano in Mexico.

The purpose of the flights was to learn more about the magnetic character of hot rock—information that could help volcanologists predict eruptions better.

The site was Parícutin volcano, 200 miles due west of Mexico City. As the plane approached the purple mountains, Page took motion pictures of the thick blue smoke pouring from the fire-blackened crater. From vents in the side of the mountain red flames licked angrily; ash and rock flew into the air. One chunk the size of a house belched up, narrowly missing the plane.

When the flights—six in all—were over, the props and glass on the plane had to be entirely replaced. They had been literally sandblasted by the exploding volcanic material. Miss Hill—who went in fair-skinned—came out with a "suntan."

The flight was spectacular. Yet today, Uncle Sam's flying scientists look back on it with a shrug. For them it was "just another" routine mission to probe the mysteries of the earth beneath us.

TRY, TRY AGAIN

GERMANY'S LATE CARDINAL VON FAULHABER of Munich once had a conversation with the renowned mathematician, Albert Einstein.

"Cardinal von Faulhaber," Einstein remarked, "I respect religion, but I believe in mathematics. Probably it is the other way around with you."

"You are mistaken," the Cardinal retorted. "To me, both are merely different expressions of the same divine exactness."

"But, Your Eminence, what would you say if mathematical science should some day come to conclusions directly contradictory to religious beliefs?"

"Oh," answered the Cardinal, "I have the highest regard for the competence of mathematicians. I am sure they would never rest until they discovered their mistake."

—The Sign

News for women!
Authorities say...

Do Go in the Water

Now authorities have resolved the question of bathing during your period, even swimming during that time. They say: *it's better for you!*

There are two reasons for this. One is *physical*. Mild exercise—such as the mild exercise of swimming in reasonably warm waters—has always tended to relieve discomfort. The "fainting" lady on the couch of the 1890's often fainted as much from inactivity as she did from the pressure of her stays.

The other is *psychological*. By bathing and showering regularly during your period, you'll feel fresher, cleaner, cooler, *better*. You can also wash your hair without ill effects. With clean hair, you'll look better. That, too, should make you feel good.

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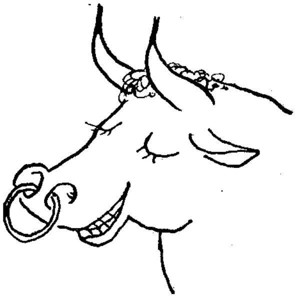


"Happy" pills for animals

by Leonard Wallace Robinson

Now they're even shooting **them** full of tranquilizers—but with guns and arrows

NINETY-SIX HEAD of frightened cattle were trapped on high ground after the Rio Grande flooded last fall. When cowboys could not force the herd to swim to safety, veterinarian J. M. Baker of Edinburg, Texas, rowed out to the island in a small boat.

Passing from one terrified steer to another, he injected each with an animal tranquilizer. Within 30 minutes, the cowboys were able to herd the cattle—now totally calm—into the raging waters and get them to swim over a mile to safe ground.

The tranquilizer used by veterinarian Baker for his dramatic rescue was of the same class of compounds as the "happy" pills doctors now prescribe to calm millions of Americans. Drug companies put them out under a variety of trade names such as Miltown, Tranqual, Diquel, etc.

The action of these tranquilizers on man and animal is the same. They affect the middle brain centers, particularly the thalamus—which regulates such emotional states as excitement, anxiety, fear and anger—without affecting muscular coordination or dulling the senses.

The use of such tranquilizers (for which buyers need a veterinarian's prescription) is sweeping the animal kingdom. "The pills have completely revolutionized man's relationship to animals," says Dr. Robert L. Leighton, Chief of Surgery at The Animal Medical Center in New York City. "Since their introduction, animals have entered an era of freedom from pain and suffering that was unthinkable just three years ago."

One of the most humane and widespread uses of the drugs has been to calm sick or injured animals.

Recently, a fierce, 500-pound jewfish in a Florida aquarium developed a malignant skin tumor. Veterinarians couldn't get near him until they managed to get him to swallow food with a tranquilizer mixed in with it. An hour after the fish took the bait, a veterinarian surgeon, wearing a diving lung, was able to strap the now-docile monster to a board and cut out the tumor.

When pain-crazed animals can't be approached, today's veterinarian is usually prepared to inject soothing drugs from a distance by using a carbon-dioxide rifle. This gun fires a sedative syringe directly into the animal's skin. The shot releases expanding gas within the syringe. This gas propels the plunger forward, injecting the sedative into the animal.

Such guns, however, are not always on hand. At a fair in Wisconsin, a huge bull picked up a big splinter in its side. Berserk with pain, the beast started to kick its stall to pieces. The veterinarian in charge had the proper syringe, but he had forgotten to bring a carbon-dioxide gun. Suddenly he remembered that there was an archery concession on the midway. He borrowed a bow and shot a sedative arrow into the bull, removed the splinter and saw the animal win the fair's grand prize the next day.

The household pet also has benefited from the innumerable home uses of tranquilizers. When these drugs are prescribed by a veterinarian, dog owners can curb their pet's excessive barking or whining, and pills administered in a small ball of hamburger will prevent dogs from vomiting while traveling by plane, bus or train.

High-strung pets often develop compulsive nervous disorders ranging from tail-chasing to obsessive scratching. The latter may sometimes become so severe that the animal will literally tear its coat off. A minimal dose of sedative will almost always cure such behavior overnight.

The excitable dog who nips or bites from pure excitement has long been the bane of postmen and the despair of loving masters. A recent experiment conducted in the Midwest shows that if such dogs are given small quantities of tranquilizer daily, their tendency to bite will disappear. If the dosage is kept up for two months and then halted, this docile behavior usually continues.

Zoos find "happy" pills indispensable. Surgery on the fiercest tiger or lion is now comparatively simple, and tranquilizers almost guarantee that post-operative bandages will not be clawed off by the big cats. Also, the roaring of "night" animals, a leading cause of insomnia for "day" animals, can now be stopped entirely.

Economically, farm owners have profited more than any other group from the use of tranquilizers.

By feeding tranquilizers to sows, farmers now can prevent them from devouring their own farrow—a common habit among swine. Pig litters can be doubled and tripled by the elimination of this habit. And turkey farmers formerly sustained huge losses when it came time to transport their birds to market; the turkeys often trampled each other to death in their small cages. Now tranquilizers have cut the turkey mortality rate from this cause to zero.

It was often necessary to put horses and cows to death when they broke a limb. Bone-setting was possible, but too frequently the animal would not lie still until the leg had healed sufficiently to bear its weight. Large doses of tranquilizers now keep these animals contentedly prone

(*Cont'd on page* 170)

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

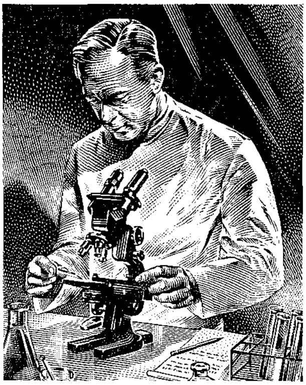
By James Henry Weston

Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain, Stops Itching As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain—without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.



And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

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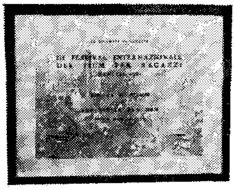

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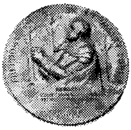

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a few Coronet film award winners

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The Little Red Hen—"First Prize." *III International Festival of Films for Children, Venice, Italy, 1951.*

Beethoven and His Music—"Oscar in the Music Category." *Seventh Annual Cleveland Film Festival, 1954.*

First Aid: Fundamentals—"Bronze Plaque of Highest Honors in the Field of Films for Safety." *National Committee on Films for Safety, 1953.*

Five Colorful Birds—"Golden Reel Award." *Second Annual Golden Reel Film Festival, 1955.*

Springboard Techniques—"Bronze Plaque of Recognition." *World Festival of Films and Arts of Belgium, 1947.*

Bicycle Safety Skills—"Award of Merit for a Highly Commendable Production." *National Committee on Films for Safety, 1957.*

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(cont'd from p. 166)

until they are able to get up again.

The greatest benefits of all have been reaped by cattle and sheep ranchers. Experts knew weight gain in these animals could be increased when emotional and physical stress was minimized. But there was no inexpensive method to reduce stresses on range animals—cold, heat, storms, dogs, wolves and cowboys.

Experiments proved that tranquilizers were the magic bullets for stress on the range. When slaughter animals are shipped to market, the conditions under which they travel cause sharp weight losses. Tranquilizers administered from one to three days before traveling keep them calm, and their weight losses have been reduced by as much as 80 percent. This has saved farmers $100,000,000 a year.

The chemical effects of these tranquilizing drugs are not transmitted to the meat. Federal law requires that the drug be administered no later than 24 hours before the animal is slaughtered. Thus the drug is completely metabolized and no traces remain. In fact, meat from tranquilized steers may be even more tender and succulent than meat from animals who have not been fed any "happy" drugs.

In Kansas City, researchers recently fed meat to 14 meat experts; ten of them selected the meat from tranquilized steers as the more tender. And in a New York City test given to 34 food and science editors, 25 of them picked the meat from the tranquilized cows as the best.

Why a tranquilized animal should provide more tender meat is not yet known. It is believed that because of the reduced stress there is less shrinkage of the intramuscular body fat and less discharge of excess sugar which can affect the taste and color of the meat.

Veterinarians now use the initials B.T. and A.T. (Before Tranquilizers and After Tranquilizers) to describe the enormity of the change wrought by the little pill with the big effect. As one veterinarian says: "It's the millenium—at least for the animal kingdom."

GOOD JUDGMENT

ON A GLOOMY, RAINY MORNING, it came little eight-year-old Walter's turn to say grace at breakfast. "We thank Thee for this beautiful day," he prayed. His mother asked him why he said that when the day was anything but beautiful. "Mother," said he, with rare wisdom, "never judge a day by its weather."

—Presbyterian Life

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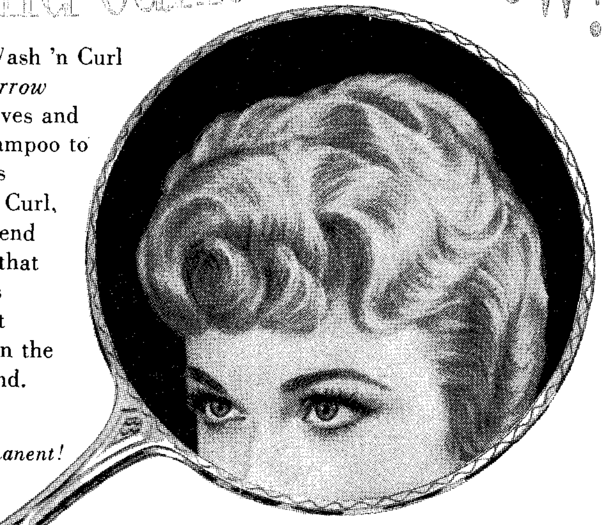

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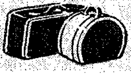

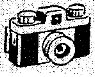

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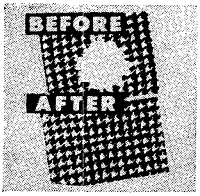

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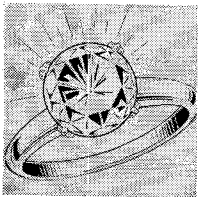

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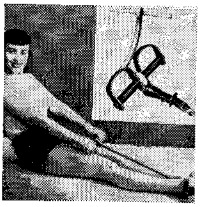

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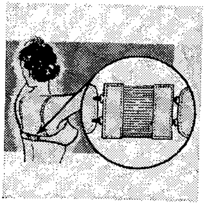
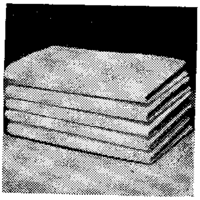


Solves problem of what-to-do with outgrown bras, in-between sizes, bras that shrink in laundry. Just hook Bra-Extender on to present bra—no sewing—for proper fit and support. Ends summer bra-chafe and bra-cramp—leaves you free to work and play in comfort. Washable. Set of 3—only $1. ppd. Guaranteed. Damar's 56-H Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

50 LARGE NEW TOWELS 2¢ ea.



50 large, brand new unwoven cotton & rayon towels in beautiful colors & white as shown in unretouched photo . . . only $1.00 plus 25¢ for pstg. & hdlg. We sell at world's lowest price because we buy by millions—over 26,500,000 since 1953! Unqualified money back guarantee. 50-Towel Co., Dept. A-705 Box 881, St. Louis, Missouri. Order now!

HER FACE WILL NEVER GROW HAIR AGAIN

ONLY
$9.95
COMPLETE

Remove ugly, unwanted hair forever in seconds, from lips, chin or any part of body. Roots destroyed instantly, leaving skin unmarred by ugly hair for life. Gentle, safe. Complete guar. if Permagon doesn't do for $9.95 what beauticians charge hundreds of $$ for $9.95 ppd. COD $1 deposit. Brian-Lloyd Co., Dept. M-1, 11 E. 47 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

LOSE UP TO 5—10 or 20 LBS.

Curb your appetite and lose weight. Nobese, taken in accordance with recommended dietary plan can help you lose pounds. Needs no doctor's prescription. Take only one capsule a day. 15 day trial supply only $2.98; 30 day supply $5.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send check or money order to Nobese, Dept. C-1, Box 5005, Washington, D.C.

NOBESE

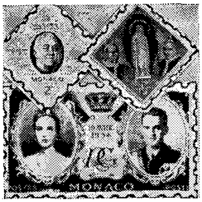
To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 179.

Silver Linings

EACH DAY when my baby sitter leaves to catch her bus, my two-year-old son kisses her good-by. Then he waves to her from the front of the house as the bus passes our door.

However, one afternoon she was late. The bus was approaching and, in her rush to leave, she hurried off without the usual kiss. My son ran

215 VALUABLE FOREIGN STAMPS 25¢



Genuine postage stamps like those pictured here + Germany "Sputnik," St. Thomas "Explorer," Chile "Christ of Andes"—215 Total + 88 full color Flags of World 1957 Boy Scout Jamboree Souvenir Sheet. Also Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps. Just 25¢ to introduce bargain approvals. Rush 25¢. Ask for lot PE-5. Zenith, 81 Willoughby, B'klyn. 1, N. Y.

WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

Men-women! Qualify for hundreds fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts coast-to-coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. C-89, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.

STAYDRY PANTY (NOT A DIAPER)

This All-in-One panty is recommended by many leading doctors as the solution to an embarrassing condition that causes psychological disturbances in children. Gives day and night protection. Panty is comfortable and invisible under clothing. No pins or buttons. For children or as the perfect sick room aid for adults. See ad below for sizes, prices.

PROTECT YOUR CHILD with STAYDRY PANTIES

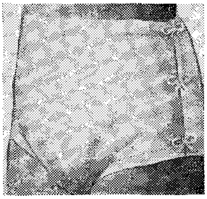
ACCLAIMED BY THOUSANDS OF MOTHERS

COMMENDED PARENTS
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Almost one million of our Staydry Panties have been sold to satisfied users. Not a diaper, Staydry is made of lightweight absorbent material with waterproof outer covering made of soft non-toxic plastic. It has tape closures and is machine washable, boilable and quick drying. End the mess and expense of rubber sheets & high laundry bills. See below.

FREE BOOKLET "BEDWETTING PROBLEMS"

Give exact waist size. 10% off on 3 or more pants.
Infants Sizes: ☐ Med. $1.69
☐ Large Infants Size $1.98
☐ Ex.Lg. Infants Size $2.49
Child & Adult Waist Sizes
☐ 18" or ☐ 20" Waist $3.49
☐ 22" or ☐ 24" Waist $3.98
☐ 26" or ☐ 28" Waist $4.98
☐ 30" or ☐ 32" Waist $5.98
☐ 34" or ☐ 36" Waist $6.98
Money back guarantee in 10 days. Jolan, 356 Fostertown Rd., Newburgh, N.Y.

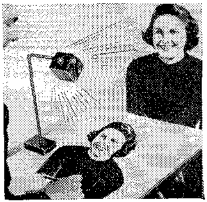


SLIP IT ON YOUR "SPECS" . . . $1

Wear Visorette on prescription or sun glasses, indoors or out. Stops glare from sun, sky, windows, lights. Adjustable to any angle. So Light! So comfortable! Slips on & off in a jiffy! Guaranteed to fit and satisfy. Many thousands of users! Choices: Transparent green or Opaque black. Send $1.00 Visorette, 2925 E. California, Pasadena 24, Calif.

DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE!

Draw any person, still life, map, photo, landscape without talent! Anything is automatically seen on paper thru Magic Art Reproducer. Reduces, Enlarges. Follow lines of "picture-image" with pencil for artistic drawing. $1.98 postpaid with order, or C.O.D. plus postage. Money back guar. after trial. Norton, Dept. 294, 296 Broadway, N. Y. 7.



(Continued on next page)

TOM THUMB ADDING MACHINE $1.97

Lowest priced anywhere—adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides. American made—mistake proof, fast, solid steel mechanism. For housewives, students, shopper, engineers. Leatherette case. 10 day free trial—money back guarantee. Send money, check or M.O. Or will send C.O.D. 3% tax in Pa. Tom Thumb Adding Machine, P.O. Box 5066, Dept. Y-59, Phila 11, Pa.

Tom Thumb
ADDING MACHINE
ADD
SUBTRACT

DON'T ENVY TALL MEN . . . BE ONE

It's true! You put on these amazing "Elevators" shoes and instantly you "grow" almost 2 inches taller! No one will know how it's done because "Elevators" look like any other smart shoes. They add not only to your height but to your poise and confidence. For free booklet showing over 80 styles, write Stone-Tarlow, Dept. 2-89, Brockton 68, Mass.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box RA, Lynn, Massachusetts.

50 WALLET SIZE PHOTOS ONLY $1

Your name printed Free on each one. Amazing price due to new photo process. Not only do we offer 40 2¼ x3¼ for $1 but we print your name on each and every one at no extra charge. Send negative or print (no extra charge if you don't have neg.). Add 25¢ for ptg. and handling. Money back guar. Western Studios, Dept. K-48, 11 E. 47 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

YOU CAN STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

Improve the power of your speaking and singing voice in the privacy of your own room. Self-training program, mostly silent. No music required. Tested method praised by TV star Bob Cummings and thousands of grateful men, women—since 1916. Free booklet in plain wrapper. State age. Prefect Voice Institute, 210 S. Clinton St., HR-58, Chicago 6, Ill.

to the sidewalk crying pathetically as she boarded the bus. I watched as it started up, moved forward, and then came to a sudden stop. The door opened and she stepped out, leaned over and gave a tearful little boy his kiss. Then she climbed back in the bus and drove off.

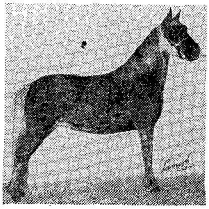
The baby's contented smile was reflected in the amused faces of the passengers. —MRS. S. T. GINSBERG

WE WERE TAKING a Sunday afternoon drive along the New York State Thruway, enjoying the long-awaited spring weather, when we noticed people honking their horns as they passed us with a smile and a wave of the hand.

We waved back, but were slightly bewildered by this display of friendliness until we discovered our son had been busy with his crayons in

SHETLAND PONIES ON EASY CREDIT

Anyone—banker to farmer—can get into this booming business with bank financing at 6%—immediate delivery—2 years to pay. Huge tax advantages from investment standpoint. Reprint of national magazine articles and full illustrated catalog tells all about this fabulous field. Write without delay to Fashion Club, Suite 24, Chicago 11, Illinois.



BIG SISTER DOLL & 10 OUTFITS—59¢

Tremendous value for any little girl & her friends. A spectacular 9" doll in color with beautiful blond hair down to her shoulders & most compl. wardrobe. Clothes for street wear, formals, school & play. Limited quantities for this time of year. Only 59¢ for compl. 11 pc. set (2 for $1) no COD's. U. S. Doll Co., Dept. 572, Rm. 1115, 480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C. 17.

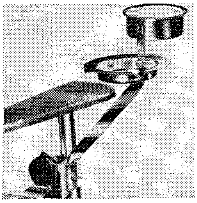
the back seat. He had printed a sign reading "WELCOME TO NEW YORK STATE," and was holding it up at the rear window each time he spotted an out-of-state license plate.

—ROSE MARIE BOWER

WHILE LIVING IN TOKYO last summer, I was particularly impressed by the hospitality of the Japanese. It was the rainy season, and I frequently found myself without an umbrella during an unexpected downpour. I noticed that whenever I had to wait on the curb or at a streetcar stop, one or more Japanese would invariably stand close to me in order to shield me with their own umbrellas. This was always done unostensibly, and was all the more touching to me because, being tall, even for an American girl, I usually towered head and shoulders, over my "protectors."

One rainy night, at a streetcar stop, a tiny Japanese girl had moved

FOR EASY OUTDOOR LIVING



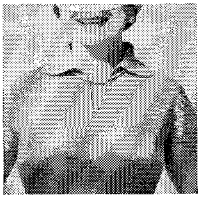
New chair caddie drink holder & ash tray for patio parties, barbecues. Easily attached to tubular furniture. Is of cad-plated steel . . . is rust-resistant, burn - and - alcohol - proof. $1.50 ea. plus 25¢ pp. & handlg. 6 for $9.95 ppd., 12 for $17.85 ppd. (4% tax for Calif. res.) COD extra. Lakeside House, 2201-B West Olive Ave., Burbank 9, Calif.

IS SUCCESS WORTH $1.00 TO YOU?

Discover amazing secrets —1000's now read famous Simmons Institute pocketbooks: "How To Build Self Confidence," "Powerful Memory in 30 Days," "How To Be Enthusiastic," "The Power of Influenced Sleep." "Peace of Mind." $2.50 value. Spec. offer— all 5—Only $1.00. 180 pgs. Guar. Simmons Institute, 5150 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 36, Calif.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY

Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

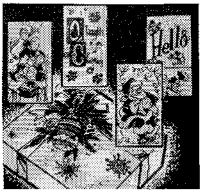


MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27, tax incl. — 1/30 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beau. hand-cut & polished, amaz. Capra Gems acclaimed miracle of modern science. Priced within reach of all. Write for bklt. of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-89, P. O. 5145, Phila. 41.

MONEY, MONEY—AND FREE OFFERS

Biggest spare time profits showing friends, neighbors beautiful Evans Christmas and all occasion cards. Easy orders. 100% profit. Self-selling kit, on approval. Included free: 32 samples personalized Christmas cards, all-new imprinted stationery display, 2 catalogs, selling guide. Write today: New England Art Publishers, North Abington 833, Mass.



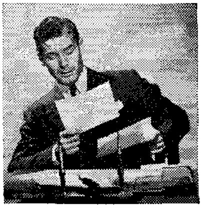
32 HAIR STYLE COLOR TRY-ONS $1

BEFORE
AFTER→

Hair Crowns in color help determine hair style that is best for you. 32 of the latest styles for only $1. Place each printed cutout crown on your head, look in mirror and you'll know exactly which style is most becoming. Eliminates the guess work from hair styling. Complete set of crowns is $1. Hollywood Hair Do, Dept. K18, 11 E. 47 St., N.Y.C. 17.

YOU CAN ANALYZE HANDWRITING!

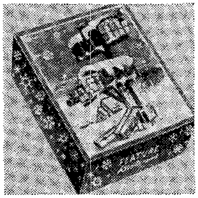
Now you can "read-between-the-lines" of personal letters, notes, signatures, etc. Amazing new text by world-famed M. N. Bunker, founder of International Grapho Analysis Society. A sure way to really know people! $5.95 ppd., COD plus postage. Guar. Order "Handwriting Analysis" today. Nelson-Hall Co., 210 S. Clinton St., Dept. HR-58, Chicago 6.



(Continued on next page)

FREE KODAK FILM FOREVER!

With every roll of black & white, color or movie film sent for processing, you receive free a fresh roll of Kodak film! 8mm rolls incl. processing & fresh roll $3.50 compl. kodacolor—8 exposure roll developed. 8 jumbo prints, new roll—$3.50. Send for free kodak exposure guide, mailers, price lists. Film-Craft, Box 2CC, Madison Square Station, New York 10.



MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME

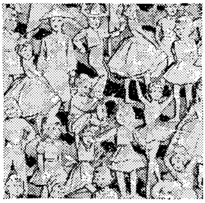
Send no money, just your name, for 21-Card Assortment of beautiful Christmas Cards on approval. Show sensational $1 value to friends neighbors. $75.00 to $500 possible between now and Christmas. We'll include free catalog with 76 other money makers; also free samples popular name-imprinted cards. Wallace Brown, 11 E. 26th St., Dept. V-219, N. Y. 10.

SEND FOR FREE WORK SAVING IDEAS . . .

Over 100 new ways to do a better job faster, easier. Ideas for household, workshop, factory, office, school, hobby. Just lift cap and mark, address, identify, color on anything with guar. Speedry Magic Marker. Waterproof, permanent. 11 instant-dry colors. 77¢ ea. For free "New Ways" write Speedry Products, Inc., Dept. CO, Richmond Hill 18, N. Y.

FREE TRIANGLE COLLECTION!

Start a new hobby now! Get these exceptional triangle-shaped postage stamps — commemoratives, scarce airmails, midget and giant-sized—from around the world. All-genuine, all-different. Extra ! ! Big bargain catalog plus exciting offers sent for your inspection. Jamestown Stamps. Department H89-CO, Jamestown, New York.



100 LITTLE DOLLS—1 PENNY EACH

100 Dolls made of Styrene & Synthetic Rubber—only $1. Baby Dolls, Nurse Dolls, Dancing Dolls, Costume Dolls, Cowboy Dolls, Bride Dolls, & many more, in exquisite detail up to 4", not made of paper or rags but of Styrene & Synthetic Rubber. Money Back Guar. Send $1. & 25¢ for pstg. & hdlg. for each set to: 100 Doll Co., Dept. K-178, 11 E. 47 St., NY 17.

Silver Linings *continued*

quietly to my side and smiling shyly held her umbrella high so that it sheltered me. When a number 4 streetcar came along, and she motioned me to board, I said, in my best tourist Japanese, "No, I take number 6 car." She nodded, and resumed her position at my side. Soon, a number 6 car came by, and, as I tried to motion my little friend aboard, she said smiling, "No, please, I wait for number 4."

There was no time for more words before I entered the streetcar; but

NATURAL HAIRPIECE FOR MEN!

Now! — a realistic hairpiece, by Louis Feder. Looks, feels like your own hair; friends invariably approve. Comb it, sleep in it, swim in it—it's hurricane-proof! Individually designed. Choice of styles, including popular crew cut. Average price $170. Write for Booklet I, "The Only Solution to Baldness." House of Louis Feder, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17.

NEW 5-FT. LONG BALLOONS

Twist into a Thousand Shapes

200 for $1.00

Giraffes — Dachshunds

Pets of All Kinds

Delight Kiddies-Grown-Ups, too! Made of live latex almost 5-ft. long inflated. Balloons this size usually sell up to 25¢ each. Send only $1 now, plus 25¢ pstg. and hdlg. for 200 in variety of gay colors! Supply limited at this low price, so order several sets Now. Money Back Guar. Murray Hill House, Dept. B-49-B. P.O. Box 251, Bethpage, L. I., N. Y.

THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE

Send 25¢ to Dept. C8, Time Life Insurance Company, San Antonio 8, Texas for sample policy & full information on new plan of life insurance that protects your entire family . . . One policy . . . One low premium. Include your age & ages of all members of your immediate family for your premium. Mail today for insurance to protect your entire family.

HOW TO PROTECT YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY

as I watched her little figure fade into the rainy darkness, and realized that she had let her own streetcar go by rather than have the American girl wait in the rain unsheltered, I felt I had received the ultimate in hospitality. —SHERRY WATERMAN

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

NEW LUCKY FISHING ROD HOLDER $1.98

For the fisherman of the family . . . a handy holder for his prized rods. Lucky fishing rod holder in cast aluminum keeps rods safe, prevents warping. Holds 3 rods. Aluminum raised lettering on black finish. Hooks will not damage guides. Completely assembled. Send $1.98 plus 25¢ postage and handling. Medford Products, P. O. Box 39, Dept. 115, Bethpage, N. Y.

HAVE ROD WILL FISH

500 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢

Mrs. Peggy Lindsey
2908 Ohio
Topeka, Kansas

World's greatest Label offer! 500 Gummed Labels printed with Any name and address, 25¢ per set! 4 sets (same printing or all different) $1.00! Two-tone Jewel-type plastic gift boxes 10¢ extra, 4 for 25¢. Order as many sets and boxes as you want. Money-back Guarantee! Order Now! Western Stationery Company, Dept. 848, Topeka, Kansas.

TRADE BAD SKIN—FOR BEAUTY

Famous specialists reveal their tested & proven secrets to banish ugly pimples, blackheads, oily skin in privacy of your home. Amazing 4 piece home treatment kit, formerly available only at our exclusive salon can be yours. Guaranteed. Skin must improve in 10 days or money back. Send $9.95 to House Of Complexion, Box 5366, San Diego 5, Calif.

BEFORE
AFTER

UNNOTICEABLE HEARING AID

New extra-powerful Eyeglass hearing aid by Radioear is so slim your friends will think you're wearing ordinary glasses. Inside the trim temple is a tiny STEREO hearing aid so powerful it gives more hearing volume than any other unit its size sold today. Uses any style frames, temples can be decorated. See below for more information.

EXTRA-POWERFUL HEARING AID

New behind-the-ear hearing aid by Radioear is extra powerful. Gives clear understandable hearing to 8 out of 10 who need help. Compact STEREOette weighs less than ½ oz. Specially contoured for either ear, STEREOette fits comfortably, is beautifully concealed. Enjoy startling clarity of hearing, without clothing noise. See below for more information.

ENJOY UNNOTICEABLE HEARING NOW

No other hearing aids are so unnoticeable yet so powerful as the Radioear STEREO and STEREOette. For further information on these newest developments from Radioear's famous electronic laboratories request Booklet #605 describing the STEREO and the STEREOette. Write Radioear Corporation, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania today.

DON'T LIE AWAKE AGAIN TONIGHT

If you lie awake nights due to nervousness, worry or other cause, send today for physicians' sample of Sleep-Eze Tablets. Contain no barbiturates or other habit-forming drugs. You wake up rested, refreshed. Just address letter to Sleep-Eze Co., Dept. J-3, 1067 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach 13, Calif. Encl. 10¢ coin or stamp to cover mailing cost. Do it today.

100 CHILDREN'S SONGS FOR ONLY $1

100 Children's Songs ON FOUR long-play records all for $1—reduced from $3.95. A complete nonbreakable record library of old & new favorites. "Farmer in the Dell," "Little Bo Peep," "Oh, Suzanna," & dozens more. Recorded in Hi-Fi. Four 45 rpm or One large 12" 33⅓ rpm. Add 25¢ for post. & handl. Barilen, Dept. S-4, 11 E. 47 St., N. Y. C. 17.

100 CHILDREN'S SONGS

(Continued on next page)

IF YOU ARE UNDER 80 . . .

. . . and over 50 years, a $500.00 life insurance policy can help pay last expenses without burdening family or friends. Low rates...money-back guarantee . . . non-assessable . . . handled entirely by mail. Men or women in good health send name, address and age to Security Life Insurance Co. of America, 137-H East Grant St., Minneapolis 3, Minn.

NEW BLEUMETTE BRA

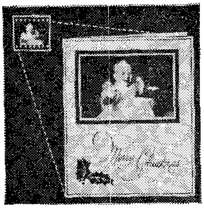
PAT. NO. 2,728,079

No visible means of support. No wires, bones or straps anywhere. Ultimate in bosom loveliness. Lifts firmly, comfortably. Glamorous Special Occasions. Velvety soft, sturdy material. Flesh color. Sizes ABC. 2 pr. only $2.98 pp. with Primer to restore adhesive edge of bra. Send check or Money Order to Bleuette, 509 5th Ave., Dept. 120A, New York, N.Y.

START TO PLAY IN 15 MINUTES

This proven successful short cut method teaches you to play songs with both hands in 15 minutes. No scales, exercises, or practice. Secret is the patented Automatic Chord Selector. Sample lesson, chord selector, note selector and 5 simple "play-at-once" songs for the price of the postage—10¢. Dean Ross, 45 W. 45, Dept. S-2158, New York 36.

XMAS CARDS FROM YOUR 35MM COLOR



100 superb 2¾ x 4 color enlarg. from 35 mm or 828 color slide, $14.95 incl. postage. 100 color enlarg. plus 100 beaut. deluxe Xmas cards for mounting prints, $22.95. 100 enlarg. plus 100 economy cards, $18.95. Del. 2 wks. 25 extra prints free, all orders before Oct. 1st. Send 10¢ for samples. Color-chrome, Dept. C-2, Box 231, Barrington, Ill.

HOW TO WRITE STORIES, ARTICLES

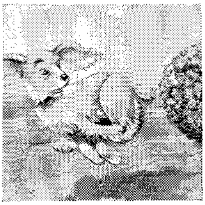
Would you be willing to spend a few hours a week at home learning to make money writing stories, articles? Kelvin Coventry has made over 500 sales since completing the course. Learn how you, too, may succeed. Send for free lesson & 40-pg. book. No obligation. Write Palmer Institute of Authorship, Desk CFS-89, 1680 N. Sycamore, Hollywood 28, Calif.

FREE! U. S. AIRMAIL STAMPS

UNITED STATES POSTAGE
5¢ U.S. AIR MAIL 5¢

Act now. Most exciting offer ever made. Colorful collection, beautiful hard-to-get U.S. Airmail Stamps. All genuine. All different. All Free. They'll grow in value, enhance your collection. Plus Free illustrated "Stamp Collectors' Guide," other valuable offers for free inspection. Supply limited, rush 10¢ for handling to Garcelon Stamps, CR8W, Calais, Me.

STOP DOG AND CAT DAMAGE—$1



Dog Wicks are perfect solution for repelling pets. One sniff, away they'll run! Hang chemical Wick on shrub or branch. Safe, harmless to animals. Use inside or out — protects lawns, garbage pails, flowers, furniture. Trains your pets & neighbor's dogs. Guar. or money back! Pack of 20 $1, pstg. pd. Sunset House, 2783 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, California.

NEW MAGAZINE FOR WELL DRESSED MEN

Meet the new GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY. For the man who has a flair for living well and proves it by the way he dresses. Brimming with top fashion news; gift ideas; shopping tips; fashion-related topics. A handsome, king-size magazine, lavishly illus. Excellent gift. Appears 8 times a year. $6 by subscription. Write: GQ, Dept. C, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y.

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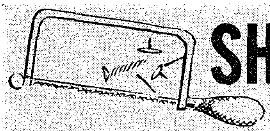
MIAMI BEACH

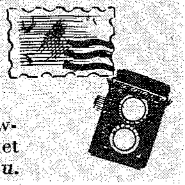
ENJOY THIS MILLIONAIRE VACATION

Unusually low rates! A million kinds of fun in our oceanfront paradise. Parties, entertainment, dancing . . . luxurious rooms. All only $6.50* daily, per person, double (to Nov. 30)—*50 of 210 rooms. Add $1 daily July-Aug. 15. Your rate includes breakfast and dinner. Write Dept. C-6. President Madison Hotel, Oceanfront 39th-39th Sts., Miami Beach, Fla.



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

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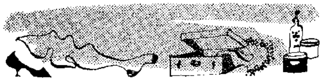

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"NOTICE: Hair nets 3¢; Shoe laces 15¢ doz.; Neck ties 6/$1.00; Ladies sheer nylons 29¢ pr.; Nylon slips $1.50; Panties 17¢; Child's panties 9¢; Zippers 6¢; Hankies 4¢; Kerchiefs 12¢; Callis 29¢; Anklets 9¢; Socks 12¢; Pillow cases 25¢; Bath sets 80¢; T-shirts 29¢; Trunks 23¢; Razor blades 100/18¢; *Tooth brushes 12¢; Combs 3/5¢; Spreads $1.60;* Complete stock list with $3.00 sample order free. Enclose $1.00 for postage & handling. Sibert Mills, Davenport, Florida.

FOR THE WOMEN

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(Continued on next page)

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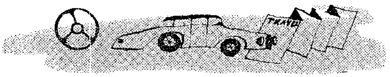

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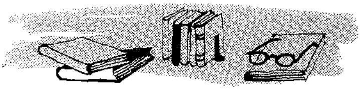

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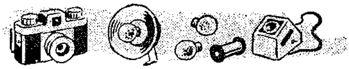

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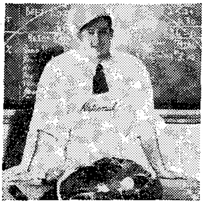

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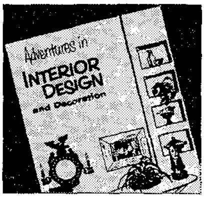

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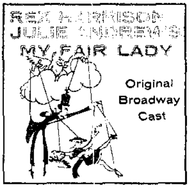
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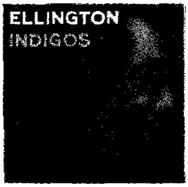
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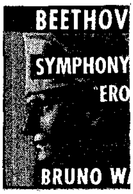
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